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ARTMENTS

GREAT EXPECTATIONS 23

NAKED CITY

►Terminal-impact energies of the Hollywood stars! Billy Joel: Long Island's Nostradamus? Why no one at Drexel Burnham is worrying. (No one! No one at all!) Plus, a return to SPY's Wonderful World of Fine Dining, and unbelievable exclusive backstage photos of Michael Jackson and friends! 26

THE SPY MAP

►1989 Golfathon U.S.A.—from the legendary Gatlin Brothers Southwest Seniors Classic to the legendary Jamie Farr Toledo Classic, ELISSA SCHAPPELL charts the doglegs and sand traps of the entertainer-clogged golf circuit. Illustrated by MAURICE VELLEKOOP..... 70

PARTY POOP 108

NEW, IMPROVED NEW YORK

►The fete-infested New York Public Library finally makes the conversion official: say hello to New York's newest night spot and restaurant—LIBRARY. Illustrated by ROBERT CRAWFORD 112

FEATURES

NOUVEAU INTELLECTUALS

►Displays of intelligence and seriousness of purpose (you know . . . like . . . being smart) are experiencing a resurgence (a sort of "coming back" revival sort of thing) among today's luminaries. TERRI MINSKY does her best to understand the Scarecrow Syndrome . . . 60

OUR COMMEMORATIVE NANCY REAGAN LIFE-STYLE EXAM

►After eight wonderful years, what do we really know about Nancy? That she's an ex-party girl, a backstabbing martinet, a dress-finagling snob, a bad mother and the most powerful occultist in the U.S. government. But wait—there's more! NED ZEMAN administers the poignant farewell quiz. Illustrated by PHILIP BURKE . . . 72

CONGRESSIONAL MORONS

►Representative Joseph Kennedy II? Um . . . present. Senator Alfonse D'Amato? Um . . . present. Senator John Warner? Um . . . present. Yes, they're here—America's Stupidest Legislators.

The new fashion for smartness stops at the Potomac—when the Subcommittee for Brain Allocation doled out intelligence, these dunderheads weren't on the floor. MICHAEL HIRSCHORN calls roll. . . 78

THE MYSTERY OF ALBEMARLE FARMS

►AVERY CHENOWETH spins a true gothic tale of America's second-wealthiest man (John Kluge), his exotic British wife (Patricia Kluge), their instant-aristocratic southern estate (Albemarle Farms) and the Transylvanianesque goings-on (luxurious crypts, mass graves brimming with the bones of neighbors' pets) and unbridled social lust that have the local townspeople spooked. Illustrated by GLEN BAXTER. . . 90

COLUMNS

►IGNATZ RATZIWKWIKZI's **Review of Reviewers** who live happily ever after; ANN HODGMAN figures the point of edible flowers is intimidation, not **Eating**; THOMAS MARA monitors **The Firms**—including, especially, the folks bravely defending Drexel Burnham; CELIA BRADY synthesizes this year's working script for **The Industry**; and ELLIS WEINER on **How to Be a Grown-up** among guys with real jobs. . . . 98

OUR UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

►BY ROY BLOUNT JR. . . . 110

CONTENTS

SPY (ISSN 0890-1759) is published monthly except January by Spy Publishing Partners, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Submissions: SASE to same address. For advertising sales, call 212-925-5509. © 1989 by Spy Publishing Partners, L.P. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. Subscription rate in the U.S., its possessions and Canada: U.S. \$20 a year. Postmaster: Please send address changes to SPY, P.O. Box 359139, Palm Coast, FL 32035-9139. Subscriptions: 1-800-423-1780.



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From the SPY mailroom: This is our third post-scent-strip issue, and we hope that by now the subscribers whom we disconcerted (newsstand buyers, those unfortunates, were denied the privilege of becoming involved in this great debate)



have stopped flaring their nostrils and poking at the magazine with brooms when it arrives. And we do know that we

disconcerted: the anti-scent-strip lobby continued to express itself well into the winter. Some examples:

"I'm going to hold you to your promise of not repeating this mistake," writes Kathleen Kelly of Cleveland Heights, Ohio. "My subscription renewal is riding on this."

"I bought a subscription to SPY for visual/cerebral stimulation," writes Mike Richter of Culver City, California, in one of two letters he sent us on the subject. "I stopped paying for nasal/cerebral stimulation years ago."

And from Casey Batule of Cleveland: "Your October 1988 issue stinks." Well, we hope that refers to the scent strip.

While we sympathize with subscribers whose homes filled with the singular fragrance of the October SPY, we ask them to imagine working, and therefore breathing, in an office piled high with back issues—among them, of course, October 1988. The VDT hazard seems trivial in comparison.

Rosemary Murnane of Plymouth, Michigan, has sent us a thoughtful letter in which she, like Ms. Kelly of Cleveland Heights (and, for that matter, so many young people today), grapples with the question of subscription renewal—though for her own reasons. She thinks, on the one hand, that SPY reflects "total disillusionment with life" and, on the other hand, that it's funny. "I wish you could tone down your desperation," she concludes. "Is it really that bad in NYC?" Yes. Now will you renew?

Media Person is confused. Media Person is second-guessing himself. We had better explain about Media Person. Lewis Grossberger writes the Media Person column for *7 Days*, a perky New York weekly. In SPY's September Review of Reviewers, Ignatz Ratziwzkwikzi

mentioned that Grossberger had used an assistant (identified by Grossberger as "Leg Person") to write part of one of his columns. Grossberger dispatched a letter to SPY insisting that he was Leg Person (i.e., he had done the work himself). He added that Ratziwzkwikzi was "not too swift" for having missed something so obvious and also pointed out that in 1986 SPY had talked to him about writing the Review of Reviewers column. In short, good stuff. We wanted to run Grossberger's letter. But when one of our researchers telephoned Grossberger to confirm that he'd written the letter, Grossberger denied it. Our researcher called again several days later, and this time Grossberger owned up: he had written it after all, but now he wanted to withdraw it. So let's see: Media Person is Leg Person. Media Person wrote the letter. Media Person did not write the letter. Media Person wrote the letter but wishes he hadn't. Media Person admits all this to SPY, a magazine he has taken to bashing in his Media Person column. Media Person is confused.

"Hey Poopoo Heads," writes Jim O'Connell of Kew Gardens, New York, shamelessly resorting to a forgotten childhood nickname to get our attention, "where were Eric Kaplan™'s movie reviews in your September issue? I don't go near a film that doesn't have Eric's O.K. (Why should you?) By the way, your bicoastal issue busted my laugh meter." Thanks. Mr. Kaplan™ was on vacation in September.

Other mail: Citizens for Clean Urine, which advocates mandatory drug testing for all Americans, has put us on its mailing list. Marjorie Allison of Denver is laboring under the delusion that a college friend of hers named Bill Moeck is writing for SPY ("Ask him to call"). Michael Lazarou of Los Angeles, who says he is a new Creative Artists Agency client (see September), wasn't too impressed by SPY's publishing the CAA list. Well, maybe we're being a little too hard on ourselves — after all, his actual words were "Big Fucking Deal."

"You do your readers a disservice by implying it is only southern California that is so awful," writes Anne Harvey of San Francisco with commendable civic

DEAR EDITORS I enjoy humor, but I feel that your map "America: The Dark Continent" [June] was in very poor taste, as harmless groups were shown alongside the dangerous groups. It is interesting that city dwellers, especially in the East, live in blissful ignorance of the rest of our country.

Twelve years in one of the largest cities in our country with the high crime rate, all the weirdo cults, Klan, Nazi and Communist groups, convince me that the cities have more problems than any part of rural

America. Therefore, who are you trying to kid? Some of your readers who have never been out of the city? Small-town America is not as it is depicted by SPY.

The Mormons, Amish, Rotarians and RV groups are all law-abiding groups who pose no threat to your, or my, way of life and do not deserve being insulted by being grouped with undesirables. And I am not a member of any of these—except an RV club!

John C. Leigh
Boise, Idaho

Winnebago-driving Rotarians no threat to our way of life? We just pray to God you're kidding.

DEAR EDITORS As a native Los Angeleno, I was able to utter little more than crazed giggles for several days after reading your Los Angeles issue [September]. In fact, so eagerly had I awaited this issue and so joyous was I to finally see it on the magazine rack, I'm afraid I nearly knocked over a little old lady in my manic rush to grab my copy. It may surprise you (or it may not) that most Los Angelenos concur wholeheartedly with your observations of the L.A. characters whom we so fear and despise (who, by the way, are mostly transplanted East Coasters). I do have a bone to pick with you over the incessant berating of the L.A. literary scene, though. The talented and acclaimed author of *The Mysteries of Pittsburgh*, Michael Chabon, earned his master's degree from the University of California at Irvine and currently resides in Newport Beach, California. Meanwhile, that bastion of profound writing and of living the "ultimate" SoCal lifestyle, Bret Easton Ellis, has emigrated from his native Los Angeles to the East Coast.

As an aspiring New Yorker (living up to the popular belief that Los Angelenos do indeed aspire to mediocrity), I have just one question for you, dear editors: if the NYC life-style is so superior to that of Los Angeles and the city itself is so greater an institution, why does every other issue of your illustrious (perhaps even infamous) publication focus so intently on the woes of being a New Yorker and the agonies of living side by side with such, well, *special* people as Al Sharpton, the Trumps and the Helmsleys? (Not to mention the insidious

LETTERS TO SPY

intelligentsia that put in office our concerned protector of the homeless, Ed Koch.) Could it be that you've become so disheartened with the Big Apple that you find it necessary to take easy shots at a city with no limit of obvious, tempting, even willing, targets?

Whatever the reason, the concept of infiltrating a city and subversively reporting on its royalty, its intellectual and artistic scene, its attitudes and essence, is brilliant. The product is enthralling. In fact, why not treat your readers to peeks at Chicago, Boston, Las Vegas, Montreal and other North American cities in future issues? Also: are there enough parentheses here to qualify for the pages of SPY?

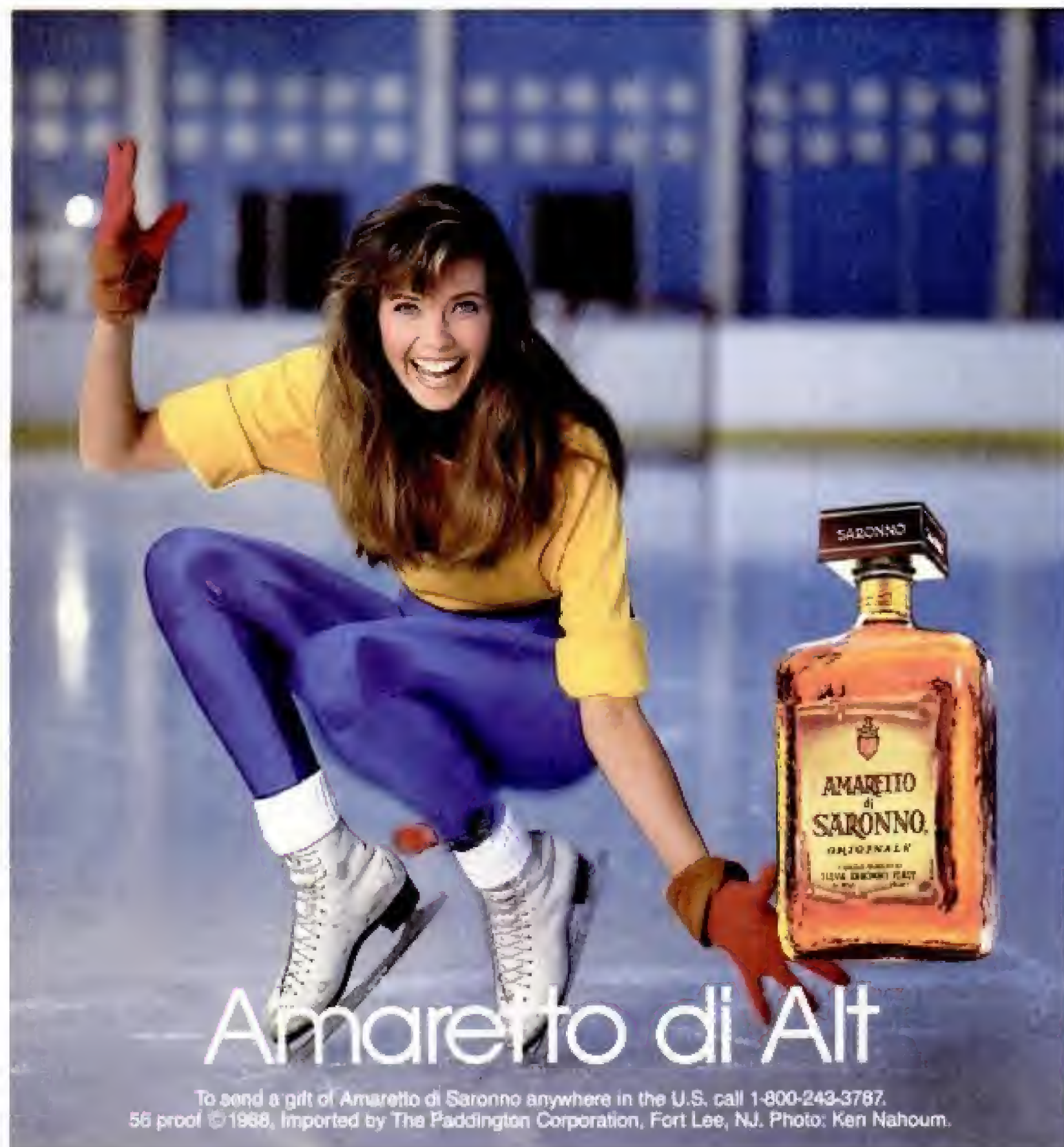
Michelle L. Weger
Hacienda Heights, California

DEAR EDITORS Any magazine that runs a chart comparing Richard Nixon with Prince ["U Won't Have Dick Nixon 2 Kick Around." by Jamie Malanowski, October] earns my eternal fondness.

Chris Orrock
Sandy, Utah

DEAR EDITORS I wish to correct some erroneous information that appeared in your October issue.

No. 28 on The SPY 100 identifies the "Bridge and Tunnel Authority" as the agency responsible for the Williamsburg Bridge, implying that we are to blame for the deterioration of that structure. The Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority is the only bridge and tunnel authority in New York City. We operate seven bridges, and the Williamsburg Bridge isn't one of them. The city of New York operates the



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pride. " 'Frisco' has many of L.A.'s bad traits. Although it *is* cuter, it is also more dull." Lillian Cohen of Manhattan wonders whether there is anyone we can't or won't make fun of, and Tom Stern of Venice, California, is plagued by similar thoughts: "*What do you guys like?*" is how he puts it. (Easy: we like Vinnie's Pizza, Central Park in the early morning and Joan Greenwood's voice.) Stern, by the way, has written and mailed us two separate letters on the same day, neither one of which makes reference to the other. *That* we're not so sure we like.

A couple of follow-ups to recent and not-so-recent stories:

First, our concern that Nell's would spawn a plague of hard-to-get-into, *faux* stately/homey nightclubs lined with overstuffed sofas ("Nell's: The Sequels," by Joe Dolce, September 1987) proved to be well founded: according to *New York* magazine's FALL PREVIEW issue, one new restaurant, Le Laurier, was being designed as "a conservative, men's-club type of place: tobacco leather banquettes," and another, Lulu's, "will look a bit like a library."

Second, with the October issue, and in it Bruce Handy's "Bondmania—James Bondmania," on the newsstands, the *New York Post* was reporting the existence of Ronald Reagan's "license to kill" directives to the CIA. "In language usually reserved for James Bond spy novels," said the *Post*, "the directives apparently legalized covert actions against terrorists." In other words, *Bondmania is real*. And that was *before* this former-CIA-director-as-president thing. Finally, Steve Sohn of Brooklyn draws our attention to a Bond-like name at the bottom of the newsletter that occasionally accompanies New York phone bills: Renee Warmflash, the newsletter's editor. Yes, *Bondmania is real*.

Roy Donald Raush says the best thing about living in Milwaukee is that he gets to read *SPY* "before anyone else." Raush apparently works for our printer, Quad Graphics, in Sussex, Wisconsin. "Thank you," he says, "for a magazine that bites and spits." Thank you, Roy, for a printing press that does the same. (It's a *joke*, Roy—*please* don't change this issue's pagination.) ☺

Williamsburg Bridge as well as the Manhattan, Brooklyn and Queensboro (59th Street) bridges. We operate the Triborough, Verrazano-Narrows, Throgs Neck, Bronx-Whitestone, Henry Hudson, Cross Bay and Veterans Memorial bridges (as well as two tunnels). All are in excellent condition, as a result of a consistently high level of maintenance, and receive high ratings under the state bridge inspection program.

Thomas M. Downs

New York, New York

Well, there's the problem—the wrong people are in charge.

DEAR EDITORS **I**s SPY (thankfully) oblivious to the New York Rangers hockey club? Or is SPY above taking gratuitous shots at easy targets that are so successful at self-parody? I ask because SPY missed two obvious Ranger-bashing opportunities in the October issue.

On the SPY Map of Regular Guy Manhattan [by John Brodie, October], Ranger games were irresponsibly overlooked in the list of events at Madison Square Garden. And in The SPY 100, bottom-of-the-barrel talk show host Morton Downey Jr. is credited with clearing the blue seats at Knicks games, even though it is a highly publicized fact that his regular-guy audience is bused in from the Garden after Ranger games.

If this happens again, hockey fans throughout North America and Eurasia will insist that you change the name of your building.

Dubi Silverstein

New York

DEAR EDITORS **I**t's always a pleasure to know that someone is dishing vicious to those who truly need it. But sometimes friends have to point out "errors in judgment."

In October's 100-lowest-of-the-low list [The SPY 100], No. 48 is "Antismoking Hysteria." On the facing page is a full-page ad taken by the propaganda organ of the legalized-addictive-and-cancer-causing-drug-dealing—oops, excuse me, *tobacco-based*—megacorp Philip Morris. Sheer coincidence?

Naughty, naughty.

Charles Henrich

New York

You'll never believe this—we certainly wouldn't—but it was an unfortunate coincidence.

DEAR EDITORS **T**hank you very much for referring to me as a potential "slimy little killer" ["Bondmania—James Bondmania," by Bruce Handy, October]. I did not find one reference to Mark Kostabi in this issue, although he seems to me a perfect choice for James Bond. I thought my friend Hunt Hartford also deserved a listing as a possible James Bond. The Official Mark Kostabi Fan Club thinks SPY is the best magazine in the U.S., but won't you mention Mark in the next issue?

Baird Jones, B.A., J.D., M.S.W., M.A.

New York

No, you publicity-mad "slimy little killer"!

DEAR EDITORS **Y**ou guys are feckless. Witness this, on page 108 of the October issue ["All Rhodes Lead Nowhere in Particular," by Andrew Sullivan]: "Rhodies possess none of the charms of the aristocracy and all of the debilities: fecklessness . . ." And can you use *feckless* twice in the same sentence? Page 89 [The SPY 100]: party phone lines "kept feckless, irresponsible teens and feckless, antisocial adults at home."

Go out and get some feck, will you?

Barry A. Popik

New York

DEAR EDITORS **I** caught one error in your October issue: Peter Dawkins ["All Rhodes Lead Nowhere in Particular"] was not a "five-star general"; he made one star and quit.

Barry Harmon

Short Hills, New Jersey

We regret the Dawkins overglorification—although, happily, it did nothing to prevent the failure last November 8 of his latest bid to seem impressive.

DEAR EDITORS **I** know the real reason you're so down on Rhodes scholars ["All Rhodes Lead Nowhere in Particular"]. It's because *The New Republic* is a funnier magazine than yours.

Christopher Kochmanski

Ypsilanti, Michigan



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The New Republic? *Funnier than SPY?* You'd make a good Rhodes scholar, Mr. Kochanski. (Please feel free to add this magazine to the list of publishing credits on your résumé.)

DEAR EDITORS **A**s friends of both subject and author who were not quoted in "Résumé Mucho, Case Study: The Young Man They Call Mister Rhodes" [by Andrew Sullivan, October], we would like to say that Sullivan's assault on Ben Sherwood's character, based on the malicious and jealous sniping of mostly anonymous Harvard rivals, bears no resemblance to the friend we know at Oxford today. It says, in fact, more about author than about subject.

Jeff Rosen

Jacob Weisberg

New Haven, Connecticut

DEAR EDITORS **Y**our story on John Casablancas was excellent ["Johnny Casablancas and his McModeling Empire," by Stephen Rae, October]! It did, however, create a problem for me. You see, I produce commercials at a radio station, and I've had to produce commercials for the John Casablancas Modeling and Career Center franchise in my area. Oh, sure, I figured Casablancas was a sleaze, but I did not realize how *much* of a sleaze he actually is! I feel bad that I've inadvertently been involved in his scam . . . even if it was in a very indirect way.

So, as I wrestle with the internal dissonance I am currently experiencing, please tell me: is that in fact John Casablancas in the photograph on page 120? If it is, does anyone know where he works out? Such form!

Marty Moran

Hartford, Connecticut

Yes, it really is Casablancas.

DEAR EDITORS **I**n your October article "Will the Real Man Behind I♥NY Please Stand Up" you mention a "Prince Orsini" in connection with a lawsuit against Eddie Murphy over the idea behind *Coming to America*. His name is Jean Ossini (no *r*), and he is a prince as are thousands of men all over Africa. [Editor's note: We called him *Prince Orsini*, the *Los*

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Angeles Times called him *Lassine Ousseni*, and Eddie Murphy's manager, quoted in *The New York Times*, called him *Prince Johnny*.]

You mentioned the writer Shelby Gregory in connection with a script (*Toto, the African Prince*) given to Mr. Murphy via the venerable Mr. Ossini. Perhaps I am going bonkers, or have lost track of time, but more than *six years* ago Mr. Ossini approached me to write a treatment for an idea he had of an African monarch in search of a compatible bride. It was simply called *The African Prince*. I wrote the bloody thing, didn't get paid and totally forgot about it. In the intervening years I saw the "prince" a few times, and in each instance he claimed to have given the treatment to his friend Mr. Murphy.

I am not involved in any lawsuit; nor do I wish to be. The whole episode has left me sick and disgusted. If there is any retribution over this, I'll just leave it up to God, Buddha, Steven Spielberg and whoever else is running the planet these days.

Taso Lagos

Los Angeles, California

DEAR EDITORS **G**ee, it sure is great to be back in print here in SPY after a yearlong hiatus. And I want to thank you for putting me and my mom in contact with our long-lost relatives in Amherst. You know, until you started running letters and sardonic comments about the Halbfingers, we had thought there were only a couple dozen of us in the whole world. But we're beginning to like your idea of a Halbfinger conspiracy.

You'll notice that I'm leaving the degrees and summer camp awards off the end of my signature, but I'll give you ample fodder for parody with this info: the Halbfinger saga has become all the rage among Davenport College's sophomores. Appropriately enough, they're the only ones who really enjoy your sense of humor here at Yale, except for some aspiring bonehead who interned with you last summer and wants to set up a similar magazine on campus.

This guy's really got some original ideas: he wants to do a regular column with all the inside gossip about the *Yale Daily News*—and now for the self-aggrandizing tidbit without which a letter from a Halbfinger just wouldn't seem complete—of which I am senior editor.

Now, to tell the truth, I don't think



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Let's do lunch.

David M. Halbfinger
New Haven, Connecticut

DEAR EDITORS I was very interested in Joe Queenan's column in the October issue [The Big Questions], in which he discusses the question "Why do good things happen to bad people?" I would like to point out that although Rabbi Kushner answers the question very ably, he does so from a strictly Jewish perspective. There is also a Christian perspec-

tive on this question that deserves consideration.

Here, simply—and perhaps oversimply—put, is the Christian answer to Mr. Queenan's question: The successes of Donald Trump, Augusto Pinochet, Kurt Waldheim, Frank Sinatra and Ivan Boesky are temporary, transient achievements. The rest of us have the satisfaction of knowing that these temporary advantages will fade away and that someday Trump et al. will burn in hell for all eternity.

This answer may lack the elegance and intellectual appeal of Rabbi Kushner's, but I think you will agree that viscerally, it is far more satisfying.

Mark S. Painter Sr.
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

DEAR EDITORS I was so overwhelmed by your October issue, I felt compelled to write.

I have a crush on Claus von Bülow ["Bondmania—James Bondmania"]. I dated a guy whose parents were both Rhodes scholars, and boy, was he a dork ["All Rhodes Lead Nowhere in Particu-

lar"]! I would give you all my worldly possessions to have Sean Connery teach me the meaning of the word *respect*.

It was Alfred Wallace who came up with the theory of evolution ["Will the Real Man Behind I♥NY Please Stand Up"].

I beg you to tell me what can be done about Johnny "Maggot" Casablancas. (Where is Terry Broome when we *really* need her?!) And finally, concerning the Bondmania article, *please* don't feed Donald "Stinky" Trump's massive ego!

Madge Lockwood
Chicago, Illinois

DEAR EDITORS In "Everybody's a Great Communicator" [by Jack Hitt and Bob Mack, November], you incorrectly stated that Pierre Salinger was a "U.S. senator from California (1964)." He ran unsuccessfully against that old MGM song-and-dance man, George Murphy, and *lost decisively*, I might add, fortunately for California and the nation.

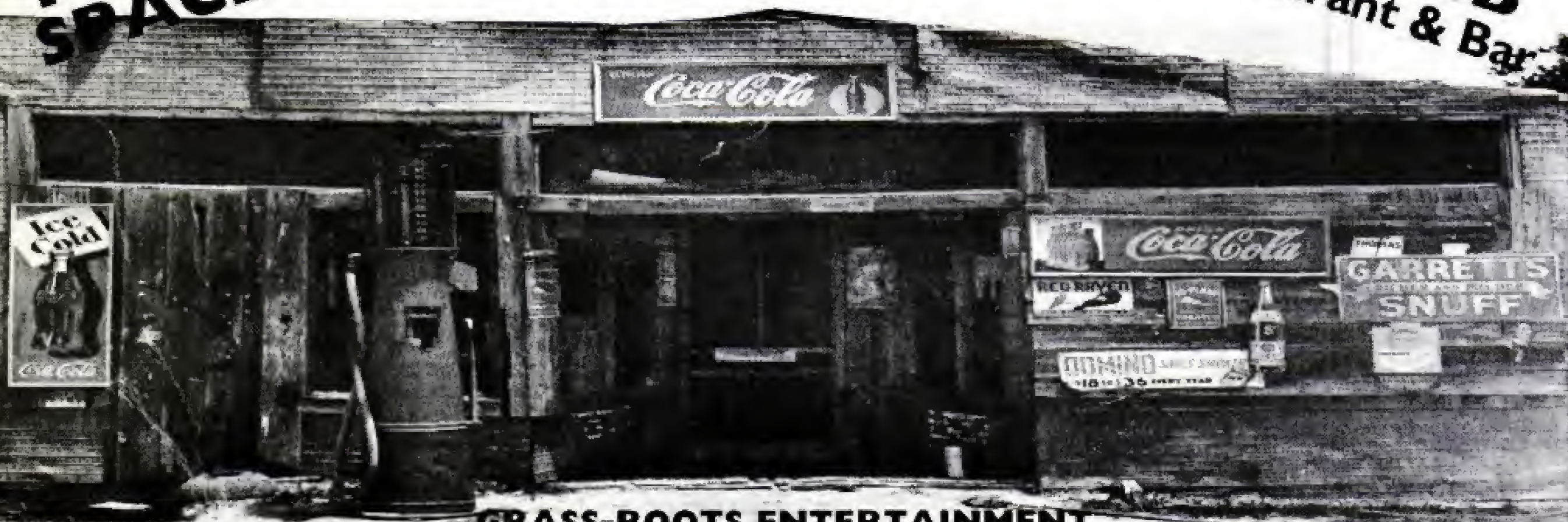
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Right you are. The word wanna-be was inadvertently omitted from our description of Salinger, as it was in our copy of Marquis's Who's Who, which does list him as a senator from California. Please scissor it out of this issue and paste it between Senator and from.

DEAR EDITORS **W**hat to do? What to do? Criticize or accept? No, I think I must correct you, I think. Unless you were testing us, the photo on page 72 ["When Feuds Turn Physical: SPY's Star-Studded Modern History of Brawling," by Jamie Malanowski, November] is of a Rafer Johnson, Olympic decathlon winner, *not* Jim Brown, pro football standout. Or did you not wish to repeat, since you published three in a row of his "incidents"?

If you received many letters with this particular observation, please publish mine. My kids and friends will be overwhelmed. And please do not take revenge and cancel me out. I need all the help I can get down here.

Harvey Bandremen
Hallandale, Florida

Very good, Mr. Bandremen. Very good indeed. You've impressed us so much that we are, in fact, publishing only your letter on the subject—even though a famous network news anchorman pointed out the same mistake to us.

DEAR EDITORS **A**lthough I realize your preferred hunting ground is, of course, New York and its associated foul, entertaining morass of a state, matters have come to a head.

Originally a Seattleite (and, by the way, well aware of Issaquah), I now reside in Philadelphia, and I am shocked that you so little mention the City of Brotherly Love. Frank Rizzo, Mayor Goode and the usual Trumpian types *abound* here, and I urge you to send at least one of your cub reporters—at-large to Philly.

Why? So they might (1) share the pain of forcing down an oily cheesesteak; (2) experience the advertising glut from New Jersey (*Come see Atlantic City!*) and New York (*Come see Starlight Express!*).

In short, here is a city crying to be bombarded by the twisted sort in your employ. Please cease your geographical bias immediately.

Paul Martin
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



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DEAR EDITORS

What is going on in From the SPY Mailroom? The tick problems in Connecticut, the search for the *Zoom* kids (send it to *Zoom!*) and even a request to see Malcolm Forbes in a push-up bra.

Oh, great. Now every hipster who wrote some wacky/irreverent letter that was not quite wacky/irreverent enough to be read on David Letterman's "Viewer Mail" segment can now try to recycle it into the pages of SPY. (I'll just die if they don't mention me!) Also, true to your postmodern roots, you now publish letters about people trying to get their letter published.

It is scary how low people will sink to see their names typeset in the pages of your superexcellent, matchless magazine.

Tom Botte

Melrose, Massachusetts

Your irreverently self-referential letter about our publishing letters about people trying to get their letter published caught our eye as just the type of letter we like to print.

DEAR EDITORS

I wonder if at age 60 I'm your oldest subscriber (and, in fact, David Letterman's most senior fan). How about a contest, with a prize of a "connect-the-liver-spots" pencil? Keep it up! And I'll try to do the same.

Alan Feinstein

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Sixty? Not even close. Hell, we have unpaid contributors' invoices older than you.

DEAR EDITORS

I have a question about your no-postage-necessary subscription cards, which stick out in your magazine. How can there be "payment enclosed" in a postcard?

Jim Weis

Atlanta, Georgia

Good one. Now we have one for you: You're in a locked room with two doors (one leading to freedom, the other to hellfire). There are two guards, one who always lies and one who never does—and you don't know which is which. You are allowed to ask one of the guards one question that will lead you to the right door. What question do you ask?

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number. D

And from the SPY mailroom floor: The Unsoliciteds out in Returnenvelopeland continue to ply us with free verse and promises of loose fiction.

From upstate New York: "Do you take poetry? I am a cabdriver-cum-lo-



cal TV talk-host discussing the psychic New Age. . . ." A Manhattan poet wonders in his submission, "Is Donald Trump above it all/

Walking on his stilts so tall?" An Albany poet rhymes *bashes, fascists* and *eyelashes*.

Such temptation! But we stand fast: *no poetry*. Address for *The Kenyon Review*: Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio 43022.

The fiction writers can be every bit as tantalizing as they weave their magic spell.

"I think the readers of SPY would greatly enjoy this article," begins a confident Rhode Island man. "I realize SPY doesn't publish fiction, but . . . I thought you might consider it for publication." And he is not alone in grasping our policy regarding fiction. "Although I am aware that you generally don't publish fiction," writes someone from Century City, California, "I thought it might be interesting for you to run excerpts from my novel. . . ."

Such temptation! But here again, we stand fast: *no fiction*. Address for *The Kenyon Review*: Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio 43022.

A New York man who has already found a publisher for his novel is determined not to leave SPY out of the money: "I am the author of a novel. . . . I've written a short piece about my experiences in the world of publishing, and how my personal and professional worlds reacted to the idea of my writing a book. I think this article would interest and entertain your readers."

There is, incidentally, no single correct method of writing a query letter. Each one of the following examples won our attention:

(1) A New York man headlines his letter with the words FOR IMMEDIATE PUBLICATION. After the date and salutation, he reverts to traditional press-release style and begins the body of his letter with the word *Flash*. This grabs and holds us

(around the office we have always heralded our favorite story ideas with the single, screamed word "Flash!"—people tend to look up from their word processors). Having next laid out his proposal, he then makes us feel very, very special: "With careful consideration I have selected your publication for this original and informative look at Marilyn Monroe."

(2) From Philadelphia, handwritten in block letters on lined paper, comes this proposal: SIR, I SEE YOU'VE RUN OUT OF NEW IDEAS. BEST 100! WHAT ELSE IS NEW? LET'S FOLLOW THE CAREER OF A GOV'N WHISTLE-BLOWER IN EXCHANGE FOR A FREE SUB. DON'T USE MY NAME. CALL ME JOE AVERAGE. SIT BACK AND LET YOUR TAPE RECORDERS DO THE WRITING. OK? AGREED! In this instance, we were almost—almost—won over by the fact that Mr. Average knew the exact working of the standard SPY writer's contract: a piece of white bond paper with the typed words OK? AGREED! initialed by the freelancer and any editor, then ink-stamped with a special Green Hornet insignia.

(3) From Houston: "Please accept my freelance socio-political satire entitled 'Musings of a Paranoic.' " Straight and to the point—the recipient has no option but to obey.

(4) The go-between approach: A publicist in Miami promises us "a fascinating cover story." (*Cover story? Yowza!*) It "can provide all the excitement your readers need." (*We object to your familiar tone regarding our readers, but what do you have in mind?*) Well, it's about the founder of a "highly sophisticated security, intelligence and counterintelligence equipment" firm. (*Oh.*)

Four different proposals, four different approaches—yet all, it turns out, with the very same chance at acceptance.

Finally, from Cleveland, we have received a piece of paper with this—and only this—typed near the top: "Chief for window displays, perhaps summed it up best. 'They're all.'" It's safe to say that in this case, we really *did* want to read more. But the only other thing on the page was a handwritten notice of explanation: "This goes on the bottom of page 10 . . . in case anyone reads that stuff and is wondering."

Oh, we read the stuff, and wonder. ☺



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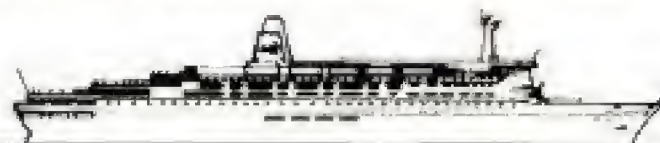
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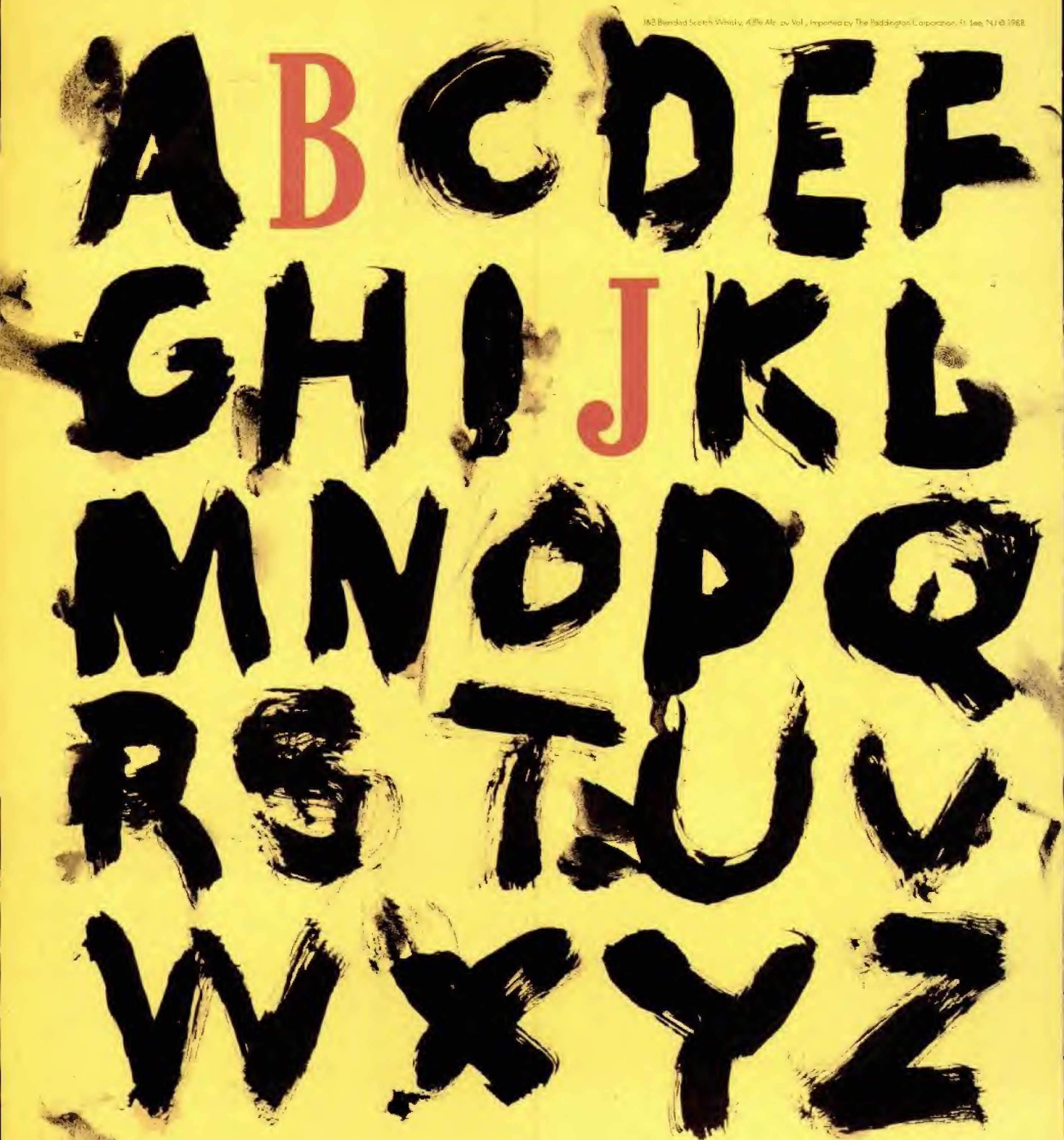
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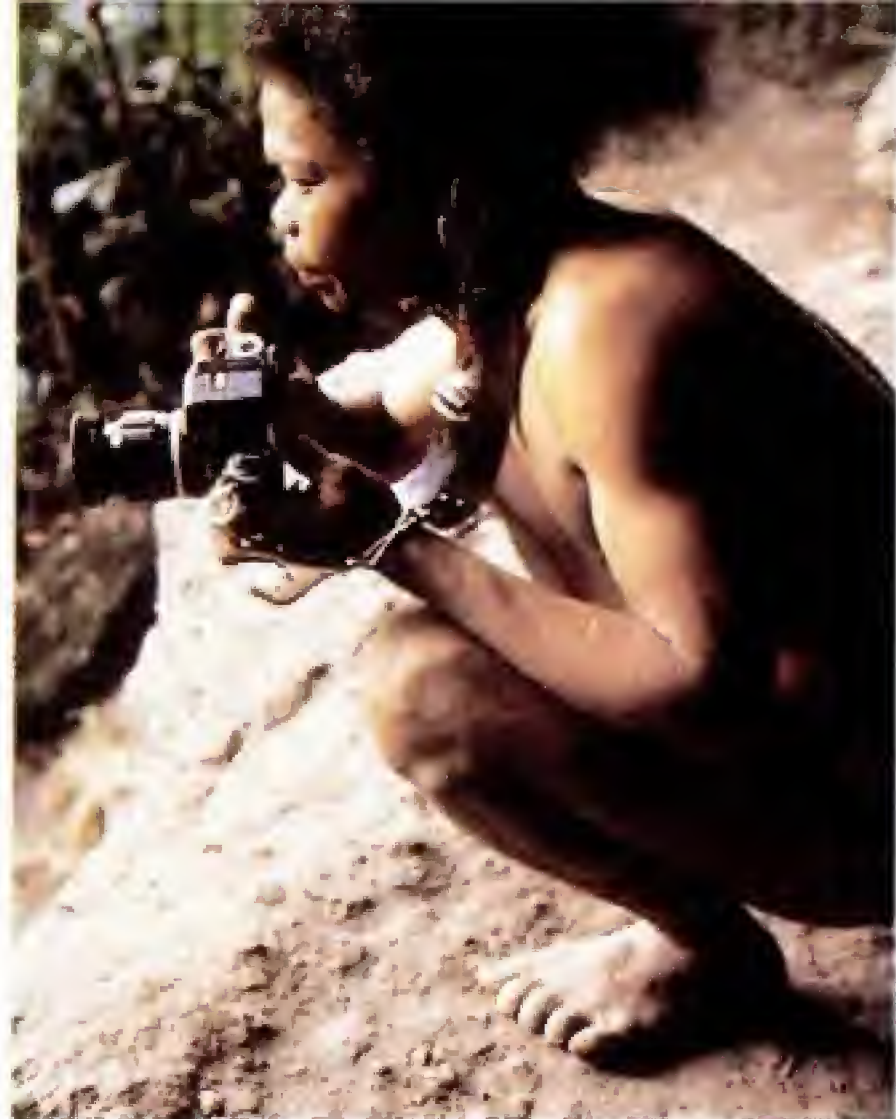
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clean, beautiful hands. Now they're dirty.' — Imelda Marcos in New York



WE HAVE OUR OWN NEW YEAR'S CUSTOM. AFTER THE TRADITIONAL EXCESS OF GIN HAS BEEN consumed, the traditional resolutions recorded (for 1989: no more cholesterol discussions with laypeople, no more Elvis-related thoughts, no more use of the word *fuckhead* around the children) and the traditional depressing Inauguration Day endured, we throw another log on the fire and ask ourselves, *What's the year ahead look like to the president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters?* The

rich experience and special outlook of Jimmy Hoffa and Jackie Presser meant a lot to us over the years. At first the Teamsters' new godfa—*leader*, William McCarthy, seemed ready to continue the tradition. "I just wanted to talk about where we're going," he told the union's consigl—*officials* at year's end, "where we've been, where I came from and where we're going." So, he was asked, where are we going? "Oh," McCarthy said, "I don't care to get into that." About all he would say is that he



e have our

own New

Year's custom.

wants the 10,000-member Chicago police department to join his union. Policemen as Teamsters. *Super* idea: they can pay off *and* apprehend themselves. 🍷 You could call it the convergence of the forces of darkness (you tell *us* why the same PR man suddenly represents Donald Trump, Ron Perelman, Claudia Cohen, Rupert Murdoch, Peter Kalikow and Mike Ovitz), or you could just call it togetherness. Togetherness is why Mu'ammar Qaddafi offered to put up bail for Imelda Marcos. "I'm always ready to help a good woman," Qaddafi said. Indeed, as a Newport friend of tobacco heiress Doris Duke's put it after Duke did put up the \$5 million bail for

Imelda, "Prominent people sooner or later get together." Duke, her lawyer says,

"knows that Mrs. Marcos didn't commit any crimes." 🍷 Claus von Bülow didn't commit any crimes, either, which is probably why there was such a frenzy of interest in the recent auction of his collection of furniture and six-figure knick-



was all so dirty. I said, 'I came here with



When I was being mugged and fingerprinted, it

knacks. The Von Bülow collection brought \$11.5 million in all, \$3.5 million above Sotheby's highest presale estimate. The high prices paid by the glittering mob (which included prominent person Blaine Trump) were not a result of Von Bülow's trials for attempted murder, nor of his wife Sunny's coma, nor of her children's feud over the estate, nor even because prominent people sooner or later get together. No. Premiums were paid, as furniture and art dealer Martin Zimet had said, because "everybody respects Claus's eye and taste." (*Everybody*, of course, includes *you*; now,



say it out loud—I respect Claus's eye and taste—and experience the singular tingle. Feel it? That's the fin de siècle.)

For once, thankfully, 15 minutes of fame didn't amount to much more than that: Sukhreet Gabel, the pop troll who used a minute or two of her allotted 15 to spout off that an aide to Bess Myerson had rewritten Gabel's résumé to make her sound like "canned soup" (and who kept her phone number listed, according to a lawyer in the case, because "she enjoys the calls from the multitude of kooks"), is already done, gone, history. Only Bess remains, and it occurred to us, in light of the trial, that since she is sincerely attracted to

rich, balding, wife-discarding scumbags whose names end in vowel sounds . . . are you thinking what we're thinking? Bess. Claus. Valentine's Day. Concorde. London. Dinner. Absinthe. Party. Remember what they say about prominent people.

Pop Rocks, the exploding CO₂-filled granular candy that enjoyed its 15 minutes during the late 1970s, has just been revived—for a preordained 15 minutes. The manufacturer produced a limited edition of 23 million packets, and no more. "We want the product to retain its novelty," a Pop Rocks spokesman said—an insight about comebacks that the managers of Tina Turner, Richard Nixon and Cher would do well to note—"so we'll take it off the market and will reintroduce it either next year or the year after." Brief forced-feeding frenzies alternating with nostalgic interludes of artificial self-denial: the 1990s sound like the *fun* de siècle.

Nineties children, meanwhile, being products of the Reagan-Bush era, carry phone-paging beepers to school so that they can sell drugs more efficiently. New York schools chancellor Richard Green has just outlawed beepers (fax machines and speakerphones are, shockingly, still permitted) and, to prove he really means business, has added specific antidrug lessons to the curriculum. *Wow*: talk about tough. Ninth graders, for instance, are now required to "list three alternatives to the use of mood modifiers as a means to solving problems and initiating good feelings."

Railroad engineers and dispatchers are particularly inclined, it seems, to resorting to mood modifiers as a means of initiating good feelings. The government has been conducting tests to ensure, say, that the guy operating the 8:00 a.m. Metroliner to Washington is not (as Chief Justice William Rehnquist was during the first Pop Rocks heyday) under the influence of Placidyl. The railroad employees have sued to stop the drug testing, and Attorney General Richard Thornburgh appeared before the Supreme Court to make the government's case. "I'm not going to palm myself off as an expert," Thornburgh said, Bush-like.

In the Marcos-free Philippines, a more ontological lawsuit was filed by four Tasaday. You remember the Tasaday—the Stone Age tribe that dressed in leaves and bark and believed they were the only people on earth until the 1970s, when they were discovered by people dressed in syn-

thetic fabrics. More recently two anthropologists have called the Tasaday a concoction, artifacts of an elaborate hoax. The Tasaday are suing the anthropologists—they want a court to affirm that they are indeed Paleolithic. "For those who are calling us a fake," says a plaintiff named Dul, "maybe they themselves are a fake." In other words—and he may mean this literally—*sticks and stones may break my bones*.

Back in the civilized world, Donald Trump gangsterishly announced, concerning Merv Griffin's on-again-off-again scheme to buy part of Trump's gambling business, that Griffin has "absolutely no right to walk." If the former host of *Play Your Hunch* does, as Trump put it, walk, the nominal author of *The Art of the Deal* has threatened to hound Merv until the day he dies. But surely Griffin and Trump will come to an understanding—you know what they say about prominent people sooner or later.

And prominent corporations too. Philip Morris is buying Kraft (talk about synergy: *Miller Lite and individually wrapped American-cheese slices!*) for \$11.5 billion. Which is just a small fraction of the junk-bond-financed leveraged buyouts concocted in 1988. Fortunately, we aren't the only ones spooked by all this sudden, vast corporate debt. "Watching these deals get done," says Theodore Forstmann, an investment banker who is trying to do some of them, "is like watching a herd of drunk drivers take to the highway on New Year's Eve." And another LBO expert recently declared, "Our nation is blindly rushing to the precipice. As with tulip bulbs [and] South Sea bubbles . . . the denouement will be a crash." That's Marty Lipton talking—Marty Lipton, the best-known LBO lawyer in the world and the man who, at the very moment that he was writing his jeremiad, billed Kraft \$20 million or so for his two weeks of legal work on the junk-bond-financed Philip Morris takeover. But if policemen can become Teamsters, if Stone Age people can file lawsuits, if Trump the highly-leveraged vice king can *also* be Trump the would-be president, and if Merv Griffin can be a talk show legend *and* a casino operator, then what's so curious about Teddy Forstmann and Marty Lipton the junk bond alarmists also being Marty Lipton and Teddy Forstmann the junk bond profiteers? After all, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde were both prominent people and, sooner or later, got together. **D**

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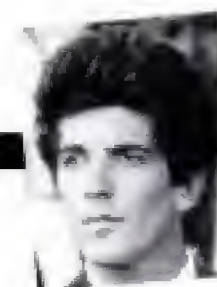


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THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

WE'RE BACK! THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FINE DINING RETURNS!

Since last April, *New Yorkers*, who dine out more frequently than any other people on earth, have done so without the benefit of reports on which restaurants have failed to adhere to the health code. *SPY* once regularly reported the grimy, mortifying details of those popular spots that maintained kitchens awash in mouse feces or dishwashers filled with unsanitary tepid water. We abandoned our own section last winter when the *Times*, where even then no one ever read *SPY*, began reporting the same information (albeit *joie de vivre*-lessly and without charming symbols). Then the *Times*'s reports disappeared as well: last March, 20 percent of the Health Department's inspectors and supervisors were indicted for graft, and the paper of mouse-dropping record said it could no longer vouch for the integrity of the list. At the same time, the Health Department temporarily suspended all but emergency inspections. But soon, staffed with a bunch of pretty darn credible inspectors, the department reinstituted inspections in force, though the new, ostensibly untainted-by-graft findings were kept from the public. But thanks to a Freedom of Information Law request filed by *SPY*, the work of those who spent the next

LIZ SMITH recently demonstrated her entirely altruistic support for the Literacy Volunteers of America by filling her column with a 145-name-long list of people who attended a recent benefit for the organization. The board of Literacy Volunteers itself—a board that attracts such ultrascholarly types as **ARNOLD SCAASI**, the designer, and **PAM SARNOFF**, the wife of Warner Books chairman **BILL SARNOFF**—eloquently argues for the organization's work. At a recent meeting, it was Pam Sarnoff's sparkingly literate conversation that set the tone for the get-together, particularly when she asked whether a paperback edition of a book has fewer words in it than the hardcover original.

WHEN TEMPORARY Malibuite, sexiest NYU law student alive and twenty-first-century commander in chief **JOHN KENNEDY JR.** clerked in Los Angeles for former Democratic chairman **CHARLES MANATT**'s law firm (a job young Kennedy got, we're certain, *entirely based on merit*, just as he'd got an earlier job with New York's 42nd Street Development Corporation), he worked *hard*—taking almost continuous phone calls from breathless suitors, doodling (nipples, a crying man) and composing memos for partners that were impeccably . . . typed. In the evening as he left for home Kennedy sang—bluesily sang, loud enough for colleagues to hear, and cringe—*I'm bringing home the bacon, I'm a working man*.

OVER AT **MORGAN STANLEY**'s very altruistic Mergers and Acquisitions department—remember, it's almost the 1990s, when idealism will flower again—where the 22-year-old entry-level analysts earn around \$50,000, a memo circulated that strongly encouraged all young staff members to participate in the firm's new Outward Bound program. (A second memo promised, somewhat unconvincingly, that those who preferred to pass up the fun would not

suffer any career-crippling stigma.) Those brave lemmings who rose to the challenge learned that the best training for multibillion-dollar leveraged buyouts was living as homeless people for a weekend.

One chilly Thursday afternoon, a small horde of embryonic investment bankers turned over their wallets, keys and Armanis, divided into groups of four with \$15 between them for food and were given directions to homeless shelters. One group of Morgan's weekend hoboes slept on a pier—albeit one very close to the South Street Seaport. Even a downpour on Saturday evening could not dampen the spirits of these tyros, however, for they knew that in years to come they could regale business-school interviewers and margarita-guzzling cronies alike with tales of their *faux* destitution.

THIS NEW YORK WINTER is made no easier by the stories we keep hearing—a moon, a breeze, a nubile youngster who aches to be in your next picture—of romance on the beach at Malibu. Count among the revelers Hollywood agent **RON MEYER** and infotaining anchorgirl **CYNDY GARVEY**. Ron had lately been having complicated, supersecret business discussions with a woman other than Cyndy. Cyndy, in a moment of—what? pique? playfulness?—confronted her dear. In the same spirit, no doubt, Ron allegedly tussled with her. Though at press time there had been no arrest, the D.A.'s people in Malibu, themselves feeling—what? piqued? playful? of a mind to file charges?—were said to be on the case.

ADRIAN LYNE, a notorious cheapskate and the British director of *Flashdance*, has gone native: not long ago he held a very Hollywoodish garage sale at his Mulholland Drive house. For sale? Old, useless stuff, mainly—including about 400 copies of the *Flashdance* soundtrack album.

WHAT? US WORRY?

*A Disingenuous Nationwide Sampling of Disingenuous
Drexel Burnham Spin Control*



While many cynics consider the retail stockbroker's life shamelessly mercenary and repellently conformist, it is not. In a telephone survey of the little men and women who must apply the spin control to Drexel Burnham Lambert's grim message in order to win over skeptical retail customers, SPY found them to be a fiercely independent breed. They were asked one question: "Is the Securities and Exchange Commission's 184-page civil complaint against Drexel junk bond wizard Mike Milken a dissuasive factor in a customer's decision to continue doing business with the firm?" To a man, the responses were refreshingly free of the sounds that frightened workers make when instructed to follow a panicky corporate line.

"To be quite honest, it has no effect on accounts. It has no relevance on any of the accounts at Drexel."

—broker at Boston office

"At Drexel Burnham here in Paramus, it's business as usual."

—broker at Paramus, New Jersey, office

"That's a good question. . . . We are fighting this thing to the hilt. He is innocent. . . . We just continue to make money for our clients. It's nothing to be concerned about."

—broker at Los Angeles office

"My answer [to the Milken question] is, we're still the most profitable on the Street. . . . Our impression is that it's trumped up. I don't think our business is tainted."

—broker at Philadelphia office

"So far as we're concerned, there has been no wrongdoing by Mike Milken. . . . Really, all you should be interested in is whether Drexel will make you money. If you're interested in making money, this is the place."

—broker at midtown Manhattan office

"We have tremendous amounts of cash reserves. Internally, it's been a nonevent. . . . We're happy about the indictment—now we can finally prove our innocence."

—broker at White Plains, New York, office

—John Brodie

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC FIGURES



Supreme Court justices William H. Rehnquist and Sandra Day O'Connor share a warm, friendly moment with colleague Thurgood Marshall.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

*A Monthly Anagram
Analysis*

**GEORGE HERBERT
WALKER BUSH**

ROB GREEK, SLAUGHTER
HEBREW

JEANE KIRKPATRICK
EEK! CAPTAIN KIRK JR.

**MICHAEL STANLEY
DUKAKIS**

KICK MY DULL ANAESTHESIA
SANK HUMILIATED LACKEYS

NANCY REAGAN
CANE A GRANNY

PRESIDENT REAGAN
ENTERING PARADES
NAP; REGAINED REST
A DEPARTING SNEER

—Andy Aaron

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

seven months apprehending bacteria can now be properly noted, and restaurant-mad New Yorkers can all walk a little . . . queasier.

APRIL-JULY:

ZARO'S

89 East 42nd Street

Chicken that should have been kept at 140 degrees was maintained at 120 degrees. Also, roaches were maintained on glue boards in the cellar.



TWENTY/TWENTY

20 West 20th Street

The restaurant lacked a valid food-protection certificate.



PAX CAFE

205 West 57th Street

Handles of the scoops used to scoop tuna fish and other salads were immersed in the food. A piece of metal projecting from the display refrigerator was embedded in the tuna. Salads were insufficiently cooled. Live flies were spotted.



GIANCARLO

1378 Third Avenue

Flies were found. Food was improperly stored and the restaurant had no valid Health Department permit.



AUGUST:

CAFE IGUANA

235 Park Avenue South

The restaurant had no permit. Soiled linens were improperly stored, and some creature not specified or described was apparently found "scaling from ceiling in storage food area."



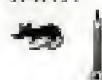
BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S

1500 Broadway

The first inspection found evidence of rodents, a refrigerator that cooled only to 64 degrees, a dirty ice machine and grease-laden grills, fryers, utensils and floors. On second inspection (performed in October), the dishwasher wasn't working properly, floors were dirty, water had formed a pond on the floor of the walk-in refrigerator and an explosion

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

was waiting to happen because the carbon dioxide container at the bar wasn't chained to the wall.



BAGEL NOSH

160 West 71st Street
Chicken legs stored at 61 degrees should have been kept at 45 degrees. Fresh and vintage mouse excreta were found behind service counter.



MITCHEL LONDON CATERERS INC.

149 First Avenue
In early August it was revealed that corruption had gone all the way to Mayor Koch's kitchen, when a city investigation found that London, the mayor's official chef, was running a catering business on the side and was using city workers and equipment to further his business. That same week the Health Department found that the bakery lacked an official permit and wasn't being serviced by a licensed exterminator.



KIEV

117 Second Avenue
Food was stored uncovered on the floor of the walk-in refrigerator and tuna and chopped liver were stored at a disconcertingly balmy 70 degrees.



SZECHUAN HUMAN COTTAGE

1433 Second Avenue
Fly strips were hung above the food preparation area, dirty cloth towels were used to cover food in the walk-in refrigerator and both doors in the cellar were found open and unscreened. Surprisingly, inspectors also found flies.



BLOOMSBURY RESTAURANT

540 Third Avenue
Live roaches were found and dishwasher equipment was missing.



SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER

EMPIRE SZECHUAN

160 Bleecker Street
The inspection revealed a bonanza: the stove and the

HEART ATTACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK?

Billy Joel: Rock Music's Self-Fulfilling Prophet



Billy Joel's fans have always keenly appreciated his special knack—as both singer and songwriter—for the formulaic and the repetitive, but new research suggests that Joel's music has an astonishing prescience as well. One alarming aspect of Joel's apparent psychic abilities is his frequent and so far unfulfilled prophecy concerning homicidal women: "When she comes back for the kill/You've been slashed in the face/You've been left there to bleed" ("Stiletto"); "She can kill with a smile/She can wound with her eyes" ("She's Always a Woman"); "She stood on the tracks/Waving her arms/Leading me to that third rail shock" ("All for Leyna"). We just hope that Christie Brinkley is not a weapons buff.

OCTOBER 1974 "Well if money makes a rich man/I might never make the grade." —"Last of the Big Time Spenders"

JULY 1978 "Piano Man," although it sells close to a million copies, earns Joel only \$7,763 in five years.

OCTOBER 1978 "Melodrama's so much fun." —"Zanzibar"

DECEMBER 1978 Joel poses for *Rolling Stone* with arms outspread, mimicking crucifixion.

SEPTEMBER 1977 "I'm not much good at conversation." —"Get It Right the First Time"

NOVEMBER 1978 Joel tells woman who asks him not to yell in hotel hallway at 3:00 a.m. to "shut the fuck up."

OCTOBER 1978 "They will tell you you can't sleep alone in a strange place/Then they'll tell you you can't sleep with somebody else/But sooner or later you'll sleep in your own space/Either way it's OK, you wake up with yourself." —"My Life"

DECEMBER 1978 Joel tells *Rolling Stone*, "I don't know what the hell I'm doing when I'm writin'."

MARCH 1980 Cover of Joel's *Glass Houses* shows him hurling rock at building.

JUNE 1980 Co-op board of Dakota blocks Joel's bid to buy apartment.

FEBRUARY 1982 Joel tells *Playboy*, "A motorcycle is an amusement park ride. It's dangerous. Everybody on the road is out to get you."

APRIL 1982 Joel undergoes surgery after smashing motorcycle into car.

SEPTEMBER 1977 "I don't want clever conversation." —"Just the Way You Are"

MARCH 1985 Joel marries model Christie Brinkley.

MAY 1976 "I once believed in causes, too/I had my pointless point of view." —"Angry Young Man"

JULY 1985 Joel refuses to appear in Live Aid concert.

OCTOBER 1978 "You had to have a white hot spotlight/You had to be a big shot last night/Big shot/Big shot/Big shot/Big shot." —"Big Shot"

JULY 1987 During Moscow concert, cultural emissary Joel throws tantrum and flips piano, yelling at unenthusiastic audience, "Why are you here? You obviously don't want to be here."

—Henry Alford

THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

A Monthly Tally

Clients of press agent

Jeffrey Richards	5
Frances Lear.....	5
Jackie Onassis	5
Elizabeth Taylor	5
Barbara Walters	5
Malcolm Forbes.....	4
Frank Sinatra	4
Barbra Streisand.....	4
Robin Williams.....	4
Carol Channing.....	3
Michael Ovitz	3
SPY	3
The Waldorf-Astoria ...	3
The Hazelden clinic....	2
Patsy's.....	2
Photos of Liz Smith	2
Donald Trump	2
Diane Judge (a Jeffrey Richards employee). 1	

CHRONICLE OF
OUR DEATH
FORETOLD
A SPY Public Service
Countdown

"My pal Donald Trump . . . said that SPY magazine is in trouble financially and will not be around much longer. I chided the handsome mogul, of whom I am very fond . . . that he should not indulge in wishful thinking. He said, 'No, you'll find this is true if you just investigate. I predict they won't even be around in a year.'"

—Liz Smith in the
Daily News,
September 29, 1988

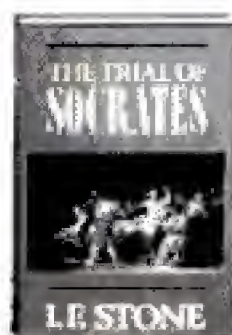


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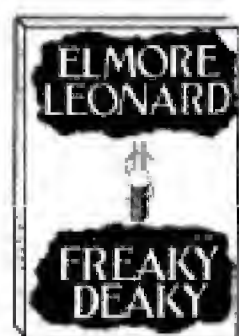
*259. A fascinating examination of the 2400-year-old trial of Socrates.

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754. This comprehensive guide offers expert advice on financial planning.

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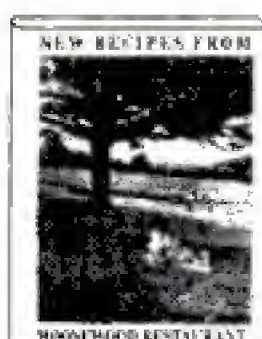
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*163. The author of Bright Lights, Big City returns to New York's fast lanes.

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681. 198 recipes that are as appealing as they are healthful.

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Ernest Hemingway

(Translation:
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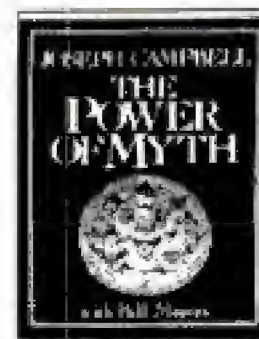
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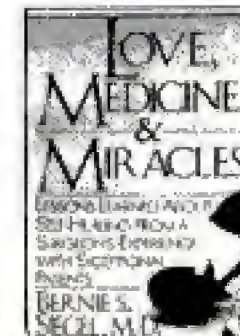
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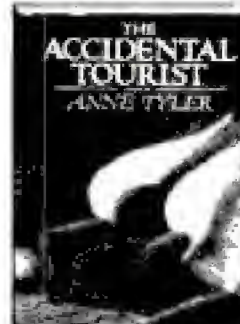
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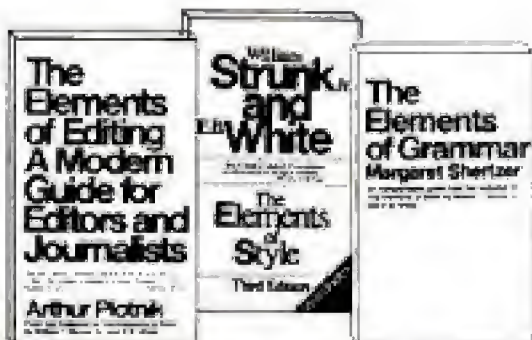
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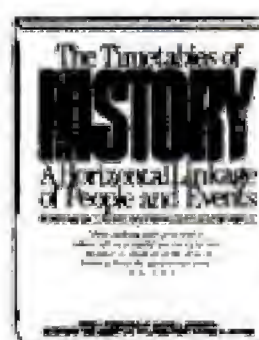
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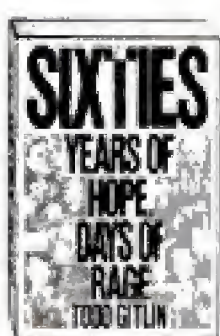
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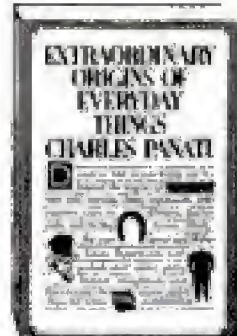
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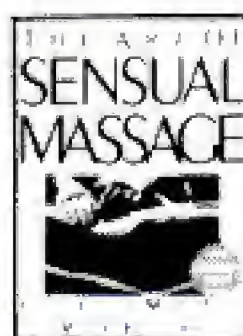
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THE SPY HISTORICAL TRIP TIP

The Road Not Taken



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

walls and floor around it were dirty, grease-laden and food-encrusted, the slop sink was "slime laden"; in the cellar, ponded water and a foul odor were noted; fresh and old mouse excreta and live flies were observed; the toilet was broken and objects were stored in the employees' sink.



RAY'S PIZZA

961 Second Avenue
Inspectors found fresh and old rat excreta, live flies, no soap or towels in the employees' lavatory and another unsecured CO₂ container.



TUESDAY'S WEST

244 Columbus Avenue
Inspectors found a food-encrusted refrigerator, water on the basement floor, and live roaches and a litter box in the basement.



ELLEN'S

270 Broadway
Owned by a former Miss Subways, one of City Hall's favorite restaurants was found to be keeping tuna salad, chicken salad and seafood salad too warm. Also, the dough mixer was encrusted, the floors were dirty and the refrigerators lacked thermometers.



LA TABLITA

One Herald Square
Cold food was kept at 60 degrees, not 45 degrees or cooler, and fried rice and vegetable salad were kept uncovered in the refrigerator. There was no soap or towels in the employees' washroom.



BLUE WILLOW

644 Broadway
Fresh mouse excreta were found in the hallway leading to the basement, and holes, perfect for rodent entry, were found in a doorway.



E.A.T. GOURMET

1064 Madison Avenue
Eli Zabar's East Side outpost was found to maintain its chicken salad at a toasty 80

Imagine this: a conspicuous Queens-born megamillionaire gets fed up with government incompetence. By gosh, he decides, he'll take on that public-works project himself, complete it in a jiffy and make a profit to boot. But the ungrateful powers-that-be denounce him at every turn. Sound familiar? Well, our own Queens-born megamillionaire, Donald Trump, had a precursor, albeit a slightly less successful one. Turn back the clock 80 years, make the megamillionaire less of a lout, endow him with normal-length fingers, and you've got the story of William K. Vanderbilt Jr. and the Long Island Motor Parkway.

Vanderbilt, the great-

grandson of railway magnate Cornelius Vanderbilt, loved high-speed driving. At the turn of the century he regularly sponsored races on the unpaved roads of Long Island, but he kept getting beaten by foreigners. Although very few citizens could afford cars in those days, Vanderbilt decided that in order to get his fellow Americans to share his love of fast driving, he would build a limited-access highway. Unacquainted with the techniques of hardball evictionism that would later serve real estate developers, Vanderbilt bought up a serpentine 45-mile strip of land connecting Queens to Suffolk County. In June 1908 a 2,000-man construction crew began

work on architect John Russell Pope's design for the Long Island Motor Parkway. Four months later Vanderbilt inaugurated an 11-mile stretch with a race and then opened the parkway as a toll road, with an enormous \$2 round-trip tariff. The self-enforced speed limit was 30-40 mph, compared with 10 mph on regular, horse-dominated roads.

Completed in 1911, the 45-mile parkway never made money, so in 1929 Vanderbilt approached Robert Moses, then planning his Northern State Parkway, and offered to sell the Long Island Motor Parkway's land to the state. Moses declined, preferring instead to match the Motor Parkway exit for exit and force it out of business. Nine years later, Vanderbilt gave up the failed parkway, deeding it—and its valuable surrounding land—to the counties through which it ran, in exchange for \$80,000 in back taxes.

Since then the parkway, which is considered the first roadway in the world to have been designed and built especially for the automobile, has been mostly overrun by weeds and ignored by tourists. The Queens section was turned into a bike path—a cruel mockery of its swashbuckling original purpose. Nassau County sold most of its

section to LILCO. One section of the old parkway is now a dog run; another, a dump-truck yard. Only Suffolk County has retained the parkway for drivers: 13 miles of Motor Parkway 67 still offer the thrillingly deadly curves and roller-coaster hills that Vanderbilt engineered.

To see the ruins:

QUEENS: Take the L.I.E. to the Clearview Expressway; go south to Union Turnpike. Turn left, go to Hollis Hills Terrace; turn left, drive about 500 feet and park. Enter at the bridge; you can walk east about one and a half miles on the old parkway. A red brick-faced bridge (circa 1911) is on this path, in the Alley Pond Park section.

NASSAU: Take the L.I.E. to Seaford-Oyster Bay Expressway (Route 135). Proceed south to the Powell Avenue/Plainview Road exit; turn left on Powell, park in Bethpage State Park.

DRIVING THE SUFFOLK STRETCH: Take the L.I.E. to Exit 51 (Deer Park Avenue). Go north to Vanderbilt Parkway. Turn right to travel the original road about 13 miles to Ronkonkoma.

For information about a walking tour led by Long Island Motor Parkway expert Robert Miller, call Jane Crowley at the Queens Historical Society, (718) 939-0647, or the Alley Pond Environmental Center, (718) 229-4000. —Jack Barth

LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

"I hope that U.S. policy makers . . . read what President Nixon has to say."

—Zbigniew Brzezinski on Richard Nixon's 1999

"Must reading for anyone who wants to understand American-Soviet relations."

—Nixon on Brzezinski's *Game Plan*

"[It] will make you laugh out loud with delight."

—Judith Viorst on Phyllis Theroux's *Night Lights*

"A book of . . . powerful intelligence and compassion."

—Theroux on Viorst's *Necessary Losses*

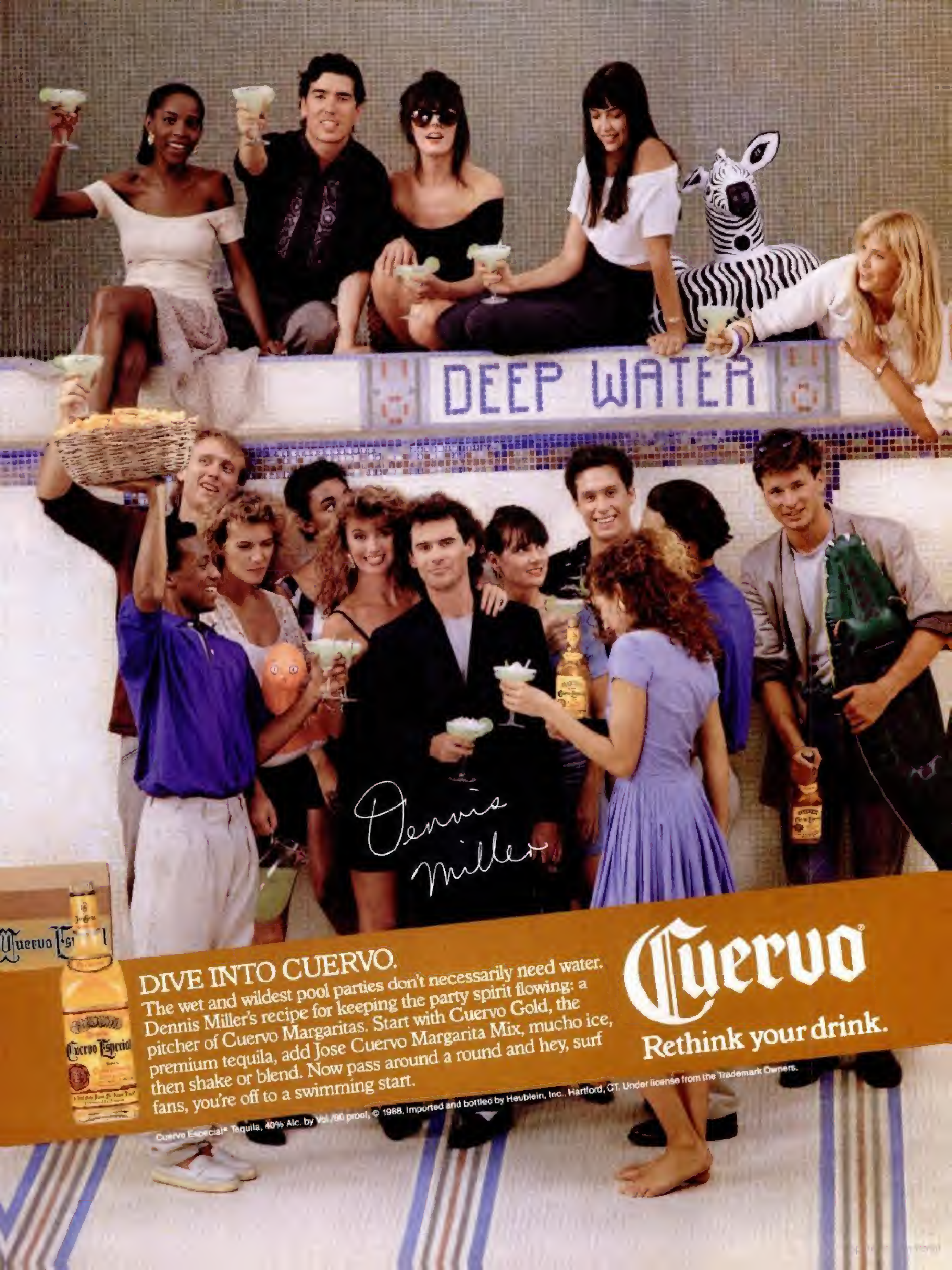
"Profoundly moving and beautifully told."

—Elie Wiesel on Chaim Potok's *The Chosen*

"Riveting."

—Potok on Wiesel's *Twilight*

—Howard Kaplan



DEEP WATER

Dennis Miller



DIVE INTO CUERVO.

The wet and wildest pool parties don't necessarily need water. Dennis Miller's recipe for keeping the party spirit flowing: a pitcher of Cuervo Margaritas. Start with Cuervo Gold, the premium tequila, add Jose Cuervo Margarita Mix, mucho ice, then shake or blend. Now pass around a round and hey, surf fans, you're off to a swimming start.

Cuervo

Rethink your drink.

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

degrees; egg salad, roast chicken, roast beef and seafood salad were also underrefrigerated.

YANG YANG TOO

686 Columbus Avenue
Food was not kept covered or adequately cooled. Roach powder was stored under the ice tray under the bar.

HUMAN PARK II

721 Columbus Avenue
Shrimp, chicken and other foods were stored uncovered in the walk-in refrigerator; dumplings were covered with a towel. The walls and floor were grease-laden. There was no device in the kitchen plumbing to prevent backflow.

CANAL BAR

511 Greenwich Street
The restaurant had no Health Department permit, no chain on the CO₂ tank and no device in the kitchen plumbing to prevent unsanitary backflow.

DINE-O-MAT

One University Place
Dishwasher temperature was too cool; refrigerator light bulbs were not shielded.

FRIEND OF A FARMER

77 Irving Place
Cakes, buns and other food weren't covered. Fresh mouse excreta were found in the cellar.

TONY ROMA'S

450 Sixth Avenue
The restaurant had no food-protection certificate and no chain on the CO₂ cylinder. Equipment was missing from the dishwasher.

TRATTORIA IL BAMBINO

94 University Place
The wall and floors were dirty, and mouse droppings were found. A valid food-protection certificate was unavailable.

CARNEGIE DELI

854 Seventh Avenue

IT'S RAINING CATS AND MICHAEL LANDON

Terminal-Impact Energies of the Stars

the danger is all too real: a beloved entertainment-industry personality playfully attempts a back somersault into a handstand on the railing of his or her penthouse balcony, slips and plummets to the street below. The gruesome results of such an accident are all too predictable—but until recently, no one could accurately describe the complex physics involved in a spokesmodel or Cosby kid plunge. Now, via the fledgling science of CelebroDynamics, such events can be analyzed right down to the exact amount of energy released upon striking terra firma—so-called terminal-impact energy. Indeed, the time may someday come when we can harness the power of terminal-impact energies. Never again will we be left to wonder: *if the forces unleashed by his death leap had been converted to electricity, for how long would George Reeves have been able to power a 60-watt light bulb?*

A few words of explanation: terminal-impact energy is calculated using the following simple formula:

$$e = v \times w \times tc$$

where *e* is the terminal-impact energy, *v* is the velocity of the falling celebrity at the time of impact, *w* is the celebrity's weight and *tc* is the time of contact—that is,

the amount of time it takes the celebrity to "pancake" upon striking the ground (a function both of velocity and the distance between a celebrity's feet and head). Velocity increases with the distance a celebrity has fallen, but all celebrities fall at the same rate, regardless of their weight (as Galileo proved); for our purposes, it is assumed that all celebrities have fallen 280 feet—roughly a 20-story drop. Terminal-impact energy is expressed in foot-pounds; one foot-pound is the equivalent of .00038 watt-hours, which is the conversion ratio we used to calculate the length of time a given celebrity would be able to power a 60-watt bulb. Actual terminal-impact energy could vary, depending on wind speed and state of undress. As a point of reference, Ann-Margret did not fall far enough to pancake when, in 1972, she tumbled off a Lake Tahoe nightclub-stage scaffold and broke her face; she therefore released only insignificant amounts of energy.



Celebrity	Approximate Weight/Height	Aerodynamic Profile	Terminal-Impact Energy	Light Bulb Burn Time	Impact Aftermath
Control: stunt double	150 lbs./6 ft.	More or less typical man	900 foot-pounds	20.32 seconds	Cracked sidewalk; bereaved relatives; short obituary in hometown paper
Raymond Burr	350 lbs./6 ft.	Chrysler minivan	2,100 foot-pounds	47.42 seconds	Buckled sidewalk; fleeting sadness in some sectors of the entertainment community; possible photo spread in <i>People</i>
Michael Landon	185 lbs./6 ft.	Barcalounger	1,100 foot-pounds	25.07 seconds	Doorman's uniform soiled; National Parent Teacher Association praises Landon's contribution to wholesome programming; article by Mrs. Landon in <i>Parade</i>
Gary Coleman	85 lbs./4 ft.	Frozen turkey	340 foot-pounds	7.68 seconds	Car top dented; weekend-long <i>Diff'rent Strokes</i> marathon on some UHF stations
Elite fashion model	85 lbs./6 ft.	Airline flotation device	510 foot-pounds	11.52 seconds	Chipped curb; roommates on edge of nervous breakdown; memorial party at M.K.
Benji	7 lbs./2 ft. 6 in.	Smallish dog	17.5 foot-pounds	.40 seconds	Could survive; production delays on <i>Oh, Heavenly Dog! II</i>

—Jeff Wise (physics research assistance by Rob Bettigole)



Yachting time from Paris.

Michel Herbelin is an artist. Instead of paint, he works with gold and steel to create watches of exceptional originality and spirit.

His Newport watch is a tribute to starry nights on deck, and days at the office when the wind is up and the sea beckons.

Crafted in France, the stainless steel and 18K gold-

plated case is as trim and carefully detailed as a racing sloop—and resists water down to 100 feet.

The strap is genuine shark-skin, and attaches to the case with nautical-style pins and porthole hinges. A gold rope pattern circles the enamel dial, with a ship's spoked wheel at 12 o'clock. The regatta-accurate quartz movement is Swiss. \$249.



*"The sea never changes and its works,
for all the talk of men, are wrapped in mystery."*

—Joseph Conrad

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A Six-Month Tally of New Yorker Cartoon Concepts

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Dishes, glasses and flatware were improperly sanitized. In the cellar, water was leaking from the ceiling. The deli-counter floor area was grease-laden. Inspectors found old and fresh mouse excreta, live roaches and live flies. There were no screens in the locker room and, best of all, a foul urine odor was noted on ledge outside the window.



HAVE MERCY, JUDGE: THE FRIENDS OF MICHAEL DEAVER

Michael Deaver, the former chief propagandist of the Reagan White House, was convicted in December 1987 of two counts of perjury. Deaver was not convicted of media manipulation or craven obedience to Nancy Reagan or writing a blabbermouth book about working in the White House or even for advertising his influence-peddling prowess on the cover of *Time*. Instead, prosecutors nailed him for lying to a House subcommittee about trying to set up a meeting between the president and a South Korean trade envoy, and to a grand jury by claiming not to remember doing what clients had paid him hefty fees to do. Before he was sentenced, some of Deaver's family, friends and associates wrote to the judge on his behalf. Here are excerpts from nine of the 18 letters that were made public:

Carolyn Deaver, wife:

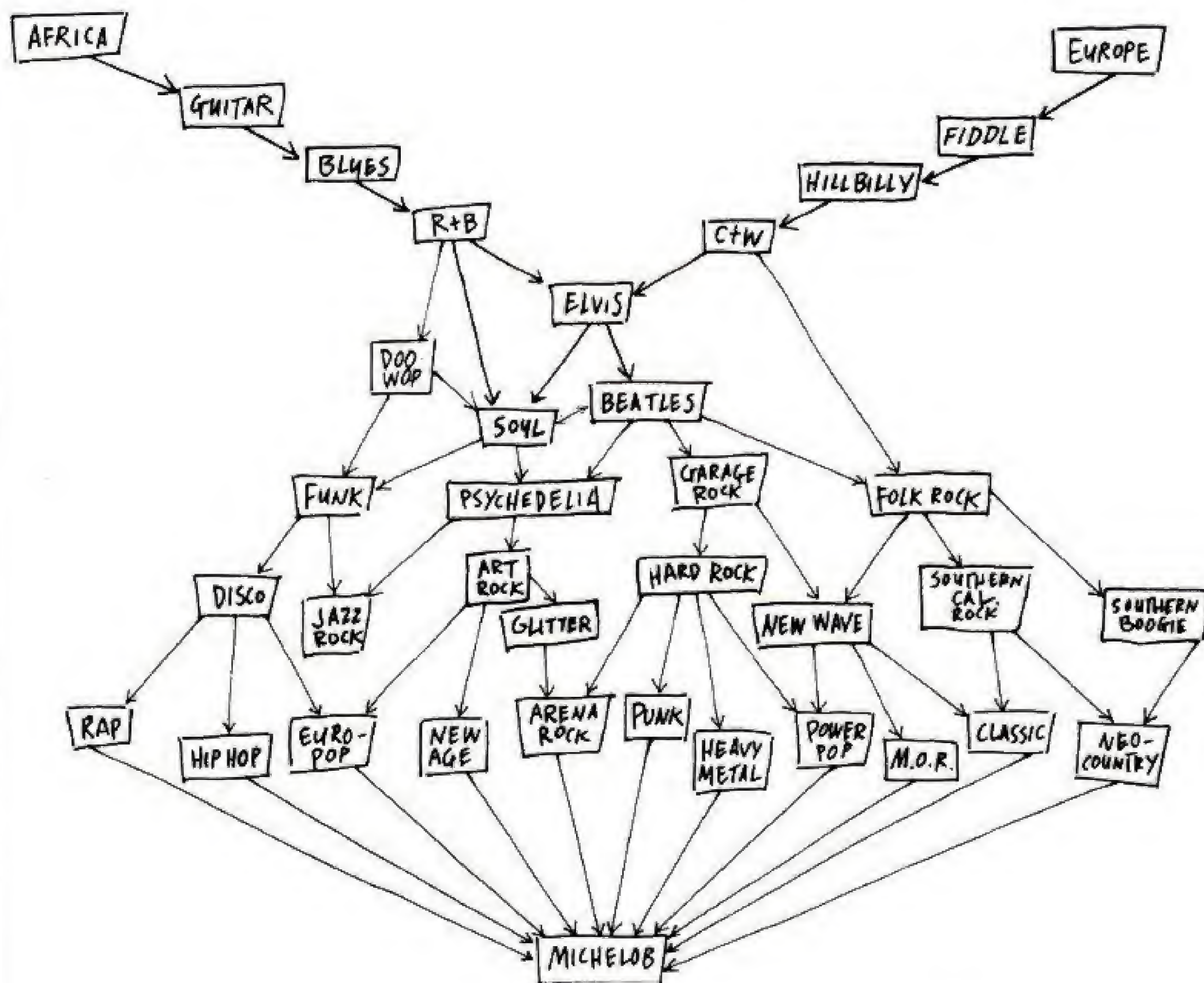
"On July 20th my husband and I celebrated 20 years of marriage. We celebrated quietly, subdued by the threatening circumstances which have engulfed our lives. But we found, in fact, cause for celebration even greater than the same occasion three, five or ten years ago. You see, Michael Deaver has come home. . . .

"I don't think we 'moved' to Washington [after Reagan's election]; it is more accurate to say we 'orbited' the capital. It was an overwhelming experience to find ourselves in a strange city, trying to comprehend and understand a milieu for which we were totally unprepared. . . .

Talking animals	36	Humanized plants/objects	7
Label/sign (nonroad, nonbusiness)	28	Military men	7
Ancient times	28	Waiter	7
Husband/wife	22	Woman to woman about nearby husband	7
Humanesque animals (nontalking)	15	Business meeting	6
Watching TV	15	Figurative expression taken literally	6
Man at desk alone	10	Man buying clothes	6
Party	10	Prison	6
Business sign	9	Sophisticated children	6
Road sign	8	Man at mirror	5
Courtroom	8	Man leaves for/returns from work	5
Legal (noncourtroom, nonprison)	8	Statue	5
Boss/employee	7	Desert island	2
Heaven/hell	7		

— Seth Roberts

THE HISTORY OF ROCK



DEAN ROHRER

BEHIND THE TIMES

PUBLISHERS WEEKLY *hails it as "an uncanny, explosive portrait of an influential newsman and a sharp analysis of THE TIMES's conservative drift."* **ADVERTISING AGE** *calls it "broadly and deeply researched, often a compelling read."* Abe Rosenthal says it's "an opera of hostility." The book is **FIT TO PRINT**, Joseph C. Goulden's behind-the-scenes look at **THE NEW YORK TIMES** under the controversial stewardship of A. M. Rosenthal. Like Harrison Salisbury's **WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR** and Gay Talese's **THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER**, **FIT TO PRINT** is an unflinching inside account of a great institution wielding immense influence during a

period of high profitability and internal turmoil.

With absorbing, irresistible detail, Goulden traces Abe Rosenthal's remarkable rise from awkward copyboy to awkward but powerful executive editor of

THE TIMES. **FIT TO PRINT** is a masterful guide to the favor-currying and power-brokering that goes on in-

side the Paper of Record. Destined to be one of this year's most talked-

about books. Available at bookstores everywhere. **A Lyle Stuart Book**



SEPARATED AT BIRTH?

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

"Mike was becoming increasingly immersed in his work. . . . Unbeknownst to us, another force had entered our family. Alcohol had become Mike's companion and solace. . . .

"For our family, the process [of overcoming alcohol addiction] was . . . compounded by the fact that we also became 'exiles' in Washington. . . . We had to deal with cameramen and reporters congregating in front of our home every morning. . . . Friends fell away; some gently by ignoring a phone call or a letter, some brutally by passing word that association with Mike Deaver would harm their business reputation. Our names vanished from club rosters, charitable committees and Christmas card and social invitation lists . . . all [places] but the newspaper.

"But although these two years have not been filled with the happiest of circumstances, they have been filled with something vitally important, sustaining and valuable — with something that was never introduced as evidence, written up in the newspaper or reported on TV. They have been filled with healing, love, attention, understanding and joy. . . .

"Please hold our thoughts, our family and our love in your heart as you decide [Mike's] fate."

Sanford Garner, rector of Deaver's Episcopal church in Washington, D.C.:

"During this experience, Michael Deaver has suffered greatly. Out of this experience, however, I believe Michael Deaver has emerged a stronger, more clearly focused, finer person . . . one who is now even more able to spend his many energies and talents for mankind's health and wholeness."

Lee M. Drott, office manager, Alcoholics Anonymous:

"Mike has so much to contribute to society and AA. His humility and sincerity offer no clue to me of what I've read about his former life. He impresses me as a warm and caring person. . . .



Andrée Putman . . .



and John Cage?



Lyndon Johnson . . .



and director William Wyler?



Dustin Hoffman . . .



and Leonard Cohen?

CLEANING UP AFTER THE PROS

Super Bowl Special: A Chat With Joseph McCormick, Head Groundskeeper at Giants Stadium

SPY: How do you clean the field after a football game?

McCormick: We got Astroturf. You vacuum it and then you hose it down. It's a good fabric. It cleans up good.

What sorts of messes do you find?

You got all your cups, you got tape, you got Gatorade. Sometimes you find tobacco juice stains. You got just about everything down there. Plus what people throw from the stands.

Are some teams dirtier than others?

They're all the same — the cups, the chewing tobacco. I'll tell you, though, the Jets' fans are dirtier than the Giants'. It's a younger crowd, the Jets. The Giants are more refined, you might say.

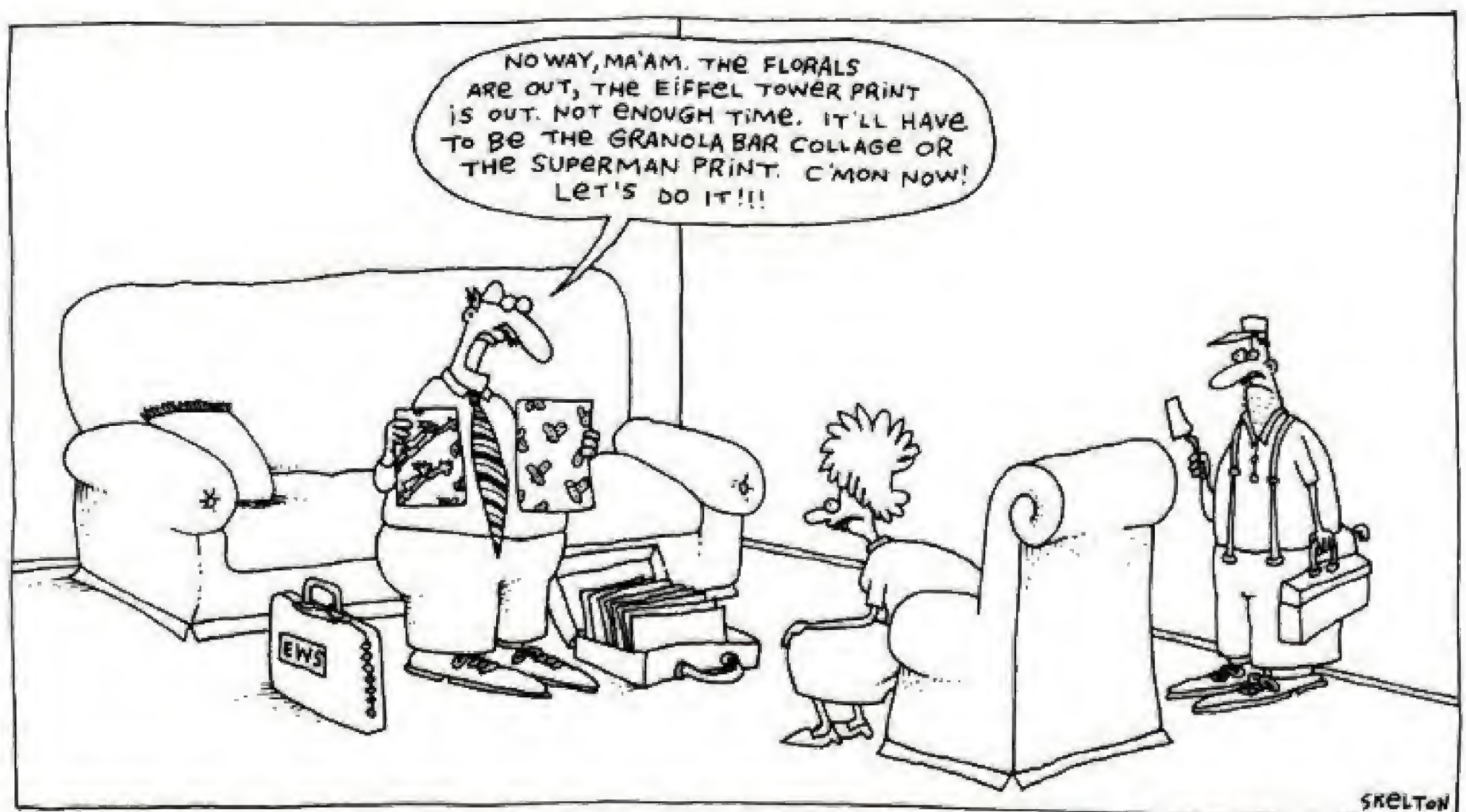
Don't professional football players frequently bleed and vomit during games?

Yeah, we have that. We scrub it out. We use regular scrub buckets and brushes.

What's the most stubborn stain?

Dried blood, definitely. Say we got a Saturday game and for some reason we don't catch it till Monday morning. Then we've got to put a pressure washer on it. But usually the first hose does the trick.

— Bruce Handy



Emergency Wallpaper Service



ARRIVING SOON - A & S PLAZA. Finally, an urban shopping center New Yorkers can relate to. Nine levels of exciting retail, including 120 fine shops and eateries, plus the Manhattan debut of Abraham & Straus. A & S Plaza — arriving next fall at 33rd Street and Avenue of the Americas — one block from Macy's and one block from the country's busiest intersection. For leasing information, call Beth White, (212) 391-0050.

"Mike is good AA. . . .
"People may doubt what you say but never what you do."

Pamela G. Bailey, former employee of Deaver's:
"As a result of his treatment . . . Michael Deaver has become a man of inner strength . . . always looking at the positive not negative side of life."

James C. Sanders, former political associate:
"The President was much more effective when Mike and Jim Baker were there to counsel him, and our Country was better for that. . . .

"I stand by Mike Deaver. . . . [H]is accomplishments for our Country merit every reasonable consideration you can give him."

William H. Deaver, Mike's brother:
"Mike Deaver is a good man, a sober man, who has phoned his parents every Sunday for the past eight years. . . ."

Mary N. Malkmus, lifelong family friend:
"[H]e has always made us feel special in his life. Although he was serving our government in a position of power and influence, there were no 'airs' or 'ego,' just friendship."

Thomas P. "Tip" O'Neill Jr., former speaker of the House:
"I never had a cross word with Michael Deaver. I knew that if Mike told me something, I could rely on it. Mike's word was good enough for me."

Edmund Morris, Reagan's official biographer:
"Mr. Deaver should be sympathetically understood to be an artistic personality, with all the yearnings and aspirations that implies. He was born and brought up in the aesthetic squalor of Bakersfield, California. To a boy of musical, theatrical, and decorative talent, that town must have seemed as sterile as Eliot's Waste Land. His gifts, albeit modest ones, could not flower for lack of fertilizer. (There must be something symbolic about the fact that he became a grower of *

DATEBOOK

Enchanting and
Alarming Events
Upcoming

January

1 New Year's Day, and already way too much to deal with—1989, hangovers, Bowl games, Sunday afternoon, preparations for the festivities surrounding the 30th anniversary of statehood for Alaska two days hence.

6 As the countdown reaches 14 days the White House transition team labors around the clock to ensure a smooth transfer of power. Today's possible highlights: bound volumes of *Reader's Digest* packed for trip west; all but two weeks' supply of jelly beans placed in sealed containers, labeled and stacked in West Wing corridor.

13 "Scourge of the City: Epidemic Diseases in New York," an exhibition of books,

manuscripts and prints, opens at the incredible shrinking New-York Historical Society. Smallpox, yellow fever, cholera . . . what, nothing on the Steinbrenner years?

16 Martin Luther King Jr. Day.

18 Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame's fourth annual dinner, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Among the new inductees are The Rolling Stones—creating a perfect opportunity for the inevitable, headline-grabbing Jagger-



Richards rapprochement (with announcement of

lucrative reunion tour to follow). On the other hand, maybe only Bill Wyman will show up.

19-21 It's the Ice Capades! Starring the California Raisins! At Madison Square Garden. Cancel all previous engagements.

20 Bush inaugurated. Dukakis has grandchild anyway.

21 With remarkable speed, Vice President Quayle grows into job, as promised; holds news conference announcing same.

XXII Super Bowl XXIII, in Miami.

February

2 Groundhog Day. Exactly why does this persist?

4 Fifteenth anniversary of Patty Hearst's kidnapping.

6 Chinese New Year—4687, the Year of the Snake. In a completely unrelated photo opportunity, former president Ronald

Reagan celebrates 78th birthday with weak joke about still being young enough to look for a new job; reporters laugh noisily.

8 A retrospective of films from the late 1960s and '70s by the underappreciated but in fact really very talented Yoko Ono (including *Rape—Part II*, *Fly* and *Apotheosis*) opens at the Whitney in conjunction with an exhibition of her sculptures from 1961-67, when the underappreciated but in fact really very talented Ono "was one of the key figures in the loosely-based Conceptual Art movement, Fluxus."

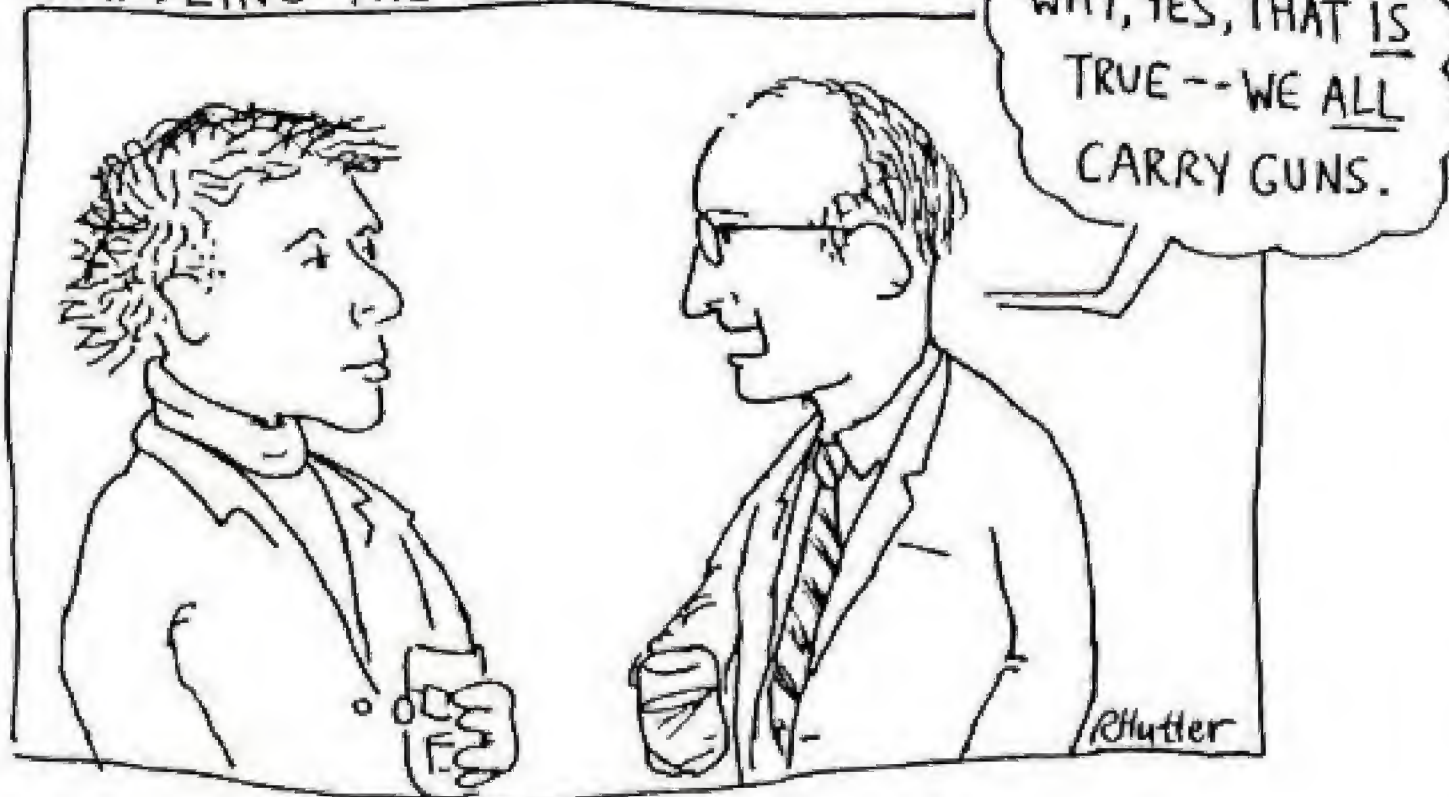
9 Twenty-five years ago on this day, 73 million people temporarily put aside agonizing over the degree of their commitment to the Fluxus movement to watch the lowbrow *Ed Sullivan Show*, on which four key figures in the loosely based post-skiffle-craze Liverpool pop Mersey Sound movement were appearing for the first time.

12 Lincoln's Birthday.

14 Valentine's Day. SPY ♥ expensive art-department symbols that stand for words.

20 Washington's Birthday observed. Quayle, a month in office, now in all likelihood referring to himself in the third person exclusively. ☺

HANDLING THE BRITISH



I wanted to be
a rock star, but my father
convinced me that
women worship doctors.

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bonsai trees — things of stunted prettiness.) When his gifts eventually did flower, they did so in the rich soil surrounding Ronald Reagan. . . .

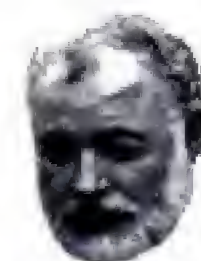
"He has passed through the Slough of Despond, and come through curiously purified."

No one from the Reagan family or administration wrote on Deaver's behalf. Still, the master of image-making seems to have gone unhurt by this. With a suspended sentence and a \$100,000 fine, Deaver eluded jail. "I have believed, and still believe, that he didn't do anything wrong," said the president.

VOICES FROM THE GRAVE: LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

GEORGE ROSE, the Tony-winning musical-comedy actor, left instructions to board his domestic pets at a kennel in Flanders, New Jersey, and to give any "non-domestic" cat or other pet to a friend in Florida, who would receive \$5,000 if she accepted any animals. Rose also left money to nine people, all described as "my dear friend"; one received \$20,000, two received \$5,000 and the others \$10,000 apiece. He left his furniture, jewelry and other personal effects for his executors to divide among his friends. The remainder of the estate was left to Rose's trustees to hold until Domingo Antonio Vasquez-Rose (aka Rafle) turned 36. Though not identified in the will, the 18-year-old Vasquez-Rose was the actor's adopted son and allegedly his lover. Rose directed his trustees to be "extremely liberal," authorizing them to turn over the principal of the estate before Vasquez-Rose's 36th birthday, even if that resulted in the estate's liquidation. Rose was clubbed to death in May 1988 by Vasquez-Rose, Vasquez-Rose's natural father, an uncle and an unidentified fourth man. Bea Garcia, a neighbor, told a reporter from *The New York Times* that two days before his death, "[Rose] said to me: 'Do you know a good Dominican lawyer? I want to change my will.'" Six months after Rose's,

PAPA'S GOT A BRAND-NEW MAG



What sort of man writes for *GQ*? One who likes to write about Ernest Hemingway.

JANUARY 1987: The seeds of obsession are sown. Bruce Buschel writes a spoof best-seller list in the not-yet-the-target-of-Joan-Rivers's-\$50-million-libel-suit Off the Cuff section. Fourth on the list: "*A Hunter in the Woods*, by **ERNEST HEMINGWAY**. The latest undiscovered manuscript by **PAPA**."

JUNE 1987: Hemingway is one of eleven men included in a fashion pantheon called "The Way They Wore: 1957-1987": "**ERNEST HEMINGWAY**, all in khaki, poses with a prize marlin for *Life*."

SEPTEMBER 1987: A feature called "Writers and Their Bars" cleverly begins, "Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world, writers like **HEMINGWAY** and Fitzgerald spent time in most of them," thus fitting both Bogart and Hemingway into one badly written sentence. Pat Jordan, rhapsodizing on his favorite Connecticut watering hole, recalls that "**ERNEST HEMINGWAY** once wrote that every good bar was a clean, well-lighted place."

NOVEMBER 1987: Mary Alice Kellogg, wife of *GQ* assistant managing editor Paul Scanlon, is gripped by a similar clever thought when writing about Harry's New York Bar in Paris: "If **ERNEST HEMINGWAY** could swagger into the clean, not-so-well-lighted place at 5 Rue Daunou on the Right Bank in Paris, his heart would gladden."

JANUARY 1988: A fashion genealogy titled "The Descent of Stylish Man" features a photo of **HEMINGWAY** in khaki and names Papa a direct sartorial descendant of the earl of Cardigan.

FEBRUARY 1988: Mordecai Richler gets to the heart of the matter in reviewing a forgettable oral biography of Hemingway: "The question, put plainly, is what were the true dimensions of **PAPA**'s weenie? Was it inadequate, so-so, or Nobel Prize size?"

MARCH 1988: Richard Merkin, soon to become *GQ*'s leading source of Hemingway references, debuts a new column, Merkin on Style: "Not long ago, I met a *shmegegge* who dressed like a man with a never ending gift certificate at Barneys. . . . I didn't need **HEMINGWAY**'s fabled shit detector to sense that this was a horse's ass from the old country."

JUNE 1988: Merkin on life with late dandy-newspaperman George Frazier: "We always seemed to have a great deal to talk about: books and baseball, jazz and boxing, slanderous gossip and, as **HEMINGWAY** put it, 'how the weather was.'"

JULY 1988: Merkin, getting the hang of it, discusses sportswriter Jimmy Cannon, who was "very good indeed, so good, in fact, that **HEMINGWAY**, living in Cuba, subscribed to the *New York Post* solely for the pleasure of reading Jimmy Cannon."

Edward Sorel writes and illustrates a history of divorce with a sketch of **HEMINGWAY** spoon-feeding Pauline Pfeiffer under the icy glare of Hadley Richardson.

AUGUST 1988: Dan Wakefield, reflecting on the death of James Baldwin, writes, "I got out my old paperback copy of *Notes of a Native Son* and read again the stirring admonition. . . . 'I consider that I have many responsibilities, but none greater than this: to last, as **HEMINGWAY** says, and get my work done.'"

OCTOBER 1988: Papa-o-rama! Hemingway is referred to explicitly in three different articles in the same issue, and indirectly in a fourth. Lucy Kaylin travels to Sam's Café, "a clean, well-lighted place, to be sure," to interview Stephen Crisman, "who moves smoothly through New York's swankier circles with his actress-wife, Mariel **HEMINGWAY**."

Alan Richman's Wine & Spirits column carries the blurb "The rich are different than you and me. They know how to tailgate."

Jon Levi writes a travel piece on, yes, Kilimanjaro, recounting an unbearable-sounding seminar he conducted on the plane over: "I read the end of **HEMINGWAY**'s 'The Snows of Kilimanjaro,' out loud."

Kenneth Turan begins his film column on director David Cronenberg with the observation that "if ever a city lived up to the **HEMINGWAY** title, 'A Clean, Well-Lighted Place,' it is Toronto."

NOVEMBER 1988: *GQ* columnist Owen Edwards writes about *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist Herb Caen: "Caen lays claim to having introduced correspondent **ERNEST HEMINGWAY** to Private William Saroyan."

Even the readers get into the act. David Schechter of Tucson confesses in the Letters column that TV critic Ron Powers's August column had the power of "Raymond Carver short stories, for example, or the sadly unfinished *Garden of Eden*, by **HEMINGWAY**."

DECEMBER 1988: Merkin, writing on has-beens, free-associates, "Quite recently I was in a saloon, arm-wrestling with Dorothy Parker—or was I trading barbed retorts with **ERNEST HEMINGWAY**?"

—Bradley W. Bloch

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WHAT IF THE BRONTË SISTERS HAD BEEN A HEAVY-METAL BAND?

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

death, no determination has yet been made about who will receive his estate.

BOB FOSSE, the Oscar-, Emmy-, and Tony-winning dancer and director, left his interest in *The Laundry*, the East Hampton restaurant, to his agent, Sam Cohn. He left his sister \$20,000, and the Heart Fund, the Postgraduate Center for Mental Health, his assistant, his former wife and the playwright Herb Gardner \$15,000 apiece. One friend received \$15,000, another got \$10,000 and another, \$7,500. He left \$100,000 to establish a scholarship fund for students of the theatrical arts. The rest of his estate, except for \$25,000, was divided into two parts, one of which went to Fosse's ex-wife, the dancer Gwen Verdon, the other in trust for his daughter, Nicole. The \$25,000 was given to his executor, accompanied by a list of friends and instructions specifying how much was to be given to each. "I have made this provision so that when my friends receive this bequest they will go out and have dinner on me. They all have at one time or another during my life been very kind to me. I thank them."

RAPHAEL SOYER, the artist, left all his property, including his apartment and the art he'd created, to his wife, Rebecca. The only exceptions were his sketchbooks. He left five sketchbooks each to the Art Institute of Chicago, the Hirschhorn Museum, the Fine Arts Museum of San Francisco, the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard. Fifteen others were bequeathed to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The remainder were given to Soyer's daughter, Mary.

ROBERT JOFFREY, first and foremost, "as my legacy to the world," left all rights to the continued use of his name to the Joffrey Foundation and the Joffrey School. His shares in the Joffrey School were given to Gerald Arpino and Edith D'Addario, who were also named executors of the will and were the beneficiaries, along

Emily rejects ritual indoctrination in the domestic arts; vows to create a "towering wall of sound."

Charlotte regales parsonage with blistering viola solo.

After signing with P. T. Barnum, Brontë sisters go on tour opening for the Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind.

Anne throws straw-poke bonnet into seething concert crowd at Albert Hall.

Emily publishes *Wuthering Heights*, Charlotte publishes *Jane Eyre*; Anne goes into jealous tailspin and starts to experiment with sherry.

Charlotte returns to public house to trash furniture and have sex with publican; locks manager, Mrs. Rochester, in attic.

— Henry Alford

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF *THE NEW YORKER*

SPY periodically publishes *Letters to the Editor* of *The New Yorker* because *The New Yorker* doesn't. Still. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.

DEAR BOB,

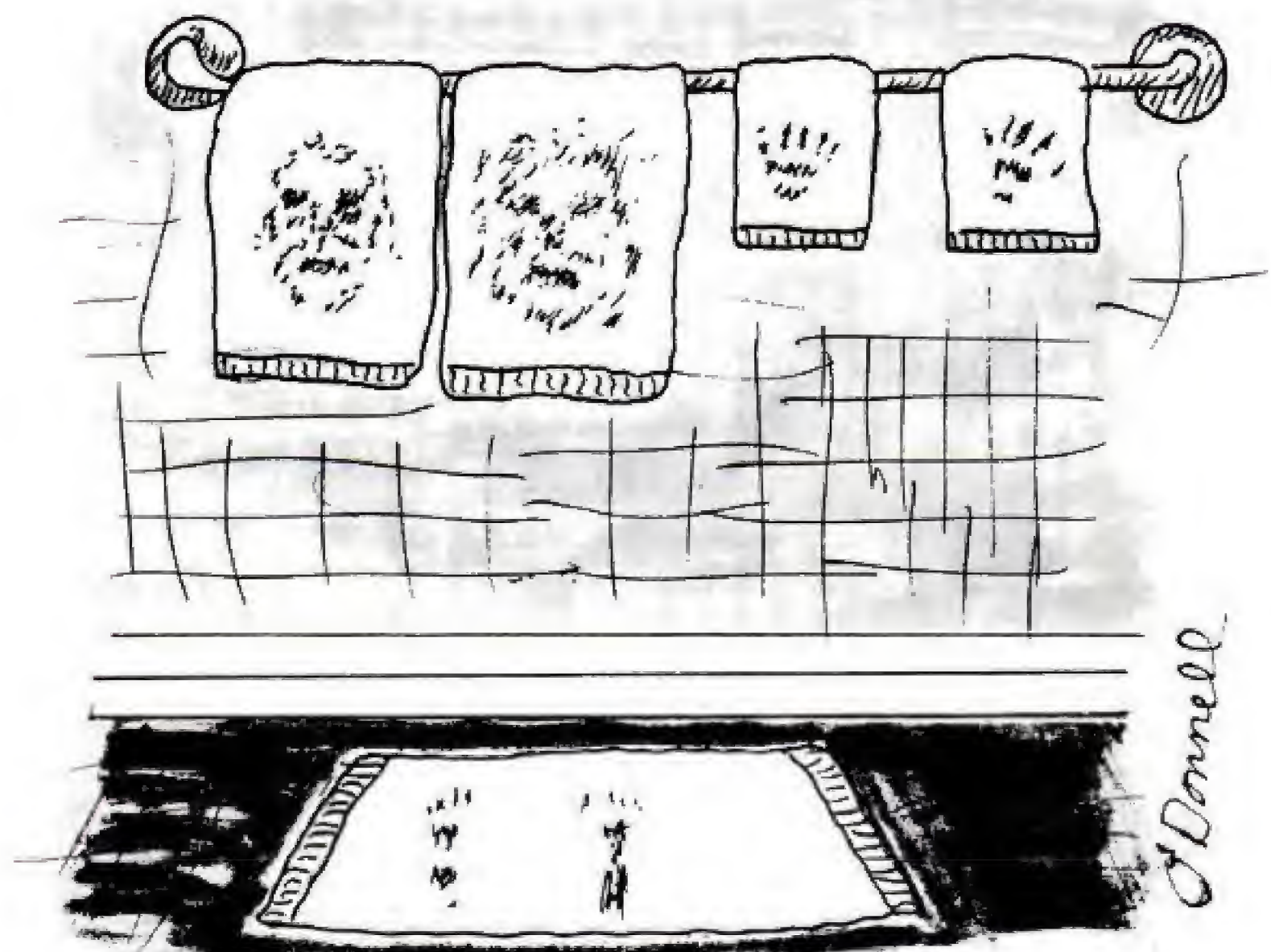
I don't know what cartography ignoramus you employ as Briefly Noted fiction reviewer, but John McPhee he ain't. On October 3 your reviewer travels to the "peninsula" of Labrador. Triangular shape

doth not a peninsula make. Maybe your critic thinks Labrador juts off the island of Saskatchewan.

Stephen Landes
New York

Labrador is a land shrouded in mystery, if not water. SPY called The New Yorker and was assured that Webster's New Geographical Dictionary considers it a peninsula (we checked and it does: "Labrador—large peninsula"). We called Labrador. Labrador said, "Labrador is not a peninsula." D

The GUEST TOWELS of TURIN





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down grim-and-
gripping readable.”***

—The Wall Street Journal



Photo: Harry Benson

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—Publishers Weekly

“Forbes' latest book is to die for.”

—USA Today

“A browser's delight . . . A welcome change for insomniacs bored with counting sheep . . . Forbes pulls off a neat trick in making his choices come to life by describing their deaths.”—The Philadelphia Inquirer

“An outrageously funny book”

—The Star Ledger

Partial Contents

John Jacob Astor IV	Ivan the Terrible
Attila the Hun	Jesse Woodson James
Sir Francis Bacon	Thomas Jefferson and John Adams
P.T. Barnum	Casey Jones
Busby Berkeley	Janis Joplin
Blackbeard the Pirate	Princess Grace (Kelly) of Monaco
Alfred S. Bloomingdale	Bruce Lee
Margaret Bourke-White	Vivien Leigh
Diamond Jim Brady	Carole Lombard
Lenny Bruce	Huey Long
Lord Byron	Jayne Mansfield
Caligula	Senator Joseph McCarthy
Al Capone	Glenn Miller
Catherine the Great	Sal Mineo
Claudius	Margaret Mitchell
Cleopatra	Marilyn Monroe
Montgomery Clift	Jim Morrison
Christopher Columbus	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Adelle Davis	Audie Murphy
James Dean	Ramon Novarro
John Dillinger	Thomas Paine
The Duke of Windsor	Charlie Parker
Isadora Duncan	Lieutenant General George S. Patton
Amelia Earhart	Bishop James Pike
King Edward II	Pontius Pilate
King Edward V	Jackson Pollock
“Mama” Cass Elliot	Cole Porter
William Faulkner	Francis Gary Powers
Archduke Franz Ferdinand	Elvis Presley
W.C. Fields	Sir Walter Raleigh
F. Scott Fitzgerald and Zelda	Paul Robeson
Jim Fixx	John D. Rockefeller III
Henry Morrison Flagler	Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller
Benjamin Franklin	Will Rogers
Sigmund Freud	Mark Rothko
Clark Gable	Babe Ruth
Judy Garland	Bugsy Siegel
King George V	Sitting Bull
George Gershwin	Bessie Smith
Euell Gibbons	Dylan Thomas
Hermann Goering	Leo Tolstoy
Ulysses S. Grant	Rudolph Valentino
D.W. Griffith	Sid Vicious
Dag Hammarskjöld	Raoul Wallenberg
Mata Hari	Karl Wallenda
Jean Harlow	George Washington
Ernest Hemingway	Oscar Wilde
Jimi Hendrix	Virginia Woolf
Wild Bill Hickok	
Jimmy Hoffa	
Billie Holiday	
Buddy Holly	

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SCHUSTER**
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SPY's Exclusive Monthly Behind-the-Scenes Celebrity Portrait

with a friend, A. Aladar Marberger, of Joffrey's furniture, household goods, jewelry, personal effects and all other property. Joffrey also requested in his will that Arpino be named to succeed him as artistic director of the Joffrey Foundation. The board approved this appointment. However, the board did not follow another of Joffrey's requests, which was to appoint Richard B. Englund, the artistic director of Joffrey II, as associate director with Arpino of the foundation and as general administrator of the foundation. The board named Penelope Curry as executive director instead.

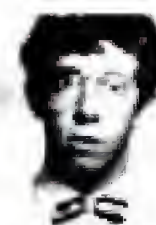
A black and white photograph of a museum exhibit. In the foreground, a mannequin dressed as a pilot in a flight suit and helmet is seated in a cockpit-like structure. To its right, a mannequin in a full astronaut suit stands. Further back, a mannequin in a dark, hooded, and possibly gas-masked outfit is visible. In the center, a mannequin in a suit and hat is walking alongside another figure. On the right, a mannequin in a light-colored, possibly futuristic or athletic suit is in a dynamic pose. The exhibit is cordoned off by a rope and stanchions. The background features a wall with a framed picture and a doorway leading to another area.

BACKSTAGE AT THE L.A. COLISEUM: Bad guy Michael Jackson, the biggest star in the room, shares a breath of fresh air with his closest primate friend, Bubbles the Chimp, and entertains a celeb-studded legion of well-wishers while waiting for his cue to turn on that Michael magic and dazzle thousands of discriminating concertgoers. Michael's friend (and fan!) Ultrabunk No. 1, Sly (Over the Top) Stallone, trades art-collecting tips with Ultrabunk No. 4, Chuck (The Delta Force) Norris, and yob-for-hire Bob Hoskins chats up Saturday-morning sweetheart Pee-wee Herman—who can't seem to keep his eyes off the forlorn-looking fellows trying to charm their way past the bodyguard. Turns out they're former members of Menudo (a popular singing combo)! Maybe there was a mix-up with the guest list!

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN FRAILEY

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN FRAILEY

*Capsule Movie Reviews by Eric Kaplan™,
the Movie Publicist's Friend*



TAP, starring Gregory Hines, Sammy Davis Jr. (Tri-Star)

Eric Kaplan says, "This year's Color Purple!"

JANUARY MAN, starring Kevin Kline, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio (MGM/UA)

Eric Kaplan says, "Does for the month of January what Bull Durham did for garter belts!"

THE EXPERTS, starring John Travolta (Paramount)





Eric Kaplan says, "Read my lips: John Travolta is back!"

ROADHOUSE, starring Patrick Swayze and Ben Gazzara (MGM/UA)

Eric Kaplan says, "Finally—the first great movie of 1989! The Oscar derby may start and finish here!"

THE FLY II, starring Eric Stoltz, Daphne Zuniga (Twentieth Century Fox)

Eric Kaplan says, "Makes the original look like a sow bug!" **D**

In
a town  where
restaurants come 
and  go inside
a heartbeat,
one is so popular 
that we had to open
a second.
The food is
that good.



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THE SPY LIST

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

BAYARD RUSTIN, the civil rights leader, instructed his executor to donate his papers to The Library of Congress, after the executor had removed those papers deemed personal, private or confidential. Those were to be destroyed. He left the rest of his estate, including his co-op on West 28th Street, to his son.

LESLIE H. ARPS, a partner in the prestigious law firm Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom, left everything to his wife, including his farm equipment, crops, animals and livestock.

GIL EVANS, the jazz trumpeter, left everything to his wife.

LOUISE NEVELSON left everything to her son.

LAURA Z. HOBSON, author of *Gentleman's Agreement*, left everything (except her manuscripts and papers, which went to Columbia University) to her sons, daughter-in-law and granddaughters.

JIM JACOBS, Mike Tyson's co-manager, whose death opened the way for last summer's litigation between Tyson and surviving manager Bill Cayton, left \$150,000 to be held in trust for his mother, who would receive \$2,000 a month from the earnings. He expressly left out a half-sister. He left the rest of his fortune to his wife.

LEO STEINER, co-owner of the recently unhygienic Carnegie Deli, set aside 40 percent of his Deli holdings for his brother Samson; the rest went to his wife. He specifically left out his brother Robert.

MILTON CANIFF, creator of *Steve Canyon* and *Terry* and the *Pirates*, left \$15,000 to the Ohio State University Development Fund, \$5,000 to the Sigma Chi fraternity, Ohio, and \$5,000 to Wilhelmina Tuck. The remainder of his estate went to his wife.

JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT died without a will. His parents will administer the estate, which they say is worth less than \$600,000. **D**

We just received a new, updated client list from Michael Levine, the allegedly hyperkinetic, reportedly René Auberjonois-like, L.A.-based founder of Levine/Schneider Public Relations. Sadly, gone from the list—without explanation—are Linda Blair, Lainie Kazan and KISS.

Newly—and equally mysteriously—added are Linda Evans and Leon Isaac Kennedy. (Paul Sand and Arthur Laffer, among other luminaries, remain.) Curiously, some friends of ours had occasion last month to meet Michael at a party catered by Tommy Tang's (another Levine client). "I can't remember that much about him," said one. "He seemed hard to get to know," said another. "He wore a gray suit," said a third. We began to realize that the deeper we delved, the more it seemed that Churchill's famous characterization of Russia could just as easily describe Michael Levine: *a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma*.

In the spirit of discovery, we now present the third installment of *The Family of Michael Levine*, our muleheaded, probably decades-long effort to learn about Michael by interviewing every single one of his 200-plus past, present and future clients. This month, we take you behind the masks and into the mind of the man Levine press releases call "the Renoir of Impressionists" as well as "the Oliver [*sic*, we think] of Comedy." Let's have a round of applause for Atlantic City favorite—*Bloopers and Blunders* emcee—Pat Robertson supporter—Michael Levine client Fred Travalena.

How long have you been with Michael?
Travalena: About a year.

What's he like?

He's an interesting guy. Very low-key. He gets things done. You tell him

what you want, then *boom boom boom!*—he gets it done.

Can you do a Michael impression?

[Laughs.] Not yet. Give me a couple of hours and I can do him.

Do you ever worry that people will lose sight of Fred Travalena, the man behind the impressions?

I use these impressions to give my view of life. The Fred Travalena who is starting to be perceived by the public is this guy who doesn't have to just go for the laugh, who can talk about the issues without fear of repercussions. I hosted a syndicated TV show [*Anything for Money*, a game show] and they asked me *not* to do impressions, to just *be* Fred Travalena.

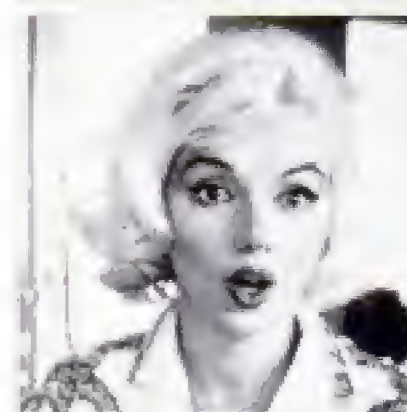
Who is the real Fred Travalena?

I want to make people laugh and smile—and make them think about things. On my show [*The Many Faces of Fred Travalena*, on CBN] I did a tribute to John and Robert Kennedy. . . . I think it's time for the world to really start getting it together. There's a lot of starvation and disease out there. Hey—we don't *need* war anymore.

Getting back to your earlier comment, are you sure Michael is low-key? Former body-building champion, metaphysicist, and Michael Levine client Rachel McLish says Michael is very hyper.

It's possible. As I said, he gets the job done. He *listens* to you. Hey—maybe I'll get some Michael Levine makeup on and come into your office. [Pause.] Now, what's the thrust of this article going to be?

Next month: Will David Cassidy come out of hiding and tell us something neat about Michael? —Bruce Handy



“Style. One either
has it, or goes out
and gets it.”


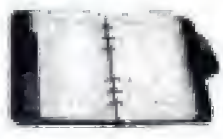









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NOT ONLY THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE

A SPY Guide to Magazine Premiums

Little in life can truly be called *Ultronic™*. In fact, there is only one product line, and, astoundingly, it does not include 1982 Pontiac Trans Ams. No, things *Ultronic™* can be gotten only by mail or by dialing a toll-free number, speaking to a woman theoretically named Judy and requesting a subscription to *Time*. Then you will receive, absolutely free, a genuine *Ultronic™* telephone or *Ultronic™* cassette deck or *Ultronic™* clock radio. *Time* dispenses *Ultronic™* objects because, like dozens of other publications soliciting subscriptions, it is persuaded that if the contents of the magazine won't attract subscribers, a cheaply made trinket will. Non-*Ultronic™* objects offered by other magazines include tote bags, travel alarms—most anything that is small and isn't worth more than half the price of the subscription (the latter attribute an Audit Bureau of Circulations stipulation to prevent publishers from using prizes to pad circulation and charge higher ad rates). Herewith, a guide to the free-gift universe (note that *SPY* briefly offered fabulous sunglasses with its subscriptions but stopped when it turned out, happily, that they made no difference):

Magazine/ subscriptions sold with premiums	What they offer	What you get	Subscription price at time of offer	What equivalent item costs on 14th Street
<i>GOLF</i> (7.4%) 	"When the pros get caught in the rain, they hop under a heavy-duty, windproof umbrella like this one"	Green-and-white strips of tissue-thin plastic stretched over hanger-width wire; <i>GOLF</i> emblazoned at eye level	12 issues, \$11.97	\$5.99
<i>FORTUNE</i> (22.4%)	"The exclusive FORTUNE FAX—the ultimate executive organizer for busy people on the move! . . . Handsome cover of durable, rich mahogany brown. Credit-card calculator. . . . Clear Ruler doubles as a place marker"	You may wonder: rich mahogany brown <i>what?</i> The answer is vinyl. A Filofax clone that comes with supervalueable reference cards for CLOTHING SIZE REMINDERS and WORLD POPULATION	20 issues, \$35.40 	\$22.89
<i>TIME</i> (65.8%) 	" <i>Ultronic™</i> 4-in-1 Phone System . . . This ultra-modern phone features push-button dialing . . . [and] a perpetual calendar, a digital clock and a message center built right in!"	Despite its ultramodernity, dialing is push-button <i>rotary</i> (not touch-tone); calendar is made of rubber magnets; the "message center" is 25 Post-it notes	25 issues, \$27.88	\$11.86 (less if soup cans and string are used)
<i>BUSINESS-WEEK</i> (13.8%)	"Office on the go! A unique, all-purpose kit for busy executives . . . contains all the top drawer essentials. . . . The beautiful, leather-like material and state-of-the-art design gives it a look of quality and richness you'll be proud to show"	A kit for kindergartners, done in black matte plastic to appear "executive." Contains a ruler, stapler, Scotch tape, five paper clips and a yellow hi-liter, ideal for those reports on the solar system top executives are so often assigned	32 issues, \$24.95 	\$6.25
<i>MONEY</i> (28.5%) 	<i>Money's</i> Financial Advisor of the Future: "a three-part set prepared by <i>MONEY's</i> team of financial advisors." Used in combination with the magazine, the Advisor promises "a goldmine of information . . . for which you'd pay a Personal Financial Advisor thousands of dollars each year"	Three 14-page, full-color how-to comic books (<i>Retire Worry Free</i> , <i>Manage Your Taxes</i> and <i>Invest and Win</i>); the thousand-dollar tips include "Pay off your credit-card debt" and "Buy a house if you haven't already"	8 issues, \$19.95	Back issues of <i>Money</i> go for 50 cents at Astor Place
<i>INC.</i> (16.9%)	" <i>Inc.</i> Soft Briefcase . . . a handsome, hardy brief, it lets you carry just about anything in impeccable yet practical style"	Ugly gray plastic tote bag with blue nylon handles; lets you carry, barely, one <i>Sunday Times</i> (which you can read through the side)	12 issues, \$19 	\$7.99
<i>BON APPÉTIT</i> (11.7%) 	"Country Style Wooden Peppermill! There's nothing like freshly ground pepper to add a distinctive flavor to soups, salads, spicy dishes"	Six-inch-tall, tin-and-wood pepper grinder; sustains roughly 21 twists before reassembly required; classic culinary touch: MADE IN TAIWAN sticker on base	13 issues, \$11.96	\$9.98
<i>MOTHER JONES</i> (53%)	"The Official Ronald Reagan Doormat—You'll never be able to wipe your feet again without chuckling. . . . Beautifully silk-screened on lush, extra soft and fluffy terry cloth—in glorious color. A full 180 square inches"	Actually 198 square inches, it's still only big and sturdy enough to be a hand towel; difficult to consider the ocher of Reagan's flesh "glorious"	10 issues, \$12 	\$2.89 (for plain towel; \$3 more to paint your own Reagan)
<i>SPORTS ILLUSTRATED</i> (43%) 	<i>All New Not-So-Great Moments in Sports</i> videotape, in which "Tim McCarver returns to host yet another hilarious, irreverent look at sports"	A 45-minute video, originally produced for corporate cousin HBO; perhaps the most desirable magazine premium available today	27 issues, \$29.43	As <i>S.I.</i> says, the video is not sold in stores

—Peter Heffernan

NYC

THOSE FOR WHOM STYLE IS

NOT AN ARTICLE OF FAITH BUT A MATTER OF PERSONALITY.

THOSE FOR WHOM THERE IS NO ROBERT'S RULES OF

FASHION. THOSE FOR WHOM COMFORT IS AS MUCH A LEVEL

OF TASTE AS A MEASURE OF EASE. THOSE FOR WHOM WE

DEDICATE THIS COLLECTION. INDIVIDUALS OF STYLE.

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It's an unmistakable talent to shape the simplest fact anew. Enlightened or unbridled. It's your style. And Gap classics.

Gap pocket-t as worn by
WILLIAM WEGMAN,
photographer



A DEFINITE SLANT.

GAP

Gap pocket-t as worn by
MIMI KRAMER, theatre critic



It's the sharp give and take you make with tradition. Taking cues from comfort and contrast. Your story, our classics.

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Gap pocket-t as worn by
B.D. WONG, actor, *M. Butterfly*



A DIALOGUE.

GAP

Gap turtleneck as worn by
FABION BARON,
art director, *Italian Vogue*



It's knowing the nuances of solo and ensemble. A turtleneck under a suit, a polo alone. Gap classics, for individuals.

Gap polo as worn by
PETER HOWE,
director of photography,
LIFE Magazine



EXPOSURE.

GAP

Gap turtleneck
SELF-PORTRAIT



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Pocket-t \$9.50 Turtleneck \$19.50 Polo \$22.50.

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MUNICIPAL WRECKING CREWS

It's Nutty! It's Fun! It's a Tax-Subsidized Demolition Derby!



Given that there are a million and a half vehicles rolling around New York City every day, and given that average New Yorkers keep their shoulders to the wheel, their noses to the grindstone and their eyes on the stars—all disadvantageous postures from which to evaluate the proximity and speed of oncoming traffic—it's perfectly understandable why there are more than 100,000 accidents here every year. What is often especially galling for the victims of an enormous percentage of

these incidents is that their tax dollars helped to fund their accidental assailants. As a public service to our readers, we offer recent statistics on the driving records of some public agencies with large fleets of cars and trucks. Thanks to this study, when you look both ways before crossing and see some large, municipally owned vehicle bearing down, you can now make an educated decision whether to proceed across the avenue or to flee, shrieking alarms at the top of your lungs.

Agency	Number of vehicles in fleet	Accidents	Civilian injuries	Official injuries	Fatalities
Fire Department 	1,171	350	71	93	1
MTA 	4,760	8,918	1,083	120	7
Police Department 	4,294	2,976	2,249*	908	0
Sanitation Department 	5,342	3,647	2,756*	1,113*	4

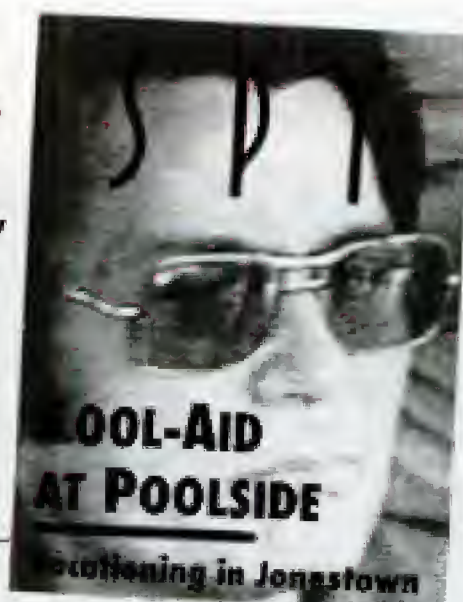
Agencies were asked to provide data for the most recent 12-month period for which statistics were compiled. Agencies do not maintain records in uniform ways. An asterisk (*) indicates that the agency does not keep this statistic; these figures are estimates, based on statistics provided by other agencies and on the general rates of accidents and injuries provided by the New York Auto Club.

—Jamie Malanowski

TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

"According to two separate sources in the CIA, Bush became convinced that the French president was, in fact, a high-ranking Soviet operative. When Bush could drum up no support for this thesis elsewhere within the agency, the director developed his own plan, which involved luring Giscard into a liaison with a young acquaintance named Jennifer Fitzgerald. The plan fell apart when the French foreign minister informed Bush privately that Giscard was not interested."

—from "Spookathon: Inside George Bush's CIA," by David Owen, *SPY*, January 1979



CELESTIAL HINDSIGHT

SPY's Horoscope for Skeptics

Another look at the horoscopes of familiar people on momentous days of their lives.



Subject: BESS MYERSON

Sign: Cancer (b. 7/16/24)

Date: September 14, 1988

Notable Activity: Attended opening day of her trial on charges of bribery and conspiracy

Horoscope: "You are about to turn an important corner in your personal life."

—Jeane Dixon, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*

Subject: MICHAEL MILKEN

Sign: Cancer (b. 7/4/46)

Date: September 7, 1988

Notable Activity: Charged with being an inside trader, in complaint lodged by SEC

Horoscope: "Keep your innermost feelings and personal opinions to yourself while at work." —Wendy Hawks, *National Examiner*



Subject: GERALDO RIVERA

Sign: Cancer (b. 7/4/43)

Date: November 3, 1988

Notable Activity: Got nose broken in riot that broke out during taping of his show

Horoscope: "Make sure your surroundings are organized." —Joyce Jillson, *Daily News*



Subject: ROY INNIS

Sign: Gemini (b. 6/6/34)

Date: November 3, 1988

Notable Activity: Started wild brawl on *Geraldo* by grabbing another guest by the throat

Horoscope: "You're at your peak, gliding through the week with outstanding judgment." —Usha, *USA Today*



Subject: IMELDA MARCOS

Sign: Cancer (b. 7/2/29)

Date: Week of October 31, 1988

Notable Activities: Pleaded not guilty to charges that she and her husband stole \$103 million from the Philippines; was beneficiary of \$5 million bond posted by heiress Doris Duke

Horoscope: "Extravagance puts serious dent in your budget." —Laurie Brady,

Star magazine

—George Mannes





Max



Punch



Abe

To resume our disquisition of last month: We were, I believe, in the thick of thrashing the *Times* for its balefully irrational application of its conflict-of-interest guidelines—guidelines that the great kingfish himself, *Times* publisher Punch Sulzberger, personally signed off on in mid-1986. In essence, the rules decree that virtually every magazine and newspaper on earth is *Times* competition and therefore off-limits for freelance writing on the part of its talented hirelings and serve largely to keep “Fuck you” money out of their hands, thereby depriving them of the wherewithal to affect a wandering eye.

In charge of conferring gold stars on those who pledge servitude, and demerits on those who display freelance tendencies, is assistant managing editor Warren Hoge. Hoge has so dazzled his higher-ups with his blondish good looks, plumb-line bearing and easy WASP manners that he was named foreign editor after just one tour of duty in Latin America. Hoge, brother of Ken-doll handsome *Daily News* publisher James Hoge, is also blessed with the trappings of glamour—Park Avenue roots, a onetime live-in propinquity with Washington bosomy dirty-book writer Sally Quinn, and marriage to a bona fide countess, Olivia Larisch. Hoge yearns to be liked—and *is*—but the extent to which he is willing to toady in order that he remain on the short list of those in the running to one day succeed executive editor Max Frankel has sent his affability quotient plunging. He went off to management camp last summer and returned to the *Times* indoctrinated with the sort of company-loyalty-is-all value system fashionable among middle managers in Osaka.

It falls to Hoge to deal with the anguished pleas of ill-paid reporters who wish to earn a little pin money by writing for other publications in their rare spare time. Hoge claims to find the job abhorrent, but gosh if he hasn't warmed to the task, demonstrating a gift for the kind of old-time *Times* management style of bully and abuse that marks the successful executive on West 43rd Street. Each time the new Hoge cruelly betrays a fellow wageworker, word of the episode quickly becomes the stuff of newsroom legend in the way that vicious-screw stories make the rounds in penitentiaries.

After Maureen Dowd, the *Times*'s talented Washington correspondent, wrote a delightful piece for *GQ* on the baby-boom stiffs covering the presidential campaign, she apparently received a missive from the new Hoge, expressing a heretofore undemonstrated level of hand-wringing grief. *So distressed. . . How could you have written for them? . . . Why didn't you do it for the Magazine? . . . Would never have allowed it. . . . Terrible situation . . .* Dowd, evidently the type who throws nothing away, drafted a reply for return mail and cc'd it to Frankel, managing editor Arthur “O'Neill” Gelb and magazine editor James “Fingers” Greenfield. Attached to her letter was one she had received earlier from the old Hoge, granting her permission to write the very same article for *GQ*—a letter postscripted with a heartwarming *We miss you up here in New York*, et cetera.

Contradictions and capricious fiats abound. As demonstrated by Dowd's case, punishment is not saved solely for the faint of talent. Although *GQ* is off-limits for Dowd, architecture critic Paul Goldberger has permission to write regularly about his specialty for *Architectural Digest*. Similarly, nutrition columnist Jane Brody has had a

TV show for years. Yet when Tom Wicker signed on with one of the networks to do convention commentary in 1984, then executive editor Abe Rosenthal, citing a conflict of interest, forced him to cancel his agreement.

Last fall *Woman's Day* offered Life in the 30s columnist Anna Quindlen a well-paid assignment that would take her to the Soviet Union. Although she is a contract writer, and therefore not technically an employee of the *Times*, Quindlen nevertheless informed her old friend Warren of the offer before accepting. Later, hearing that Frankel (another old friend) was going to be in the USSR at the same time, she reportedly suggested they arrange to have dinner there together. Frankel asked her what she was going to be doing there, and when she told him, he flew into a spittled rage. Frankel returned to his hole and pounded out a note to Quindlen, unstinting in its venom and accusations of betrayal and bringing up the point that *Woman's Day* was a competitor of the Times Company's *Family Circle*. When Frankel asked Hoge whether he had given Quindlen permission to write the piece, Hoge reportedly replied that he had no idea where she had got that idea. *Anna? Anna who?*

Herbert Mitgang received a good paddling last year when an excerpt from his book *Dangerous Dossiers*, which had been submitted to the *Times Magazine*, was published by *The New Yorker*. His reprimanding may have had less to do with conflict of interest than with the internal conflict(s) of his editors. Shortly after *The New Yorker* piece appeared, Arthur Gelb, who certainly has never had any conflicts of interest himself, wistfully revealed to a *Times* reporter that it had always been *his* dream to have a piece in *The New Yorker*.

—J. J. Hunsecker

LIVE A CUTTY ABOVE.



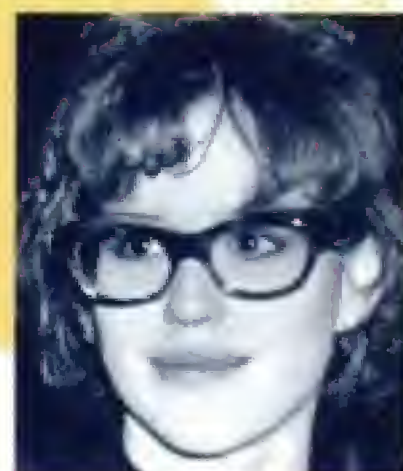
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IF I ONLY HAD A BRAIN

Nouveau Intellectuals and



FIRST THERE WAS JUDD

ONE IS A FAUX INTELLECTUAL—



NELSON. AND NOW EVERY-

REAL ESTATE SHARPIES WANT

TO BE PUBLISHING STATESMEN, ACTORS FLIT OFF ON "FACT-FINDING MISSIONS,"

FASHION MODELS WRITE BOOKS AND WOODY ALLEN REFUSES TO BE FUNNY. DON'T

MISUNDERSTAND: IT'S ALL TO THE GOOD THAT RICH, FRIVOLOUS PEOPLE ARE

SUDDENLY DESPERATE TO SEEM SERIOUS—BUT WHY DO THEY ALL HAVE TO WEAR

THOSE STUPID GLASSES? TERRI MINSKY EXAMINES THE SCARECROW SYNDROME

the Fad for Looking Serious



WE all grew up believing that brains and beauty were mutually exclusive and that of the two, the second was the preferable option. We aerobicized to music we despise and contoured our cheekbones with brown powder. Putatively intelligent Diane Sawyer sprawled across a magazine in transparent chiffon-and-lace evening pajamas lest anyone forget she was once America's Junior Miss, and Barbara Walters declared that in her next life she'd like to be dumb and blond—only one of which she is now, according to her hairdresser. The level of intellect considered necessary was the sort that got one respectably through a game of Trivial Pursuit or a half hour of *Jeopardy*.

But these days it's all turned around. Everyone wants to be a rocket scientist. Fashion models demand to be appreciated for their grade point averages and facility with foreign languages. Real estate cutthroats want to own newspapers and magazines and sit next to Carlos Fuentes at dinner—and then retire to a quiet nightclub where they can *talk*. Sylvester Stallone—with a straight face—makes remarks such as "I built my body to carry my brain around." Arcane books—Stephen Hawking's *Brief History of Time*, Allan Bloom's *Closing of the American Mind*, Oxford University Press's history of the Civil War, *Battle Cry of Freedom*—become best-sellers, and semiotics is the hot new college major. The circulation of *The New York Review of Books*, a publication whose subscribers appreciate it primarily as a coffee-table object, has risen 17 percent in the past three years, and *Granta*, a ten-year-old British literary journal, suddenly has an American circulation of 65,000. Even *Interview*, the great dumb magazine of the 1970s, a beautiful, lazy compendium of verbatim chatter, has suddenly begun to bounce along the surface of intellectualism, with real prose by real writers about books and politics. A few months ago a general-interest magazine was launched that was simply and unabashedly called *Smart*. "When I first told people my idea for the name two and a half years ago, they said it was stupid and I was crazy," says *Smart*'s editor, Terry McDonell. "But by the time the magazine came out, people thought it was a great name."

The Age of Reagan has dissolved into a

new epoch, the Age of Nouveau Seriousness. Actors and actresses use their movie publicity tours to spout ill-formed political manifestos and spend time between films going on fact-finding missions in Third World countries. Morgan Fairchild is known as a political entity, and skinny rich wife Gayfryd Steinberg gives lots of her fat rich husband's money to the writers' organization PEN and so buys herself a whole raft of cynical literary friends. Nobody uses the word *bimbo* anymore; our last, best one was Donna Rice, and she had a Phi Beta Kappa key. Even Woody Allen, who derided gratuitous displays of intellect in his 1979 film *Manhattan*—"The brain," he said, interrupting Diane Keaton's pointless attempt to name all of Saturn's satellites, "is the most overrated organ"—has given himself over completely to gratuitous displays of his own high seriousness. His latest highly serious movie, *Another Woman*, is brimming with cultural name-dropping, featuring repeated references to obscure Rilke poems.

Let's call it the Scarecrow Syndrome, after the straw man in *The Wizard of Oz*, whose only desire was to be smart. But while the Scarecrow was after the wit that intelligence makes possible ("I would laugh and be mer-ry, life would be a dinga-derry, if I only had a brain"), today's bespectacled pseudo-intelligentsia is born of a grim and self-important new postadolescent anxiety about the after-Crash economy, the unsafety of sex and the precarious state of the world—uh, that is, *the planet*.

Eight years under a dodo president who offered us what Nichols and May used to call "proximity but no relating" has turned us into a country where just about *everyone*—even Rob Lowe—knows what it's like to feel intellectually superior, a state of mind that will surely continue now for at least four more years (see "Mr. Stupid Goes to Washington," page 78). And now that sex, if it is to exist at all, has to be safe, being sexy for a living has been devalued. It's no longer acceptable to admit that a relationship is based on the way someone looks in spandex. Conversation—especially conversation about *the incredibly important issues facing our planet*—has become glamorous. By the same token, all those pithy insights and bons mots that were the product of cocaine just a few years ago must now be produced with no stimulant

stronger than a glass of politically correct (no Coors, no Gallo) beer or wine.

Exhibit A: Bruce Willis, May 1987—months before the October stock market collapse—buys a house near Mulholland Drive and, in *Playboy*, fantasizes this conversation with his new neighbors: " 'Oh, hi, Mr. Willis. What are those structures down there at the bottom of the canyon, guest houses?' 'No, they ain't guest houses.' 'What are they?' 'Speakers.' "

Exhibit B: Bruce Willis, November 1988, a year after the stock market collapse: "We are literally destroying the planet. We are cutting off all the life-support systems—the water and the air—with no heed for what it's going to be like 20 years from now. We pour toxic chemicals into the ground. . . ." You get the idea.

Don't get us wrong. SPY isn't so callous as to suggest that working together for a better tomorrow is a bad thing. We belonged to Amnesty International before it was a rock 'n' roll tour; we wrote checks to Dukakis even after his campaign was doomed. It's good that inescapable issues such as AIDS and the threat of nuclear war have contributed to a more purposeful intellectual climate. It's perfectly salutary that Frank Zappa helped to register new voters. And certainly we applaud Rosanna Arquette's decision to forgo buying some new *bustiers* and donate her share of the profits of her new film *Fly Away Home* to a fund for homeless teens in L.A. (We're even *happy* that Garrett Morris, a self-described nationally known entity, says, "I happen to dig being able to use whatever mystique I have to further the idea of peace.") What's unseemly, though—even downright goofy—is the ostentation and self-righteousness of so many of these egg-heads-come-lately. It is not intellectual depth and seriousness of purpose that rankle, but superficial depth and playacted solemnity—*gravitas* as fashion, affecting an air of commitment because it's cool. For just as the Scarecrow in Oz was instantly able to recite the Pythagorean theorem upon being handed a bogus university degree, today's nouveau intellectuals can acquire what they take to be an air of seriousness simply by putting on a pair of heavy-rimmed eyeglasses. Which doesn't seem fair to anyone who has spent a year in Nautilus-machine mortification and still doesn't look remotely like Heather Locklear.

Judd Nelson speaks: "Our water is poisoned, our elected officials lie to us, our ozone layer is disappearing, people are killing kids in

SMART SHOPPING

The SPY Guide to Looking Serious—on Any Budget

Book of matches from The Algonquin Hotel	FREE
PUT THE BRAKES ON RAIN FOREST DESTRUCTION bumper sticker	FREE
Double espresso at Café Reggio	\$1.95
Admission button to the Brooklyn Museum (to wear all day)	\$3.00
Two Dewars straight up at cash-bar book party at M.K.	\$8.00
Blank book to use as a journal	\$8.50
Subscription to <i>October</i>	\$25.00
Men's used tweed jacket (for both sexes)	\$35.00
Subscription to <i>The New York Review of Books</i>	\$37.50
WNET tote bag (to hold NYRB and baguette)	\$40.00
Pair of Corbusier-style eyeglasses	\$75.00
Compact <i>Oxford English Dictionary</i> , two volumes	\$195.00
Ticket to PEN benefit dinner chaired by Gayfryd Steinberg	\$750.00
Ownership of <i>The Village Voice</i>	\$53 million
Ownership of <i>The Atlantic</i> and <i>U.S. News & World Report</i>	\$172 million

FEW OF THE ONCE FRIVOLOUS HAVE MASTERED the whole Nouveau Serious curriculum. They can affect a serious look, like Rob Lowe. Or they can go to serious places, like the rock group Wham! in China. They can espouse serious ideas (or at least utter serious-sounding words), like Sally Field on the American farmer; or they can consort with serious people. But it is the rare neo-smart-person—the Judd Nelson, the Richard Gere, the Cher—who can do it all. Herewith, several surefire ways to become a Scarecrow.

DENOUNCE YOUR PROFESSION

Actors, actresses and models are particularly prone to the Scarecrow Syndrome. Overpaid for their ability to wear clothes or to speak words written by someone else, they understandably feel defensive about the world's understandably slight interest in their minds. The intelligent thing to do in their situation would be simply to enjoy the fruits of their inherently hollow labor. Instead, many complain that a shallow, celebrity-hungry public has left them no more meaningful way to pay the rent. Judd Nelson, an actor who may soon be looking for another line of work anyway, is deft at this. "It's only movies," he told *Interview*. "There are many, many more important things. Our water is poisoned, our elected officials lie to us, our ozone layer is disappearing, people are killing kids in re-

ligious wars all over the face of the planet. Shit's goin' down."

Condescension is key, as preternaturally ruddy actor Patrick Swayze demonstrates when putting down the movie that single-handedly resurrected his career: "*Dirty Dancing* was a sweet little film, but I had a very specific point I wanted to bring off about class structure and social prejudice." Ah, *class structure*; no wonder the film grossed \$61 million. And Rosanna Arquette declares, "By the time I'm 40, I want to be a producer and raise money for incredible causes, for antinuclear rallies, food for the hungry and summer camp for poor kids. I'm not doing movies just to have a Jacuzzi, you know."

Perhaps no one has disavowed a successful career as frequently as Estée Lauder spokesmodel Paulina Porizkova. "Modeling is full of bullshit," she says. "Ninety percent of all models . . . just hate their work. I'm just the only one who has dared to say 'It sucks.'" Who among us can now blithely ogle Paulina's swimsuit calendar, knowing that she would much, much rather be playing classical piano, reading Russian novels, writing children's books or speaking one of the six languages in which (as she keeps reminding us) she is fluent?


In fact, Scarecrows commonly insist that there is another field, a more demanding, more creative one, that they prefer to their own. Debra Winger, for instance, says

she'd like to be a physicist. Justine Bateman dreams of becoming a magazine editor; and Rob Lowe has said that if he hadn't become an actor, he would have been a lawyer. Ally Sheedy, who at age 12 wrote a children's book, *She Was Nice to Mice*, currently keeps a journal of her musings and original poetry. A *Parade* magazine reporter noted recently that Sheedy is reluctant to discuss her bout with bulimia, "insisting that she will publish something about the disease herself someday." And then, in the tradition of Suzanne Somers, who has published a whole book of verse (*Touch Me*), there are poets' hearts beating within the breasts of Sean Penn ("oh no!/oh, fucking no!!/ what is this on my chin . . . ?/it's fucking shit, man"), Justine Bateman ("I walk through the sky/And I have but two eyes/But surmise all the things I can see") and Charlie Sheen, whose work is being circulated among publishers by the William Morris Agency, and who appears to be influenced by Dr. Seuss ("Crying and yellin' from daylight till night/One giant shit sandwich, 'Fuck you,' take a bite").

Had the easy street of John Hughes movies not beckoned, Judd Nelson might have been a journalist in what he imagines is the Tom Wolfe tradition; at least, that's what he seemed to be reaching for in his article for *In Fashion* magazine on the Atlanta Hawks: "Suddenly I realize I cannot formally interview the PLAYERS. I don't want to be talking with THEM about LAME OLD-HOME NEWS. Why insist on talking to a professional only about his profession? We are what we do? We are what we eat? I am what I am? Green eggs and ham? I have no interest here in criticism or commentary. I just want to hang."

Even Stallone—who, of course, is nothing at all like the nasty, brutish and short characters he portrays on-screen—keeps a well-publicized journal ("I like to really embellish the human spirit," he confesses). More visibly, he is also a painter of a deeply philosophical bent, our Anselm Kiefer. "A man is reclining, and he seems to be lost in thought," Stallone says of one of his canvases. "His leg is propped up, and out of his leg comes the expanse of a bridge. The bridge slowly becomes the length of a city, and the city at the very end bursts into flame. So the message is how the city eventually engulfs the man."

Stallone was also a pioneer in the tech-

religious wars all over the face of the planet. Shit's goin' down."  Judd Nelson speaks: "Why insist on talking to a professional

nique, now popular in Hollywood, of looking serious by spending enormous sums on "important" art—that is, art not produced by Sylvester Stallone. Collecting paintings was the first, and may be the most enduring, form of nouveau intellectualism, as it combines quasi-scholarly seriousness and the suggestion of a spiritual sense with good old-fashioned acquisitiveness. And as an added self-aggrandizing bonus, rich people who collect art don't have only hairdressers and florists on the payroll: they get to hire *real intellectuals*—curators, advisers, scholars!—as *servants*.

Thomas Monaghan, the founder and owner of the Domino's Pizza chain, is a passionate collector of Frank Lloyd Wrightiana, an untutored obsession that he indulges with the help of several salaried curators and Wright scholars. Monaghan's aspirations to seriousness led him last year to start a debased annual rite—the selection of The Domino's Pizza Top 30 Architects, an uncoveted distinction that several heretofore respectable members of the architectural establishment were paid by Monaghan to administer.

Ascetic Tibetan scholar né hunk Richard Gere has said, "I don't care too much about fame anyway. I never did, really. I live frugally, without all the possessions some people need to prove they have made it. I'm more interested in being a human being than an actor." Clearly, Gere momentarily forgot about his Greenwich Village penthouse co-op and the three times he has appeared on the cover of *Rolling Stone*. Yet while Gere took time out from his dreadful-movie career to toil on behalf of the exiled Dalai Lama, sponsoring a benefit at the Brooklyn Academy of Music to finance New York's Tibet House, his holiness the Dalai Lama launched his own film career, costarring in an independent Canadian feature called *Walking After Midnight* with Martin Sheen, Willie Nelson and Rae Dawn Chong.

WALK SOFTLY AND CARRY A BIG BOOK

A book is a simple yet effective prop for the Scarecrow. Debra Winger recently showed up for an interview with *American Film* toting *A Brief History of Time*. Bono, U2's lead singer, ceremoniously unpacked in front of a reporter the suitcases he'd carried on tour; inside were two dozen

books, including American Indian poetry, plays by Tennessee Williams and Sam Shepard, and the sociological study *The Mind of the South*, by W. J. Cash. Kelly McGillis, who portrayed an astrophysicist in *Top Gun* only a tad more convincingly than Daryl Hannah played an astronomer in *Roxanne*, once said, "One of my biggest fears is people thinking I'm an idiot." On a movie set not long ago, McGillis was hefting *Prelude to Genocide: Nazi Ideology and the Struggle for Power* to her lap between takes.

The nice thing about conspicuously owning or carrying a book is that no one has to know you haven't read it. A few years ago *The New Republic's* editor, Michael Kinsley, wrote about an experiment in which one of his colleagues went to Washington bookstores and slipped typewritten notes into a dozen copies of Strobe Talbott's *Deadly Gambits*, a book about arms control that was then fashionable to say you had read. The notes, placed about three-quarters of the way through each book, promised a cash prize to anyone who found one and called *The New Republic's* offices. No one responded.

Not since a photographer spotted Marilyn Monroe reading a marked-up copy of the sixteenth-century anatomy book *De Humani Corporis* has anyone pulled off the book-as-prop strategy as tellingly as Stallone did recently in *Life*. Close inspection of a photograph of the actor at home in his study reading reveals that the huge book Stallone is poring over is not Gibbon, nor even Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet*, but a dictionary.

Literary name-dropping is another time-tested Scarecrow technique, and is in many ways easier than actually carting around a heavy hardcover book. Who would be impudent enough to ask Rae Dawn Chong follow-up questions about her claim that Doris Lessing is one of her favorite authors? Even scary actor-thug Eric Roberts likes to appear bookish, once telling a reporter that he lost his first job—in a bookstore—after getting caught stealing books. (His literary habits, though, seem to derive from trading baseball cards: "I remember thinking, 'Wow, I can get the whole Dante collection!'") Naturally, spotty Fox-network stripling Johnny (*21 Jump Street*) Depp longs to play the part of the cockroach in Franz Kafka's *The Metamorphosis*.

Naturally, 24-year-old Keanu (*River's Edge*) Reeves confesses, "The young part of me would love to play Rimbaud." And naturally, actress Mia (*Legend*) Sara confides: "When I was a little girl, I was convinced I was Jude the Obscure." Judd Nelson, who once told a reporter that at least once every two weeks he goes over to the B. Dalton in the Beverly Center and buys books, *four to seven at a time*, has no problem comparing himself to history's great creators, once rationalizing all the negative press he gets by shrieking at a reporter, "Do you realize that Vincent van Gogh never sold a fucking painting his whole life? Not one."

In the past few years people who you didn't think had read anything since *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* have taken to spitting out, on command, the name of a book they say they are currently engrossed in. This name-rank-and-serial-number approach to literary talk has been institutionalized by Dewar's Profiles, vice presidential debate questioners and, above all, *Vanity Fair's* monthly "Night-table Reading" poll. *Everyone*, it seems, is reading Jorge Amado and Italo Svevo. Military histories, arcane biographies, political tracts and economic treatises—anything with a colon in the title—have an inborn cachet. The day *Vanity Fair* called actor Ron Silver, for instance, he happened to be in the middle of *The Perspective of the World: Civilization & Capitalism, 15th–18th Century, Volume 3*.

Former *Vanity Fair* editorial associate Peter Castro, who spent a year or two collecting answers for "Night-table Reading," says the book titles were regularly supplied by the celebrities' publicists and that he was sometimes skeptical about whether the stars were actually reading these daunting works at the time of his query. Once, a publicist for tennis player Gabriela Sabatini assured Castro that his client was a voracious bookworm, but when Castro called Sabatini personally, she said that she never read anything because she never had the time. Castro, up against a deadline, asked whether she had a favorite author. *Gee, not really*, Sabatini replied. "Well," said Castro, desperate, "can you name any author you know?"

Among would-be Brooke Astors these days, you can't be too rich or too thin or too literary. The New York Public Library has rapidly (and improbably) become by

only about his profession? We are what we do? We are what we eat? I am what I am? Green eggs and ham? I have no interest here

SERIOUS PEOPLE, SERIOUS ISSUES

PERFORMER

VALERIE HARPER

HER ORGANIZATION

LOVE IS FEEDING EVERYONE (LIFE)

UNIMPEACHABLE GOOD WORKS

Collects leftover food from supermarkets—Wonder Bread, chocolate milk—and either gives to the poor or sells to social-service groups for 10 cents a pound

AN UNFORTUNATE DECLARATION

Harper expects to end world hunger by the year 2000

THE SOURCE OF HER SHARINGNESS

"I'm a feminist to the bone marrow, and hunger is a feminist issue. Women have breast milk—they are the nurturers"

ON THE WHOLE CELEBRITY CHARITY THING

"I might not be able to add 2 and 2, but I happen to have this asset called celebrityhood"



PERFORMER

DORIS DAY

HER ORGANIZATIONS

DORIS DAY ANIMAL LEAGUE,
DORIS DAY PET FOUNDATION

UNIMPEACHABLE GOOD WORKS

Lobbies to ban nonmedical research on animals; places older animals in homes

AN UNFORTUNATE DECLARATION

Spokeswoman Linda Dozoretz says Day is more concerned about the practice of testing makeup on rabbits' eyes than about the lack of funding for AIDS research

THE SOURCE OF HER SHARINGNESS

Dozoretz: "Having a pet . . . is as beneficial as anything else"

ON THE WHOLE CELEBRITY CHARITY THING

Dozoretz: Day started the organization because she "felt she could use her celebrity to do some good"



PERFORMER

KIM BASINGER

HER ORGANIZATION

THE HEMANGIOMA FOUNDATION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

UNIMPEACHABLE GOOD WORKS

Provides free treatment for anyone who can't afford the laser surgery required to remove hemangiomas—those



Gorbachevian birthmarks known as "port-wine stains"

AN UNFORTUNATE DECLARATION

Basinger said she was "not interested in talking to SPY" about the foundation, which was founded by Basinger's Hermosa Beach dermatologist

THE SOURCE OF HER SHARINGNESS

Publicist Annette Wolf says, "It's just something she chose to do"

ON THE WHOLE CELEBRITY CHARITY THING

Wolf: "She's not someone who involves herself in a lot of activities. . . . There are some people who do not have a trillion charities—she's one of them"

PERFORMER

BOB BARKER

HIS ORGANIZATION

He supports the COALITION TO PROTECT ANIMALS IN ENTERTAINMENT, among others

UNIMPEACHABLE GOOD WORKS

Lobbying and public-relations campaigns. Bob personally spent \$250,000 to retire five abused chimps from show biz

AN UNFORTUNATE DECLARATION

"I've worked with different organizations that have dealt in human tragedies, but once I got in with animal work, I discovered there is no group in all of history—the blacks, the American Indians, the Italians, the Chinese . . . so exploited as animals over the years"

THE SOURCE OF HIS SHARINGNESS

When Bob's wife died, he resolved to carry on her animal-rights work

ON THE WHOLE CELEBRITY CHARITY THING

Spokesman Roger Neal says that "stars *really, really* believe in their causes"



PERFORMER

MICHELLE PHILLIPS

HER ORGANIZATION

STOP WAR TOYS

UNIMPEACHABLE GOOD WORKS

Lobbies effectively (last summer California became the first state to ban sale, manufacture and distribution of toy guns)

AN UNFORTUNATE DECLARATION

Attends war toy "meltdowns"—public



bonfires—and asks parents and children to trade their toy guns for teddy bears

THE SOURCE OF HER SHARINGNESS

"I went to a six-year-old's party. He was given an arsenal—Uzis, Rambo-type machine guns, hand grenades, rocket launchers—and the kids were killing each other off while their mothers sipped diet Pepsi"

ON THE WHOLE CELEBRITY CHARITY THING

"I just think this country has gone completely gun-mad, and I'd like to see some kind of general rethinking about it by everyone"



PERFORMER

EARL HOLLIMAN

HIS ORGANIZATION

ACTORS AND OTHERS FOR ANIMALS

UNIMPEACHABLE GOOD WORKS

Spaying and neutering, animal placement, improving shelter conditions

AN UNFORTUNATE DECLARATION

"[Koreans] believe that if they eat dog meat, it'll make them cooler"

THE SOURCE OF HIS SHARINGNESS

Holliman "grew up in the South and always had animals. My mother and father were interested in living things"

ON THE WHOLE CELEBRITY CHARITY THING

Holliman is helping actress Loretta Swit promote the International Fund for Animal Welfare



PERFORMER

RONALD REAGAN

HIS ORGANIZATION

Expected to endorse THE HOUSE EAR INSTITUTE

UNIMPEACHABLE GOOD WORKS

Research on hearing loss

AN UNFORTUNATE DECLARATION

According to Dr. John House, head of the institute, Reagan is "very much aware of the hearing problem"

THE SOURCE OF HIS SHARINGNESS

Unable to follow sensitive national security briefings, Reagan became a patient at the institute

ON THE WHOLE CELEBRITY CHARITY THING

When he began to wear a hearing aid, sales soared 75 percent

—Denise Barricklow

far the most fashionable nondisease charity in the city. Intimate little reading circles, considered hopelessly suburban when the decade began, are chic and cliquish, a whole new genre of exclusive (but nominally virtuous) private clubs for socially ambitious New Yorkers to anguish about. "I feel as though I've gone back to school in the most delicious way," Astor herself gushed to *New York*, after having organized an exclusive little gathering at the Morgan Library to look at the original manuscript of Trollope's *The Way We Live Now*. In Los Angeles, CAA agent Robert Bookman hosts a regular cognac-and-poetry-reading klatch in his home for the young assistants at the firm.

There's even a brand-new Algonquin Round Table in the making, just across the street from the real thing, at The Royalton hotel. The Royalton was refurbished by Philippe Starck (a stylishly grave French designer whose intellectual pretensions are vast even for a French designer), working as the serious-person-in-residence for ex-cons Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager. "In the sixties, it was the rock stars," Rubell pronounced in *New York* recently. "In the early seventies, fashion designers. Then it was young artists. Now our gut tells us that the communications people are the group of the moment. . . . We pick up on things like that. It's something we feel in the air. This is the group we are going after." The successful pretext for Nell's—that nightclub habitués are tired of sheer Sybaritism and want to spend their nights engaged in meaningful conversation—is being imitated all over town, and The Royalton is no exception. The generic books by the yard that used to fill the hotel's bookshelves have been replaced with real books, selected one at a time, because, as Rubell somehow realized even before their establishment had opened, "The Royalton is literary." The hotel features lunches hosted by such nouveau smart media socialites as Doubleday editor Jackie Onassis and sex-book agent Mort Janklow. "This isn't a flaky time," Rubell observed in *Vanity Fair*. "This is a time when people want to be around something serious."

NEVER FORGET TO MENTION YOUR CREDENTIALS, ESPECIALLY IF YOU HAVE ANY Marty Kaplan, Dukakis campaign man-

THE THINKING

Welcome to the incredibly unenlightened world of the thinking man—a world of football heroes, political failures, useless hardware-store items, satanic birds and turgid cultural phenomena. A world where thinking men have to be told which football heroes, political failures, useless hardware-store items, satanic birds and turgid cultural phenomena they should be thinking about.

THE SURPRISINGLY WELL-POPULATED ATHLETIC WORLD OF THE THINKING MAN

Pat Haden, ex-Rhodes scholar and Los Angeles Ram	"The thinking man's quarterback"	<i>The Christian Science Monitor</i> (1981)
Jeff Herrod, Indianapolis Colt	"The thinking man's line-backer"	<i>The Sporting News</i> (1987)
Alan Page, former Minnesota Viking, Chicago Bear and NFL Most Valuable Player	"The thinking man's tackle"	<i>Newsweek</i> (1980)
Gene Mayer	"The thinking man's tennis pro"	<i>Tennis</i> (1983)
Bob Ferry, Washington Bullets general manager	"The thinking man's general manager"	<i>Washingtonian</i> (1982)
The Delta 70 Power Yacht	"The thinking man's yacht"	<i>Motor Boating & Sailing</i> (1986)
The Mansfield TDX portable toilet	"The thinking man's head"	<i>Boating Magazine</i> (1984)

THE WIDE-RANGING CULTURAL WORLD OF THE THINKING MAN

Sir David Low, British caricaturist	"The thinking man's cartoonist"	<i>The Christian Science Monitor</i> (1985)
C-SPAN cable network	"The thinking man's channel"	<i>Los Angeles Times</i> (1984)
Descartes	"The thinking man's philosopher"	<i>Hobbies</i> (1977)
Joseph Mankiewicz, director of <i>All About Eve</i>	"The thinking man's director"	<i>American Film</i> (1978)
Kenneth King, dance and Nietzsche aficionado	"A thinking man's choreographer"	<i>The New York Times</i> (1981)

ager Susan Estrich's husband and a former executive at Walt Disney Pictures, recently issued a press release announcing that he was leaving his studio job to write and produce movies instead, which must have seemed as good a time as any to point out that he graduated summa cum laude in molecular biology from Harvard, was a Marshall Scholar and a Danforth Fellow and had earned a Ph.D. in modern thought and literature from Stanford.

Quite a résumé for someone who helped develop the Shelley Long vehicle *Hello Again*.

What ultimately fired up the Scarecrow in Oz, you remember, was nothing but a piece of parchment with some Latin words on it. The fact is, *credentials work*. Witness KISS member Gene Simmons telling *Playboy* about the time he slept with a nun, and stopping mid-sentence to mention that he studied theology in college and got a B-

in criticism or commentary. I just want to hang."  Judd Nelson speaks: "Do you realize that Vincent van Gogh never sold a

MAN'S WORLD

Books on tape	"The thinking man's CB"	<i>Time</i> (1982)
Bob Dylan	"A thinking man's rock star"	<i>The New Republic</i> (1988)
Frank Zappa	"The thinking man's mother of invention"	<i>Time</i> (1988)
<i>2001: A Space Odyssey</i>	"A thinking man's <i>Star Wars</i> "	<i>People</i> (1985)
<i>M. Butterfly</i>	"The thinking person's <i>Fatal Attraction</i> "	David Hwang in <i>New York Press</i> (1988)
William Hurt	"The thinking man's asshole"	<i>Esquire</i> (1986)

THE ROMANTIC WORLD OF THE THINKING MAN

Meryl Streep	"A thinking man's crumper"	<i>People</i> (1986)
Blair Brown	"The thinking man's bomb-shell"	<i>Esquire</i> (1988)
Gloria Steinem	"Thinking man's Shrimpton"	<i>Time</i> (1969)

THE HIGHLY CIRCUMSCRIBED POLITICAL WORLD OF THE THINKING MAN

John Anderson	"Thinking man's candidate"	<i>The Wall Street Journal</i> (1980)
Ernest "Fritz" Hollings	"The thinking man's dark horse"	campaign pamphlet (1983)

THE OUTDOOR WORLD OF THE THINKING MAN

The raven	"The thinking man's bird"	<i>Alaska Magazine</i> (1986)
Drip irrigation	"The thinking man's way of watering"	<i>Country Journal</i> (1987)
Lake Geneva	"The thinking man's lake"	<i>Horizon</i> (1965)
A regularly mowed, twice-fertilized, well-weeded, crabgrass-free lawn	"The thinking man's lawn"	<i>Horticulture</i> (1976)

—Eddie Stern

plus. And any interview with Jodie Foster, Brooke Shields or Robin Givens invariably carries the information that the actresses graduated from, respectively, Yale, Princeton and Sarah Lawrence. Detroit College of Law alumnus Ivan Boesky didn't hold business meetings at the Harvard Club (of which he became a devoted member after giving a considerable sum to the Harvard School of Public Health) because he thought the chairs were

comfortable. And a standard black wastebasket would have held his trash as well as the Harvard wastebasket in his office did.

Fashion model Cindy Crawford has made the most of her single semester as a chemical engineering major at Northwestern University, declaring in *GQ*, "I was the only Caucasian woman [in my calculus class]. Everyone else was male or an Asian female, usually short, with glasses. . . . I didn't miss any questions [on a midterm

exam], a perfect paper, and the professor accused me of cheating. Based on nothing other than my score and my looks." (The professor says that Crawford did miss two questions and that there were many Caucasian women in his class and only one Asian.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF LOOKING EARNEST

Neo-intellectuals often feel that it is their responsibility alone to take national—nay, international—welfare into their hands, much as the Scarecrow felt that he was responsible for getting Dorothy back to Kansas. "You've got to change the mass consciousness. That's what I want to do," Robert Downey Jr. has announced. The role models for today's young self-appointed political experts are Robert Redford, who has promoted solar energy and environmental preservation while remaining a big star; Warren Beatty, who did a lot to influence the nation's fate by hanging out with Gary Hart; and Jane Fonda, who, with her husband, Tom Hayden, operates a sort of activist Cub Scout training camp for Brat Packers (such as Rob Lowe and Judd Nelson) out of her home in Santa Monica, California.

The result is that entertainers—people whose purpose in life used to be to help the public escape reality—have turned the stage into a pulpit. The defoliation of the Amazonian rain forests is bad enough; we must now endure gratuitously bespectacled pop singer Sting and the unaccountably popular Grateful Dead castigating, between numbers, the Brazilian government for the deterioration of the rain forests. If only growers would stop spraying fruit with dangerous pesticides—and if only Emilio Estevez might support the United Farm Workers' grape boycott more discreetly. "We're causing irreparable damage to our planet," Estevez declared in front of a Food Emporium on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, just after suffering through *three whole days* of a symbolic hunger strike. "I'm frightened to death that my child and yours will live in a world uninhabitable. The madness must stop."

Rock 'n' roll itself has become a drearily responsible force, wagging its finger at anyone who just wants to dance. Attending a concert now has to be a political statement—Amnesty International, Ethiopia,

fucking painting his whole life? Not one.



Judd Nelson speaks: "I just read because I want to fill this thing [points to his

THE MOST SERIOUS

Congress Asks the, uh, Experts

As Hollywood celebrities have been transforming themselves into self-appointed political policy experts, congressional hearings have taken on the air of star-studded matinee performances. Actors, musicians, directors, even sportscasters, now regularly appear with straight—or, as the case may be, tear-stained, mascara-smudged—faces before House and Senate committees, subcommittees and task forces to offer lawmakers their very heartfelt and carefully thought out advice. The reasons their testimony is valued more than, say, yours or mine are obvious.

(1) CELEBRITIES ARE ELOQUENT.

Dee Snider of Twisted Sister greeting the Senate Committee on Commerce, Science and Transportation at a hearing on record labeling:

"Thank you for having me here. I do not know if it is morning or afternoon. I will say both. Good morning and good afternoon. My name is Dee Snider. That's S-n-i-d-e-r."

Ginger Rogers and director **Elliot Silverstein** testifying before the Senate Judiciary Committee at a hearing on legal problems posed by film colorization:

Rogers: "I would like to tell you how it feels to see yourself painted up like a birthday cake on the television screen. It feels terrible. It hurts."

Silverstein: "Our sensibilities are acutely bruised when we see our 'children' [that is, films] publicly tortured and butchered on television by the various instruments of the new technologists."

(2) CELEBRITIES ARE WELL QUALIFIED.

Morgan Fairchild on her qualifications to testify before a Senate committee on behalf of Senator Alan Cranston's California desert protection act of 1987:

"I am an actress. I am very interested in the environment. . . . I have also had extensive visits to the Arizona desert, spent some time in Israel last year where I was making a movie. . . . As a child I dreamed about becoming a paleontologist.

That did not happen, but I have maintained a strong interest in science, the environment and human interactions. . . . As an actress, I have spent most of my professional life in dramatic situations which imitate real life. I have become very sensitive to human interaction in a world that is increasingly crowded."

Howard Cosell, lawyer turned television irritant, on his qualifications to testify before the Senate Judiciary Committee at a hearing on antitrust immunity for professional sports:

"I am a visiting member of the faculty of Yale University, rendering a course on sports and law in the society. . . . I am an attorney who practiced law in the state of New York for ten years, and while at the New York University Law Center was a member of the Law Review editorial staff. . . . Having studied the words of Hamilton and Jefferson in the Federalist Papers, and having closely studied Marberry against Madison and Chief Justice Marshall's historic opinion, the

American farmers—but a political statement of the easiest, most self-satisfied kind. Sting sings about political prisoners in Chile and nuclear weapons, Tracy Chapman moans about the homeless ("It's become more convenient to kill people than to sit down and talk to them"), Jackson Browne and U2 protest American foreign policy in Central America, and Lisa Bonet (last seen naked, at her own request, in *Rolling Stone*) directs a rock video of a rap song preaching safe sex.

There's no question that these are good causes. And it's really neat, you know, because, like, as Jerry Lewis has demonstrated over the years, helping a cause can be really great for your career too. Embarking on a fact-finding mission to El Salvador, for example, certainly helped establish name-recognition for young B-list actors Hart Bochner and Cynthia Gibb. And Daryl Hannah might not have been cast in

Wall Street had it not been for her busy political-social schedule: "I ran into [*Wall Street* director] Oliver [Stone] at a benefit for Medical Aid for El Salvador." Hannah says that she has friends in Nicaragua, so "that sort of stuff interests me." When she found herself at Rockefeller Center one day, Hannah simply couldn't resist marching unannounced up to NBC News—she wanted to discuss the crisis in Central America with newsmen, she said, although her contribution to the colloquy amounted to not much more than *You know, it's really, really bad down there*. Politics can even work as a fashion statement: white teenage heartthrob Corey Feldman explains that he wore black every day of 1987 "as a symbol of antiracism."

Trying to save the planet can do a lot to shine up one's image—in addition, of course, to actually helping the planet. For example, about a year ago, more than 30

entertainers and friends gathered at Carnegie Hall to honor Harry Chapin, who until his death in 1981 had been the undisputed leader of the then unfashionable hunger movement. Among those present was Paul Simon. Years earlier Simon had repeatedly refused Chapin's invitations to appear at the many hunger benefits he organized. But unlike Pete Seeger, Bruce Springsteen and Kenny Rogers, who sang Chapin songs at the Carnegie Hall tribute, Simon sang his own ballad, "America." Apparently Simon had agreed to appear at the last minute and hadn't had time to learn one of Chapin's songs. He was too busy organizing his own hunger benefit for the following week. So why had Simon decided to show up at the Carnegie Hall affair? "I'll tell you exactly why he was there," says a close friend of Simon's. "[He] was there to recruit Bruce Springsteen for his show Sunday night."

head] with information."



Judd Nelson speaks: "Nineteen eighty-eight will be a very close election, and a lot of the swing vote

ROLES OF THEIR LIVES

sanctity of contract is involved here, too."

(3) CELEBRITIES ARE IN TUNE WITH "THE LITTLE PEOPLE."

Sally Field and **Jane Fonda** discussing their qualifications to testify, along with **Sissy Spacek** and **Jessica Lange**, before the House of Representatives' Democratic Task Force on Agriculture:

Sally Field: "You don't have to live on a farm to experience the pain these families are feeling. We have played the roles of farm families and in doing so have witnessed the suffering inflicted on the American farm family today."

Jane Fonda: "I spent time with the small farmers in Arkansas and Kentucky and Tennessee. . . . Perhaps I felt at home with these people because, as far back as I can remember, my father [Bel Air resident Henry Fonda] had loved to plow the fields and plant and grow things. . . . While he was never a farmer by profession, as you know, he always felt a kinship with rural America, and maybe that was why, of all his roles, he loved Tom Joad in *Grapes of Wrath* the most. . . . Maybe that's the most wonderful part of our profession, is

that it exposes us to these realities and allows us to be affected. That's why I am here today."

Farm Aid performers **Willie Nelson** and **John Cougar Mellencamp** on their qualifications to testify at a hearing on the status of federal farm programs held by the Senate Committee on Agriculture, Nutrition and Forestry (joint statement):

"We've sung a concert or two over the last few years. . . . A big part of our audience are rural Americans. After nearly every concert we talk to folks, many of them farmers."

(4) CELEBRITIES ARE ENTERTAINING.

Jack Klugman testified about Tourette's syndrome (the nervous disorder that manifests itself in some victims as chronic, involuntary swearing) before the House Subcommittee on Health and the Environment on behalf of the Orphan Drug Bill.

After Klugman performed a few monologues from an episode of *Quincy, M.E.* that dealt extensively with Tourette's syndrome, Congressman Edward R. Madigan said, "Jack, the

only question that I would like to ask you [is], What is Quincy's first name?"

John Denver sang the following original song for the Senate Committee on Appropriations at a hearing on the NASA Space Program:

*Well I guess that you probably know
by now
I was the one who wanted to fly
I wanted to ride on that arrow of fire
right up into heaven
And I wanted to go for every man,
Every child, every mother of
children. . . .*

Denver, who has been described as a space junkie, had been trying to persuade Congress and NASA to send him up in the space shuttle for years, but his song didn't convince them. When he was told there was no room for him on the shuttle, he traveled to Russia in search of a berth on the Soviet spaceship *Mir*. The Soviets agreed to send him provided he pay them \$10 million. Denver is now hoping to arrange corporate sponsorship for his trip. —E.S.

Scarecrows also hook into great travel opportunities, as helping the planet often entails seeing much of it up close. The incredibly serious Hollywood Women's Political Committee, for example, doesn't just organize dinners in order to invite Warren Beatty and then let all the girls pose for photos with him. The group, which includes Jane Fonda and Morgan Fairchild, also organizes pilgrimages to Managua. And last year Judd Nelson was one of 15 Hollywood citizens—including Esai (*La Bamba*) Morales, Mary Stuart Masterson and Helen (*Supergirl*) Slater—to journey to the Soviet Union on yet another fact-finding mission, this one organized by the antinuclear group SANE/FREEZE. In preparation, the young diplomats attended a retreat in the Catskills, where they "spent five hours in a political empowerment workshop . . . [and] were briefed about Star Wars and the Nuclear

Test Ban by Dr. Robert Bowman from the Center for Space and Strategic Studies," according to a press release. A primary goal, the release continued, was to produce a documentary film featuring "a music video sequence highlighting the beginnings and progression of the Cold War."

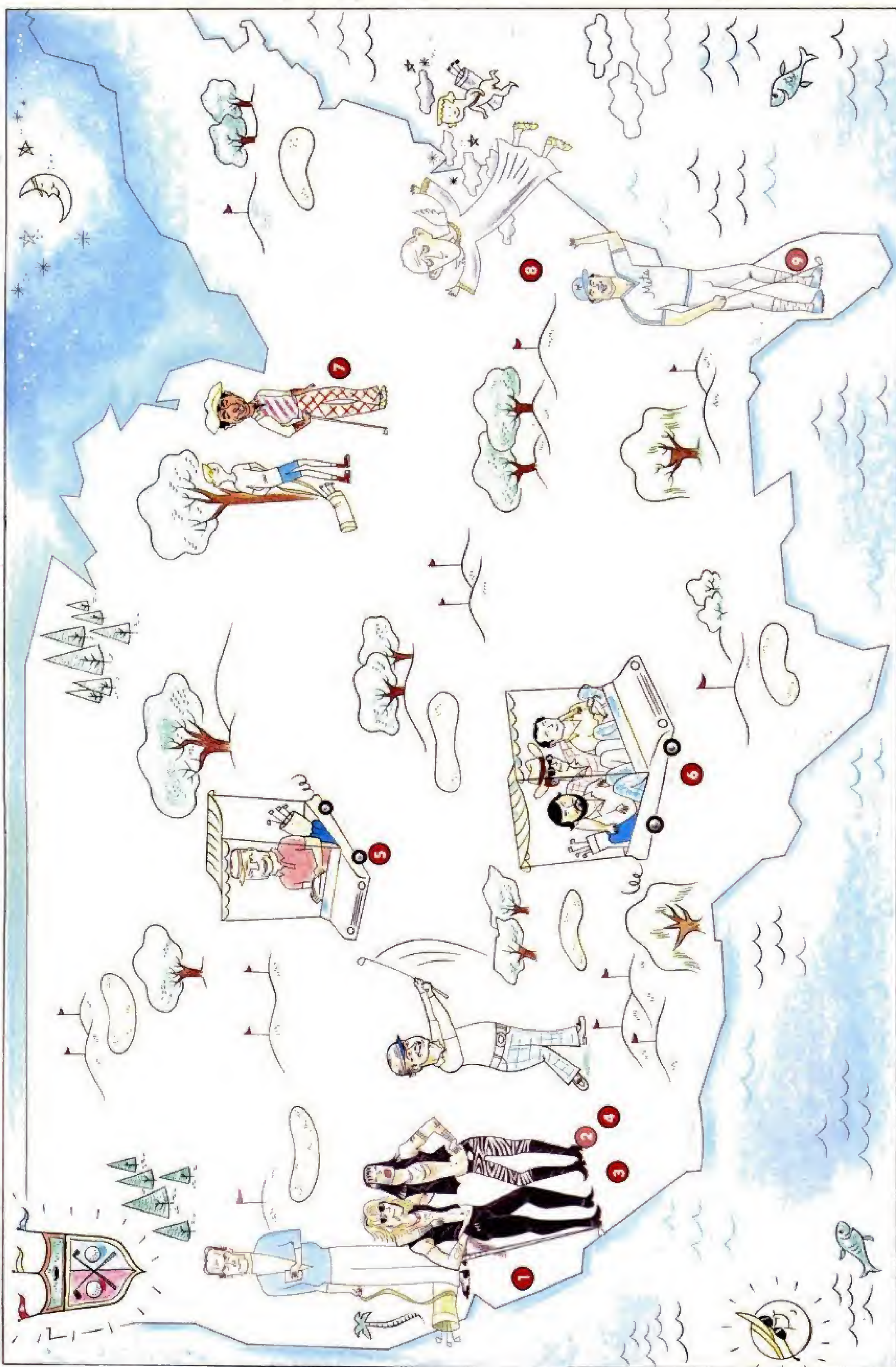
At last year's Democratic National Convention, actors such as Rob Lowe, Ally Sheedy, Meg Ryan, Justine Bateman, Morgan Fairchild and, of course, the ubiquitous Judd Nelson had passes that gave them access to the convention floor, while many political journalists had to make do with a shared group pass allowing them just 30 minutes at a time on the floor. At one point, Nelson (who might well be the *Über-Scarecrow*, having once explained, "I just read because I want to fill this thing [points to his head] with information") held forth on the significance of his involvement: "1988 will be a very close election,

and a lot of the swing vote might well be the 18-to-30-year-olds' vote. We want to increase voter registration. . . . Our agents have nothing to do with this." Fairchild, who subsequently pitched in on the so-called Star-Spangled Caravan, a voter-registration effort along the West Coast, was spotted trying to catch the attention of Joe Kennedy Jr. at the convention by sashaying back and forth in front of him and shaking her bleached-blond mane. At one of the celebrities' daily political briefings conducted by another really, really cute Massachusetts congressman, Senator John Kerry, Bateman said, *Like, a lot of us are making a lot of money now, and so we're paying a lot of taxes, you know. Is there, like, a way I can just write on the memo line of my check what I want my taxes to go for, like for schools?*

CONCLUSIONS

On the other hand, Dukakis lost. **D**

might well be the 18-to-30-year-olds' vote. We want to increase voter registration. . . . Our agents have nothing to do with this."



celebrity

PRO-AM

GOLFATHON

U.S.A.

ELISSA SCHAPPEL

It happened to us last year, and it may have happened to you too—celebrity golf tournament season came and, before we knew it, went. Now, thanks to SPY's Celebrity Pro-Am Golfathon U.S.A. Guide to the Celebrity Tournaments, you can be there every weekend, from January through October, from sea to shining sea. Fore!

JANUARY 23-26

CYPRIUS POINT GOLF COURSE
PEBBLE BEACH, CALIFORNIA

BENEFICIARY:
NATIONAL PRO-AM YOUTH FUND

Who's that squinting into the scorching sun across that desolate sand trap? It's local politician Clint Eastwood, drawing from his bag a big nine iron—the biggest, meanest stick on the links. Who's the big name on the leader board that he's trying to catch? Could it be Vice President Quayle, returning after a year's absence?

1988 PLAYERS:

Clint Eastwood, Huey Lewis, Glen Campbell, B. J. Thomas, Telly Savalas, plus Larry, Rudy and Steve—the Gatlin Brothers

MAY 18

CALABASAS COUNTRY CLUB
CALABASAS, CALIFORNIA

BENEFICIARY:
THE T. J. MARTELL FOUNDATION

Work on your tan lines while you watch Vince Neil of Mötley Crüe get the lie of the green and Bobby Blotzer, Ratt's bad boy, wow the ladies with his powerful fairway drive.

PROSPECTIVE 1989 PLAYERS:

Ronnie James (Dio), Vince Neil and Tommy Lee (Mötley Crüe), Mickey Thomas (Starship), Bobby Blotzer (Ratt), John McVie (Fleetwood Mac), Jamie Farr, all living members of Little Feat, Bob Eubanks

MARCH 27-APRIL 2

MISSION HILLS COUNTRY CLUB
RANCHO MIRAGE, CALIFORNIA

BENEFICIARIES:
DESERT HOSPITAL, UNITED WAY OF THE DESERT, BOYS AND GIRLS CLUBS OF PALM SPRINGS

Someone's on the golf course with Dinab—no, make that everyone's on the golf course with Dinab! They come from all walks of life, from talk show hosts to game show hosts, from stars of stage and screen to stars of the sporting world. Dick Van Patten shows up to risk melanomas and to trade job leads with Yoplait buckster Hal Linden.

1988 PLAYERS:

Jamie Farr, Efrem Zimbalist Jr., Monty Hall, Claude Akins, Frank Gifford (Giants great), Don Meredith (Cowboys great), Johnny Bench (Reds great), Kurt Bevacqua (Padres bench-warmer), Ger-

JULY 31-AUGUST 1

VAIL GOLF CLUB AND THE ARROW-HEAD COUNTRY CLUB

BENEFICIARIES:
VAIL VALLEY CHARITIES

Not only did Jerry "How Much Will They Pay Me?" Ford make his own breakfast and clean up after his dog and heal the wounds of Watergate, but he golfed—the last president to do so regularly. Particularly compelling is the Jerry Ford and Friends Concert, after the first day of play. Last year Bob Hope headed the bill, which featured Charlie Pride, comedian Johnny Yung and Iris Williams, a "talented new singer and songwriter from London."

PROSPECTIVE 1989 PLAYERS:

Jack Nicklaus, Bob Hope, Charlie Pride, Dinab Shore, Jerry Jeff Walker, Johnny Yung

JULY 3-9

STONE OAK COUNTRY CLUB
TOLEDO, OHIO

BENEFICIARY:
RONALD McDONALD HOUSE

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PROSPECTIVE 1989 PLAYERS:

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JUNE 1-4

BERNABA RUN COUNTRY CLUB
BERNABA RUN, NORTH CAROLINA

BENEFICIARY:
PLAYERS COMPETE FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF GIVING AWAY A \$1 MILLION PURSE TO THE CHARITY OF THEIR CHOICE

The sponsors claim this is the biggest celebrity event in or-

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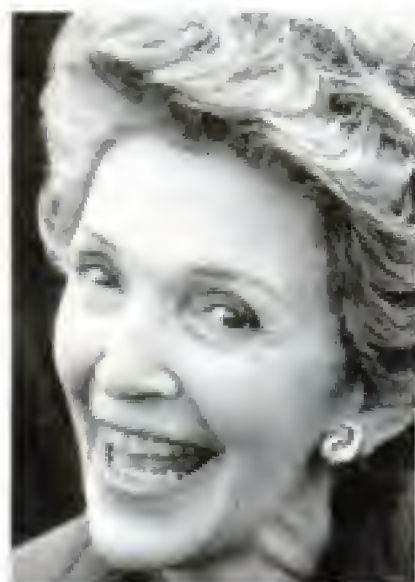
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NEVER IN THE WHOLE GRAND HISTORY OF
THIS REPUBLIC HAVE WE HAD A FIRST LADY
QUITE LIKE THE FIRST LADY WE HAVE JUST
HAD. A SIMPLE WOMAN OF

PLAIN TASTES, WHOSE EVERY WAKING, NON-
DRESSING MOMENT HAS BEEN DEVOTED TO
BEING THERE FOR HER MAN, NANCY REAGAN
FOUND HERSELF EIGHT YEARS AGO SUDDENLY
THRUST ONTO CENTER STAGE, CALLED UPON
TO BE THE HELPMATE, REGENT, PROMPTER
AND MOMMY TO THE LEADER OF THE FREE
WORLD, AND TO STAND AS THE SYMBOL
OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD. HOW DID
SHE DO IT? THE ANSWER IS PLAIN. SHE



WAS TRUE TO HERSELF. SHE SIMPLY REACHED DEEP DOWN,
INTO THE VERY FIBER OF HER NANCYNESS,
AND LET HER ESSENCE FLOW TO THE FORE.
IN CELEBRATION OF THESE PAST EIGHT
SUPERSWANKY, DYNASTY-LIKE, NANCY-

HEAVY YEARS, **NED ZEMAN** HAS PREPARED A
SPECIAL COMMEMORATIVE NANCY REAGAN
LIFE-STYLE EXAM, ONE THAT SEEKS FINALLY
TO ANSWER THE QUESTION ...

Who
does
that
dame
think
she is?





ILLUSTRATED BY PHILIP BURKE

1. *Nancy's birth in New York City was not an altogether pleasant one. Which event did not happen that hot July day?*

a. Throughout the delivery the doctor whined about the heat and complained that he wanted to get things moving so he could go play golf.

b. When the child was born with one closed eye, mother Edith shrieked at the doctor, "If my daughter's eye doesn't open, I'll kill you!"

c. The newborn was swaddled in an expensive, stylish receiving blanket permanently "borrowed" from a local clothes store.

d. The child was yanked out with large forceps.

Answer: c

2. *In what year does Nancy say she was born? In what year do records show she was born?*

a. 1923/1923

b. 1923/1921

c. 1933/1931

d. 1939/1899

Answer: b

3. *Two of these events highlighted the 1987 Washington encounter between Nancy and Raisa Gorbachev; one occurred in Moscow last year. Which event occurred at the women's 1987 meeting in Geneva?*

a. Nancy could not tell Raisa when the White House was built.

b. One of Nancy's handlers sidled up to a *New York Times* reporter and sniffed that Raisa's outfit was "a bit cocktailish, don't you think?"

c. Nancy described her philosophy of East-meets-West as a Mexican standoff and tried in vain to keep the press from ignoring her by whining, "I want to say something. I want to say something. Okay?"

d. Nancy exclaimed, "Who does that dame think she is?"

Answer: d

Match the women in Ron and Nancy's life with what they did to distinguish themselves.



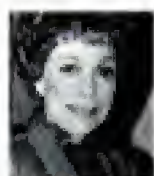
4. Edith Davis,
Nancy's mother

5. Rosalynn Carter,
former first lady



6. Betty Ford,
former first lady

7. Jane Wyman,
Ron's first wife



8. Helene von Damm,
former special assis-
tant to the president

a. Irritated Nancy by visit-
ing her and Ronnie regularly at
Christmas, and playing with
the children

b. Irritated Nancy by visit-
ing her and Ronnie soon after
they were married, and telling
dirty jokes to actor Robert
Taylor

c. Irritated Nancy by not
moving out of her house so
that Nancy could begin
redecorating

d. Irritated Nancy by up-
staging her at the 1976 GOP
convention by dancing with
Tony Orlando

e. Irritated Nancy by wear-
ing low-cut dresses

Answers: 4b, 5c, 6d, 7a, 8e

9. True or false: Nancy can play
"Born Free" on a miniature pi-
ano with her tongue.

Answer: False

10. Three of the following acts
exemplify Patti Davis's rebel-
lion against her mother, Nancy.
Which one is an example of Ron
Jr.'s rebellion?

a. Co-wrote a thinly veiled
autobiographical novel called
Home Front, in which formative
postpubescent sexual/pharma-
ceutical experimentation is
chronicled extensively

b. Voted for Pee-wee Her-
man in the 1984 presidential
election

c. Took
a role as
the lover
of a strip-
per in a
made-for-
TV movie
titled *For
Ladies Only*,
which the president described
as "unnecessarily obscene"



d. Told a press photographer
at one of the family's Christ-
mas Eve tree-trimmings to
"bug off"

Answer: d

11. What did Nancy do while
planning her husband's ill-fated
1985 trip to Bitburg, West Ger-
many, where the president left a
wreath near the graves of 47
members of the murderous Waf-
fen SS?

a. She said, "Well, how bad
were these SS?"

b. She instructed presidential
aides to cancel all future me-
morial visits to concentration
camps because they would cre-
ate bad imagery.

c. She instructed presidential
aides to recruit rabbis to go
along on any future memorial
visits to concentration camps.

d. She asked, "Isn't George
available?"

Answer: b

12. What did Nancy do when
the president's speech writers
added anti-abortion comments
to one of his State of the Union
addresses?

a. She cheered, "Good,
good—imagine all the little
lives we can save."

b. She sighed, "Is he going to
have to show those god-awful
slides?"

c. She chuckled, "I don't
know, I can think of some
pretty good arguments for the
other side—Michael and Mau-
reen, for starters."

d. She sneered, "I don't give
a damn about the Right-to-
Lifers!"

Answer: d

13. Nancy despises former presi-
dential campaign spokesman
and current felon Lyn Nofziger.
Which of the following has not
been proffered as a reason for her
loathing?

a. He was fond of wearing
elegant Daffy Duck ties, on
which he would dribble gin.

b. He started a rumor that
Jimmy Carter had gonorrhea.

c. He had been known to get
drunk in the West Wing base-
ment and call the president
"Old Shit-for-Brains."

d. He reminded her of
Howdy Doody—a pompa-
doured, perpetually smiling,
preternaturally youthful pup-
pet who apparently does not
call to mind someone closer to
her heart.

Answer: d

15. What happened shortly after
Nancy convinced her husband to
hire John Koehler to replace
knee-jerk reactionary Patrick
Buchanan as the White House
director of communications in
1987?

a. Koehler admitted that he
had been arrested in 1971 in
Daytona Beach for swiping a
\$6 Mr. Spock refrigerator mag-
net from a dealer at a Trekkie
convention.

b. Buchanan broke down
just before a taping of *The Mc-
Laughlin Group* and com-
plained to Bob Novak that
Nancy was "really, really
mean."

c. Koehler admitted that as a
youngster he had briefly volun-
teered for the Hitler Youth,
and he likened the organization



14. Three of the following events involved the brutish, vengeful,
book-writing former chief of staff, Donald Regan. Find the one
that involved the pathetic, tattling, book-writing former presi-
dential aide and influence-peddling perjurer, Michael Deaver.

a. In the days before he left, Nancy would greet him on the
telephone by saying, "Are you still here?"

b. Nancy would have him schedule the president's business
according to a color-coded calendar, on which green stood for
good days, red for bad days, and yellow for iffy ones.

c. Nancy would berate him when he changed the president's
schedule, complaining about the high cost of clearing changes
with the astrologer.

d. When he told her to look beyond the homosexuality of
one of the characters in the Academy Award-winning *Kiss of
the Spider Woman*, Nancy shuddered and said, "How can I get
past that?"

Answer: d

to the Cub Scouts.

d. Koehler resigned from the administration in protest, saying, "There's just no way in good conscience I can defend this Iran-contra mess."

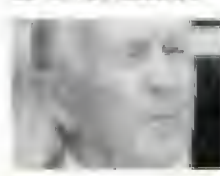
ANSWERS

16. Nancy did not manage to arrange for the removal of which one of the following government officials:

a. White House director of communications Patrick Buchanan



b. White House chief of staff Donald Regan



c. Health and Human Services secretary Margaret Heckler



d. National security adviser Richard Allen



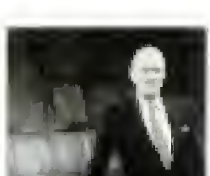
e. National security adviser William Clark



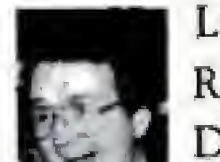
f. Secretary of the Interior James Watt



g. Secretary of Commerce Malcolm Baldrige



h. Secretary of Labor Raymond Donovan



ANSWERS

17. Once, in a speech, Nancy claimed to be an expert at leech removal, saying, "I don't think most people associate me with leeches... but I know how to get them off." True or false?

ANSWER: True

18. Nancy has deflected suggestions that she is insensitive to minorities by inviting many prominent blacks to the White House. Among those who have visited are Gary Coleman, Mr. T, Emanuel Lewis and General Colin Powell. Which response to Nancy's greeting was actually uttered by a member of this group?



a. "Thank you for inviting me. I wasn't going to come, but then I realized I could tape ALF."

b. "Wow! Wow, growl, wow!"

c. "Did you know that Michael Jackson's llama spits just like you?"

d. "That's all right, ma'am. Many people mistake me for a waiter."

ANSWER: b (said by Mr. T)

Nancy seems to fall down in public a lot. Match the incident with the human being who was involved.

19. She was toppled in Hyattsville, Maryland, by someone the Secret Service failed to regard as a threat.

20. She fell off a stage into a bank of chrysanthemums.

21. She fell out of bed, recovered, then lost her balance getting off a helicopter.

22. During a Hollywood party long ago, she was unexpectedly discovered in the coat room, apparently having fallen onto a bed and apparently being helped to her feet by a friendly TV actor.

a. Vladimir Horowitz, who was playing the piano so enchantingly that Nancy began shifting around in her chair

b. A rambunctious five-year-old named Brian, who knocked Nancy down

c. Ronald Reagan, who was about to be reelected

d. Gardner McKay, the star of television's *Adventures in Paradise*

ANSWERS: 19b, 20a, 21c, 22d



23. True or false: Nancy likes to carry on loud, colorful conversations with an imaginary person while sitting in her bathtub.

ANSWER: True

24. One of Nancy's aides once remarked, "God, that devastated her. She went into a sort of coma for three days." To what traumatic event was the aide referring?

a. Hearing that her son, Ron Jr., had abruptly left Yale to become a ballet dancer

b. Hearing that her husband had been shot

c. Hearing that her husband had colon cancer

d. Hearing that her stepson, Michael, was writing an anguished, unflattering account of his boyhood

e. Reading writer Judy Bachrach's description of her "piano legs"

ANSWERS

25. Nancy's fashion consciousness provoked numberless comments, many by the first lady

herself. Which one of the following responses came from neither Nancy nor a spokesperson?

a. Regarding the popular "Queen Nancy" postcard, in which she is pictured in a crown and ermine robes: "Now, that's silly. I would never wear a crown—it messes up your hair."

b. "I tend toward simpler clothes."

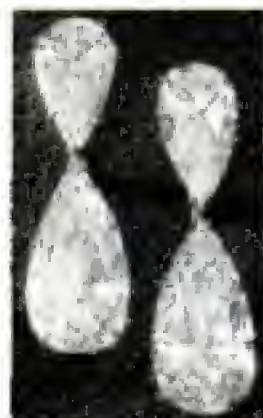
c. "Don't they understand? I am the first lady of the United States! I must be the best-dressed lady in the United States!"

d. After breaking her 1982 promise to stop borrowing designer clothes and then flouting the Ethics in Government Act by not reporting any of the clothes given her by designers: "She set her own little rule and she broke her own little rule."

ANSWER: c

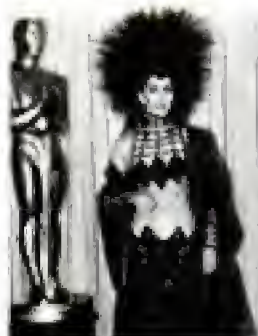
26. Identify the items that Nancy "borrowed" and failed to report.

a. A \$10,500 white mink jacket designed by Galanos



b. A pair of \$800,000 diamond earrings with ten-carat drops, designed by Harry Winston

c. A sportswear ensemble worth \$60 designed by Jaclyn Smith for K Mart



d. A \$7,000 sequined combination halter top and headress designed by Bob Mackie

Answer: a and d

27. After Nancy offended poor people by singing, at a Gridiron Club dinner, a jokey song about wearing used clothing, to what did Daniel Boorstin, the Librarian of Congress, compare her performance?

- a. A bag of spit
- b. An outtake from *The Sandy Duncan Show*
- c. "Something out of Ionesco"
- d. William Jennings Bryan's historic "Cross of Gold" speech
- e. Patti LuPone in *Evita*

Answer: d

28. What happened after Nancy happened to acquire a 4,732-piece set of Lenox gold-embossed bone china worth \$209,508 at the very same time that her husband was hacking away at federal spending on social programs?

- a. She announced her plans for new White House silver.
- b. She broke two pieces—worth over \$600—while opening the set for the press.

c. She bought another entire set of china.

d. She took the old Carter administration plates to Rancho del Cielo for the president to use when skeet shooting.

Answer: c

29. Identify the Lenox china pattern Nancy selected.

a.



b.



c.



Answer: a

30. How did Nancy respond when a desperately poor woman wrote her asking for help in feeding her hungry children after a cut in food stamp benefits?

a. She mistakenly sent the woman a recipe for the president's favorite dish—a casserole with crabmeat and artichokes, which takes three hours to prepare and costs over \$20 to make.

b. She invited the woman to dinner at the White House, then enrolled the children in a summer camp for underprivileged kids.

c. She refused to touch the woman's letter but instructed an aide to correct the spelling and return it.

d. She ordered an aide to find out if the Department of Agriculture could send the woman more food stamps on an emergency basis.

Answer: d

31. With whom did Nancy engage in an excruciatingly protracted silent stare-down on live television?

a. Her dog Rex, who defecated on the carpet during a "Just Say No" rally in Topeka, Kansas

b. Geraldo Rivera, who suggested a discussion about plastic surgery



32. Which of the following is not true of the relationship between Nancy and the president?

- a. He calls her Mommy.
- b. Because she does not want to wake him, she eats bananas in bed.
- c. On their first date, they discussed why Nancy had been regularly receiving the *Daily Worker* and other Communist propaganda.
- d. The president has claimed that when privately reacting to criticism, "Nancy bleeds pretty good."
- e. She has never washed any of his laundry.

Answer: e

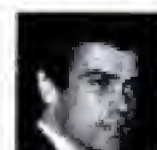
c. Her husband, after he called Michael Dukakis "an invalid"

d. A talk show host, who while discussing her courtship with Ronnie pressed, "Aw, come on, did you fool around?"

Answer: d

33. Nancy has been romantically linked with all but one of the following men. Name him.

a. Ronald Reagan



b. Gardner McKay

c. Xavier Cugat



d. Clark Gable

e. Frank Sinatra



Answer: c

34. True or false: in many of her films, Nancy played frumpy housewives, sometimes frumpy pregnant ones—and, indeed, she became pregnant herself when she was Ronald Reagan's girlfriend.



Answer: True

35. According to Peter Lawford, as a young actress Nancy earned the admiration of many of her fellow actors. What was she known for?

- a. Her anticommunist zealotry
- b. Her dedicated work for the USO

c. The good-natured way she laughed it off when people mistook her for Nanette Fabray

d. Her concern that rampant materialism was corrupting the American way of life

e. Giving the best head in Hollywood

Answers: e

36. True or false: Nancy once told the following joke—"Question: What do you call a woman who makes love right after having her hair done? Answer: A hypochondriac."

Answer: True

37. Nancy is so covetous of her husband's undivided attention that she did all but which one of the following:

a. Told former presidential aide Michael Deaver, "If that doll [former Transportation secretary Elizabeth Dole] ever spends more than five minutes with him in the Oval Office, you're a dead man, Mike"

b. Insisted that all of Governor Reagan's house staff eat in the kitchen rather than mingle with the guests, and that the guests leave each night by ten

c. Tried to stop attractive young women from riding in an elevator with her husband by admonishing, "Oh, no, you can't come in here!"

d. Forced wives of California legislators who were her guests at the governor's house to go outdoors to use the bathroom in the poolside cabana

Answers: d

Match the observation with its source.

38. "She never seems to get an itch, her lips never stick to her teeth, she hardly blinks. Don't her legs ever go to sleep?"

39. "I stand on a toilet behind her, my knee braced against the wall. I've always said someone should take a picture of us."

40. "[She] always suppresses the little touch of the bitch inside."

a. Julius, Nancy's hair-

dresser, describing his method of cutting her hair

b. New York contributing editor Julie Baumgold

c. Washington Post reporter Sally Quinn

Answers: 38c, 39a, 40b

Match Nancy's friends with their hobbies.

41. Engaged in orgiastic, sado-masochistic affairs in which willing young women were tied up and spanked

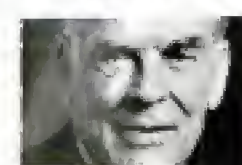
42. Boasted in public, "I can't live long enough to spend all my money"

43. Smuggled \$3,380 worth of Dior clothing from Paris to Los Angeles without paying import duty, then lied to customs officials about it

44. Decorated his apartment with huge displays of stuffed snakes, figurines of snakes and designs of snakes, boas and vipers, in what may be his most overt display of sexuality

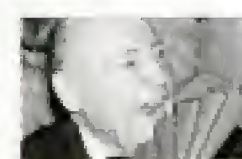
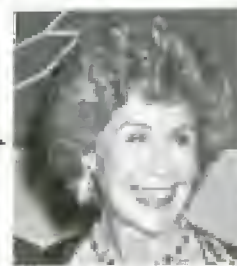
45. Accused (and later acquitted) of abetting an elaborate international scheme to smuggle 10,000 rounds of .22-caliber bullets from the U.S. to Paraguay

a. Alfred Bloomingdale, dead millionaire credit-card magnate



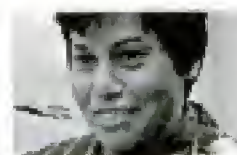
b. Justin Dart, dead millionaire drug mogul

c. Betsy Bloomingdale, widow of millionaire credit-card magnate



d. Jerry Zipkin, millionaire walker

e. Anita Castelo, personal maidservant



Answers: 41a, 42b, 43c, 44d, 45e



46. Two of the following comments about Nancy's adherence to astrology were made by Michael Deaver, one by George Bush. Find Bush's reaction.

a. "At least this astrologer is not as kooky as the last one."
b. "Good God! I had no idea it was like that!"
c. "Ssshhh! Don't bring that up. Leave it be."

Answers: c

47. True or false: Nancy's supernaturally gifted "friend," Nob Hill astrologer Joan Quigley, was surprised to hear that her own mother had died.

Answer: True

48. True or false: Alfred Bloomingdale's mistress Vicki Morgan once said, "My role model in all matters is Nancy Reagan."

Answer: False

49. Essay question: Choose which of the following observations you find most ironic; defend your choice.

a. Though Nancy lists vulgarity as one of life's true vices, her son, Ron, appeared on national television in his underpants, pumping his hips frantically, pretending to be dancing in the Oval Office.



b. Though she campaigns against premarital sex, Nancy had a premarital affair with actor Robert Walker.

c. Though she has been active in the Foster Grandparents Association, Nancy didn't see one of her stepgrandchildren until the girl was more than a year old.

d. Shortly after Nancy had campaigned to ban adult magazines from drugstores, son Ron became a staff writer at Playboy.

50. The president offered this tribute to Nancy: "Abigail Adams helped invent America. Dolley Madison helped protect it. Eleanor Roosevelt was FDR's eyes and ears. Nancy Reagan is . . ." Fill in the blank.

a. My personal commander in chief

b. My reason for laughing, for crying, for living, for dying

c. My everything

d. My kitten with a whip

e. My albatross

Answers: d



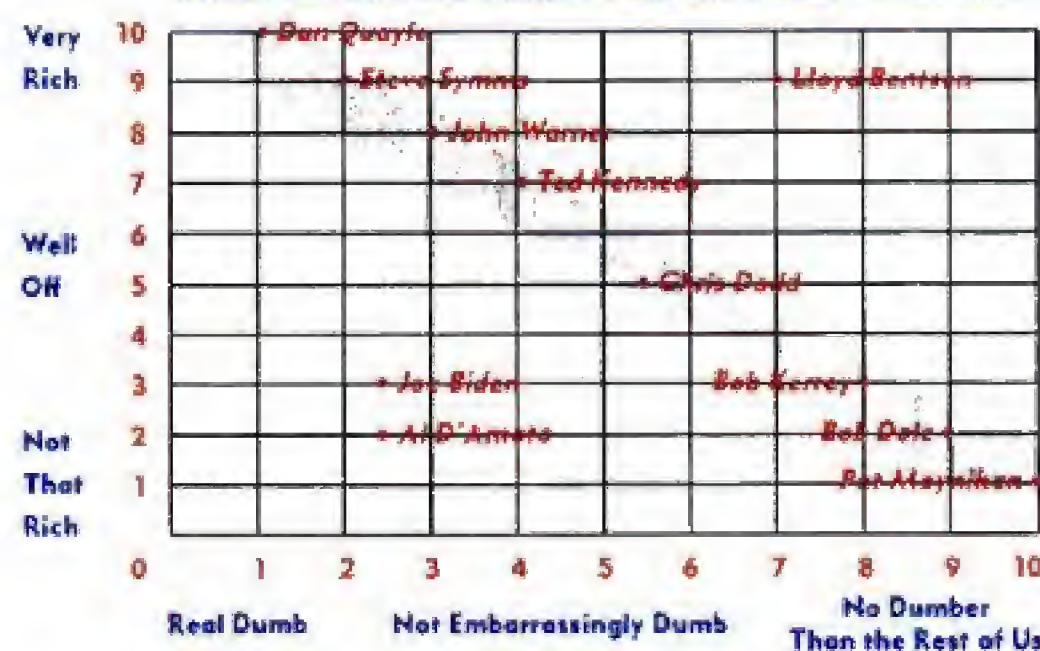
s we've been told countless times, *we are a government of laws, not men*, but common sense and certain anecdotal evidence tell us that the 508 men and 27 women in the 101st Congress have some role, however peripheral, in this process. Fifteen years after *New Times* magazine broke new ground by publishing its historic article "The Ten Dumbest Congressmen," SPY decided it was time to reinvestigate, and we were shocked to discover that not everything we learned in junior high civics class is true, that some lawmakers are not wise, or learned, or even passingly intelligent. Which ones? MICHAEL HIRSCHORN, our crack



analyst, haunted the halls of Congress and returned with a roster of the Ten Dumbest Legislators on Capitol Hill and a delightfully disheartening account of what happens when . . .

MR. STUPID GOES TO *Washington*





There has always been a place for stupid people in Congress. There have always been seats for jingoists and Red-baiters and rich sons too dumb for business; for charlatans and egoists and scoundrels; for the overfed, undereducated hacks and the Bob Foreheads who can't keep their eyes open or their mouths closed or their hands off the aides. We have come to expect it, to appreciate it, even to be entertained by it. Congress just wouldn't be Congress without nincompoops like Representative Robert Dornan (R-California), who once identified a Soviet commentator as a "disloyal, betraying little Jew"; or Representative William Dannemeyer (R-California), who has revealed his hypothesis that AIDS patients "emit spores"; or Senator Quentin Burdick (D-North Dakota), whose staff has learned not to end a page in mid-sentence because he becomes flustered if he has to turn pages.

Americans have always been good sports about the chowderheads in Congress. Oh, sometimes we get mad and oust somebody, as Californians ousted Republican representative Ernest Konnyu in 1988. But Konnyu had to show himself rude and thoughtless to the brink of sexual harassment: at a seminar he asked his 26-year-old female aide, "Why you got your boob covered up?" Compounding his gaffe with an even more damning exculpation, he explained, "At the conference, she wore her name tag . . . right over her boobs. . . . I didn't think it was right for her to have her name tag on in a—it should be up high. She's not exactly heavily stacked, okay? . . . So I told her . . . to move the darn name tag off her boobs."

Voters later told Konnyu to move his darn self out of Washington, making him the only incumbent who was defeated in a primary in 1988. Ordinarily we just laugh at incumbents, such as Representative Floyd Spence (R-South Carolina), an 18-year veteran of the House, who acknowledged, "I can't think of anything I myself have thought up and written that is all that important." If they seem *really* dumb, even once, we immortalize them: who can forget Senator Roman Hruska of Nebraska recommending Richard Nixon's failed Supreme Court nominee Harrold Carswell by saying that mediocre Americans are entitled to representation on the Supreme Court, too? And if a legislator's inoffensive, he can be dumb forever. Voters in Illinois were happy to have Mel Price represent them for more than 40 years, even though he was feeble-minded during much of that time.

However, a new apotheosis was reached last fall when one of Congress's dimmest bulbs was elected vice president. Dan Quayle, the dumb senator's dumb senator, has grabbed the brass ring! A congressional dolt is going to be a heartbeat away!

To be fair, Quayle was not disgracefully stupid as a senator. Handsome, amiable, unthreatening, blessed with a determined wife-cum-handler who decided for him when and how to vote, he was an undeserving but more or less harmless extra man, an empty cloak who should have been left in the cloakroom. He's so dumb that when Bush picked him, Quayle apparently believed that it was because he really *was* more qualified for the big job than Robert Dole or Howard Baker. And so the breadth of his stupidity was revealed. By now his goofs are legendary, and the next 4 (or 8 or 16) years of Dan Quayle promise a Washington

dumbathon of unprecedented proportions.

His performance in the debate with Senator Lloyd Bentsen will serve as a benchmark for the future. (*Patrick Kennedy was nervous, the commentators in the next century will say, but he was no Dan Quayle.*) His forswearing of another Soviet grain embargo reads like Sarah Vaughan scatting a line to

smithereens: "Another Jimmy Carter grain embargo, Jimmy, Jimmy Carter, Jimmy Carter grain embargo, Jimmy Carter grain embargo." Later he said that the key factor shaping his political philosophy was his grandmother's advice, "You can do anything you want if you just set your mind to it." When Democrats (and probably not a few Republicans) snickered, Quayle scolded them, accusing them of laughing at "common sense. They sneer at commonsense advice, midwestern advice, midwestern advice from a grandmother to a grandson, important advice, something that we ought to talk about." In fact, when one remembers a line from the lyrics to "A Twinkle in Your Eye," from the Rodgers and Hart musical *I Married an Angel*—"You can do any little thing that you've a mind to"—one sees that it was really New York show business half-alcoholic sexually ambivalent musical comedy advice that Quayle was citing.

Quayle has been irked by the accusations of stupidity. Not long after he said that he had "not live[d] in this century," he told National Public Radio's Nina Totenberg (the author of the "Ten Dumbest Congressmen" article in *New Times*): "I think, unfortunately, I had to be the target, that this bimbo thing was going to be applied to men someday, and I hate it. And I know what some of the unjustified charges of some women in the past have been, and I think it's rather despicable, and I think I'll outgrow it and get over it, but no, I don't like it one damn bit."

Well, nobody does, but the choice of Quayle has been made, the Rubicon crossed. The sort of major stupidity—stupidity without any of the sincerity and virtuosity of Reagan—that has always been acceptable in Congress is now acceptable in the executive branch as well. Now, as the Quayle Era begins, SPY painstakingly combs through the House and the Senate to find the stupidest people in Congress, talking to more than 120 legislators, aides and journalists to establish a list of those dumb lawmakers—those potential vice presidents and presidents—for whom exciting new possibilities suddenly opened last November 8.

1. Senator Steven Symms



Steven Symms, Republican, of Idaho, is the evil stepfather of the U.S. Senate, a jovial boy-next-door sort with a nasty history of goonery. But let there be no question about it: Symms is also dumb. According to Bill Hall, editorial editor of Idaho's *Lewiston Morning Tribune*,

"He's a classic case of a guy who's in over his head." Symms has an uncanny instinct for boorishness. As a member of the House, during a debate on gun control (he was against it) he brought guns onto the House floor. As a senator, he reportedly appeared on

the Senate floor in a stupor and launched a rambling attack on Senator Charles Grassley; apparently Symms had taken his secretaries to lunch and had become inebriated. In 1984 he phoned Frank Church, whom he had defeated in a particularly nasty campaign four years earlier, the night before Church underwent surgery that would detect his terminal pancreatic cancer. What did Symms find it in his heart to say? "I just want to tell you, Frank, that the last three years have been the greatest of my life. I really love the Senate."

Symms is not merely tactless—he's thuggish. In 1986, amid expressions of sympathy for the victims of the Chernobyl accident, Symms said, "It's too bad it didn't happen closer to the Kremlin," and at an especially tense moment during the TWA hijacking crisis, he proposed that the U.S. "turn the lights out" in Beirut. Yet he is no prisoner of small-minded consistency. Critical of Iranian terrorism, he has nonetheless been a Billy Carter-esque booster of Mu'ammar Qaddafi, and of the idea of establishing trade between Libya and Idaho. He has a strong record on human rights, civil rights, and equality for women: he's an unabashed supporter of the South African government, has employed indigent Mexicans on his fruit farm ("He told me . . . how happy it makes him to see them playing their Mexican guitars on the porch at night," says Bill Hall), and reportedly once yelled at a female TV reporter who was critical of him, "Get that whore off that chair." On the plus side, Symms has a quick-thinking staff who put a good face on his goofs. During his 1980 campaign, for example, after agreeing to wear a network news microphone, Symms was taped trying to plant tough questions about Church with audience members. An aide later rationalized that Symms must have *meant* to have the comments recorded, because no one would be so stupid as to make a mistake like that.


ESTIMATED IQ: 93

MOST SIGNIFICANT PREPARATION FOR CONGRESS: Served as vice president of his family's fruit ranch

MOST IMPORTANT LEGISLATIVE ACCOMPLISHMENT: Blocked reauthorization of funding for the Consumer Products Safety Commission—called Safety Nazis by his office—because the agency wanted to halt official manufacture of the worm probe, which is made primarily in Idaho. Bootleg versions of the probe (an electric stick that shocks worms to the surface so they can be harvested for bait) have electrocuted 28 people

FUN FACT: Although he now opposes abortion, he once objected to curbs on choice on libertarian grounds, saying abortion is an issue "between a man and his God"

2. Senator Gordon Humphrey



Maladroit and ineffective are the words the usually generous *Almanac of American Politics* uses to describe New Hampshire's senior senator, Gordon "Gordo" Humphrey, during his first term. *Intellectually needy* is the charitable phrase used by one reporter who covers him regularly. "It's . . . hard to dislike the guy. I feel it's like disliking a retarded person—you feel guilty about it."

An earnest conservative, Humphrey has spent much of his time supporting the Afghan rebels and opposing abortion, doing so reflexively, not as an intellectually wrought product of an over-

arching philosophy. Humphrey's conservatism is so automatic that, according to one Republican quoted in *The Wall Street Journal*, he accused Senator Robert Dole of being a socialist. (Humphrey later denied having made the statement.)

Of little substantive use to the Republican Party, he has been designated by the GOP leadership to shadow Ted Kennedy and make trouble, tailing him on the Armed Services, Judiciary, and Labor and Human Services committees. Watching Humphrey brings to mind hockey games from the mid-seventies, when one could see goons like Dave "the Hammer" Schultz of the Philadelphia Flyers hanging on to the elegant Montreal Canadian forward Guy Lafleur, except that a mean-tempered goon armed with a hockey stick presents a far more formidable obstacle than Humphrey armed with the blunt edge of his brain. Unlike others on this list, Humphrey seems to realize his deficiencies and has taken pains to hide himself from the public. A former Allegheny Airlines copilot, he spends much of his time now in a hideaway above the Senate floor, communicating with his office by looking at three computer screens and issuing instructions through a headset, *just like a pilot in the cockpit of his plane*. "It's my fantasy, sitting here with a whole console of goodies," he has said. His wife, Patricia, maintains a more public posture. In 1982 she devoted herself to developing a national organization for a cause in which she deeply believes. Anti-abortion? Cleaning up rock music? No, she directed fundraising for an organization devoted to orgonomy, a school of psychology that holds that orgasms are essential to mental health. What does the senator think of his wife's devotion to this cause? Well, he did describe his reaction to Bush's selection of Quayle with a string of seemingly orgasm-derived modifiers ("delighted, elated and greatly relieved"), but he claims not to be an orgonomist himself, personally speaking, that is. Indeed, his demurral on orgonomy can probably stand as a sort of generic Gordo Humphrey comment on any abstract idea: "I don't understand it and it doesn't interest me."

ESTIMATED IQ: 102

MOST SIGNIFICANT PREPARATION FOR CONGRESS: Not graduating from college

FUN FACT: Humphrey threatened a floor fight at the Republican convention if Bush chose a moderate as his running mate

3. Representative Edward Markey



Stupidity may be evaluated strictly on brainpower, but nominally intelligent politicians may be regarded as stupid if they determinedly make their colleagues despise them. The leading contender for Most Hated Congressman is Democratic representative Edward Markey of Massachusetts. A Kennedy manqué who wangled committee assignments that let him spout off about high-profile issues like the nuclear freeze and insider trading, Markey is by no means the stupidest member of Congress. There is, however, no other elected representative for whom there is a larger gap between self-image and actual ability.

"If you came up here and stepped outside the door and asked the first 2,000 people [you met], everybody would consider him a jerk," says one hyperbolic but deeply convinced Massachusetts political operative. "To say Eddie is pleased with himself is to put

(continued)

POPSICLES AND

WONDERING WHY THE REAGAN REVOLUTION IS MELTING AWAY? LOOK



Pilly Senators

They seemed destined for greatness. Subsidized by millions of right-wing PAC dollars and riding the coattails of the Reagan landslide, 16 brand-new Republicans were elected to the Senate in 1980, helping to form the first GOP majority in that house in 26 years. They seemed poised to take the reins of history. Instead they showed up, milled around and finally proved themselves as unimpressive a class of legislators as ever gazed upon the Potomac. Six years later only 9 of the 16 Popsicles—an inside-the-Beltway sobriquet derived from their collective immaturity and ineffectiveness—were reelected to a second term, thus relegating the GOP to minority status in both houses again and paving the way for a Congress that would enact such non-Reagan-agenda legislation as economic sanctions against South Africa and a plant-closings-notification law. In fairness, a couple of the Popsicles proved to be formidable legislators. Without question the strangest-looking man in the Senate, Iowa's Charles Grassley, a self-styled hick with brains, became a forceful critic of wasteful Pentagon expenditures, and New Hampshire's Warren Rudman cosponsored the crude, quixotic budget-reduction law named after him and was one of the few relatively impressive figures in the Iran-contra hearings. The others were less august. Robert Kasren of Wisconsin was picked up for drunk driving. Of three men whom Oklahoma's Don Nickles wanted to appoint as federal marshals (a job that entails enforcing court bankruptcy decisions), two were bankrupts themselves. Others—Alfonse D'Amato, Steve Symms and the King Popsicle, Dan Quayle—are discussed at length elsewhere. But some of the other highly entertaining Popsicles deserve their moment in the limelight, too.

Alabama's Jeremiah Denton may have been a Vietnam War POW and a genuine hero, but he was a poor senator for his one term in office. Dur-

ing the struggle over Reagan's 1981 budget cuts, Denton fixated on a sex-education film recommended to schools by the Department of Health and Human Services. He informed his senatorial colleagues that they would have to stop by his office to see the film before he would approve the family-planning portion of the budget. About a dozen senators showed up, along with then White House chief of staff Jim Baker, and fidgeted while a number of joyless sex acts, nominally performed for the benefit of adolescents, were shown on-screen. "I don't want to be the sex czar of the Senate," he later told *The Wall Street Journal*, "but I thought it was important for people to see what is in these films." "It was bizarre," one viewer said.

That was only one example. Denton's entire term was dominated by his bombastic war against unrestrained sexuality, which he believes is destroying America. He proposed spending \$30 million on a program advocating teenage chastity, declaring that "sexual jealousy" causes most teenage suicides and 90 percent of all murders and murder attempts. Ironically, it was his notion of what constitutes an appropriate sex act that got him into trouble. Such comments as his 1981 objection to the prosecution of a man accused of raping his wife—"Damn it, when you get married, you kind of expect you're going to get a little sex"—were probably enough to cost him reelection.

Another Popsicle with sex on the brain was Pennsylvania's Arlen Specter, who used his chairmanship of the Subcommittee on Juvenile Justice to parade before the Senate a series of sensational cases that had little to do with children and a lot to do with sex, violence and drugs. Specter, the Senate's most notorious camera hog, lashed himself to such vital, unglamorous, nuts-and-bolts issues as the search for Joseph Mengele; the New Bedford, Massachusetts, pool-hall rape case; and the Gary Dotson-Cathleen Webb rape recantation. (Specter's legislative pretext for exploiting the Dotson-Webb incident: Webb had been a minor at the time of her nonrape.) Specter also trotted Bernhard Goetz down to Washington so that Goetz could orally deliver the views on juvenile justice that he had heretofore expressed only ballistically. Specter also chaired the memorable subcommittee hearing at which porn-movie star Veronica Vera testified, "I am the love toy, the object of your desires, exposed and vulnerable. Picture yourself tying the ropes, keeping me as your prisoner, to be taken whenever you want, always open to—should I go on?"

"You certainly may," Specter responded.

But the leading Popsicle—the least effective senator of her time, and someone who would certainly have made our top-ten roster had her constituents reelected her in 1986—was Florida's Paula Hawkins. Hawkins, another sex-obsessed legislator, had the special knack of picking issues that no one could oppose—concern for drug abuse, missing children, child abuse—yet still making enemies. She became known as an unreliable ally who would renege on vote commitments and snatch the spotlight on legislative initiatives. In one instance she stole and introduced as her own an amendment (to the omnibus appropriations bill) devised by her Florida colleague Democrat Lawton Chiles when he was off the floor. For someone who craved cheap attention, Hawkins was remarkably insensitive. Shortly after her election, she held a luncheon to kick off her initiative to curb food-stamp abuse; the menu was New York strip steak and asparagus.

Hawkins's failed 1986 reelection campaign had an air of desperation about it. She claimed that her opponent—former governor Bob Graham, who had impressed conservatives by regularly electrocuting people—enjoyed the support of the Communist Youth League. Later she called Mexican-Americans "unpatriotic" and threatened that if she lost, she would stay in public life. "I have access to the leaders of the world," she said. "I won't let the opportunity slip by." Floridians accepted the risk and elected Graham by a ten-point margin.

—Michael Hirschorn



New Right Losers

It's been eight years since Inauguration Day 1981, that epochal moment when Ronald Reagan became president, when conservatives preened and liberals quaked and the ambitions of the right knew no limits. At last the Moral Majority's agenda would be enacted, the Pentagon's wish list achieved, the New Deal repealed. The Russians and the Ayatollah would be stomped. Environmental

NUTTY BUDDIES

NO FURTHER THAN THE PRESIDENT'S NO-ACCOUNT FRIENDS AND ALLIES

restraints on business would be rescinded. There would be a new Vietnam—a glorious, winnable Vietnam—in Central America. The Supreme Court would strictly construct, except when some discipline was called for.

Well, the Reagan Revolution has come and gone, and it's hard to remember what all the hoo-hah was about. The Great Communicator talked lean and mean for eight years, but his policies slouched to the middle, so much so that squishy George "Don't Worry, Be Happy" Bush could be deemed a fit heir. Whatever else Reagan leaves in his wake, part of the flotsam is the high hopes of those zealots who were going to forever change the face of America—and who, as the Bush administration gets under way, are the biggest losers of the Reagan Revolution.

THE MAN: James G. Watt

THE PROMISE: Reagan's first secretary of the Interior was going to sell public lands, "unlock" vast tracts of protected properties for energy exploration and economic development, and generally end the bipartisan hold that woolly-headed extremists had held on environmental policy.

WHAT HAPPENED: Watt became a major embarrassment after describing Indian reservations as examples of "the failure of socialism"; making a wise-crack about a commission made up of "a black, a woman, two Jews and a cripple"; banning The Beach Boys from the Washington Mall; and supervising the head of the EPA as she was being cited for contempt of Congress. Resigned in humiliation; ended up as chairman of the board of the PTL, overseeing Jim and Tammy Bakker's splurges. Meanwhile, environmentalism promises to become the issue of the 1990s.

THE MAN: Jack Kemp

THE PROMISE: Reagan's true disciple, a genuine Gipper for tomorrow, the all-American neocon who could win blue-collar votes while preaching supply-side and gold-standard gospel.

WHAT HAPPENED: His presidential campaign died in New Hampshire, and despite pathetically aggressive self-promotion, he couldn't beat out Quayle for the vice presidency. As gold prices declined precipitously and the federal deficit failed to disappear, he gave up his congressional seat and must now hope that Bush gives him work.

THE MAN: Richard Viguerie

THE PROMISE: The New Right master of direct-mail

fundraising amassed huge sums for conservative Senate and House candidates, whose widespread success riding Reagan's coattails made it seem that ferocious ultraconservatism had swept the nation.

WHAT HAPPENED: Reagan's victory caused right-wing zealots to grow complacent. Direct-mail contributions dried up, and Viguerie's company fell into debt. Two clients withheld payments from him when he charged more in fees than his direct mailings had raised for them in contributions. Viguerie had to sell his magazine, *Conservative Digest*, to raise money. Trying to diversify, he borrowed money to open a pizza parlor in Virginia, but it flopped and he defaulted on the \$1.1 million he had borrowed.

THE MAN: Jerry Falwell

THE PROMISE: The cleric of the Reagan era, whose organization was considered the most important grass-roots political movement in modern American history; his moral agenda was going to become law—no more abortion or pornography, plenty of prayer but no homosexuals in schools.

WHAT HAPPENED: Reagan paid lip service to the Moral Majority issues but saved all his political capital for enacting more traditional GOP goals of enriching the rich and impoverishing the poor. Then came Bakker and Swaggart, Meese and Noriega, and a surgeon general who favors condom availability. Falwell got embroiled in the PTL debacle, and Robertson's nonstarter presidential candidacy further discredited the notion that the born-again right was of vast electoral significance.

THE MAN: Alexander Haig

THE PROMISE: Reagan's appointment of this tough, experienced general as his chief diplomat showed the world that he meant business against the Soviets.

WHAT HAPPENED: Reagan got shot, and Haig's sweaty, death-ray gaze as he said "I am in control" reassured nobody; purged early, before he could quit in a huff; left less than a ripple as a presidential aspirant, and his relentless ridicule of Bush on the campaign trail—Haig even endorsed Bob Dole after he abandoned his own candidacy—pretty much ensured that short of a coup, Haig won't return to public life.

THE MAN: David Stockman

THE PROMISE: The ultra-yuppie number cruncher's 1980 memo (cowritten with Kemp)—the one that predicted an "economic Dunkirk" not long after

the Reagan inauguration—caught the president's attention and won Stockman the post of director of the OMB, and the job of dismantling the government. Soon he became more than a budget slasher and was a major player in tax, monetary and social policies.

WHAT HAPPENED: Describing Reagan administration budget assumptions, Stockman told *The Atlantic* in 1981 that "nobody understands these numbers." Although he was publicly scolded and his influence diminished, he kept popping off until 1985, when he quit to accept a partnership with Salomon Brothers. Hired to bring in business, he failed. Published a tell-all memoir that revealed further dissonance between policy and reality in Washington. Revealed himself as someone who will conceal and dissemble most of the time, then cough up what he really thinks at the most inopportune moment.

THE MAN: Terry Dolan

THE PROMISE: Like Viguerie, Dolan, the former head of the National Conservative Political Action Committee, was a freelance conservative fundraiser who became a star by sponsoring expensive and effectively negative advertising campaigns against liberal candidates. Brash and aggressive, his hard-right NCPAC helped defeat McGovern, Bayh, Church and Culver in 1980 and promised a second infusion of illiberalism in 1982.

WHAT HAPPENED: Once Reagan was elected, NCPAC looked shrill and irrelevant. Conservatives relaxed, money dried up, and Democrats regained control of the Senate in 1986. Dolan died of AIDS later that year.

THE MAN: George Gilder

THE PROMISE: Gilder became the administration's house intellectual when his *Wealth and Poverty* provided the economic justification for the administration's greed-is-good economics; Stockman described Gilder's book as "Promethean." Gilder was touted as a right-wing combination of Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and John Kenneth Galbraith, and his high profile furthered the misbegotten early-1980s notion that the GOP had become the main American vehicle of intellectual ferment.

WHAT HAPPENED: Gilder was a one-hit wonder—the introduction to the president's first Economic Report that he was commissioned to write in 1981 ended up in the trash. Now that there's a \$2.6-trillion national debt, we don't hear much from George Gilder.

—Jamie Malanowski

(continued)

it mildly. He's incredible. . . . I told him, 'Don't speak unless you speak well. You sound terrible.' He said, 'Well, let me tell you something, when they need someone to speak in Congress, they call on me, because I'm the best speaker in the House.'" Actually, it's because he has his hand up. He favors a flowery, fake-intellectual speaking style peppered with hoarily inappropriate literary references and nonsensical metaphors. But it's not as though a clumsy speaking style camouflaged the workings of a fine mind (his support of the nuclear freeze managed to make opposition to Armageddon seem trite) or that it even much interferes with his relentless self-promotion. Markey, who reportedly carries a special, camera-friendly striped tie in his pocket in case a TV crew is nearby, was earlier this year named the House's number one camera hog in a poll in *Washingtonian* magazine.

Markey is further notorious for his utter inability to crack a joke. One elaborate bomb occurred during an appearance in 1985 at the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick dinner held annually in his district. Markey was trying to make light of the fact that in the election a few months earlier he'd held his seat despite the opposition of almost every local newspaper in the district. He produced a mock ransom note of cutout newspaper letters reading *EVERETT LEADER-HERALD ENDORSES MARKEY WHEN HELL FREEZES OVER*. No one so much as chuckled. Much better received was the subsequent riposte delivered by George Keverian, the speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, who stood up and said, "Eddie, you know why [the local paper] doesn't endorse you . . . it's because you're an asshole, Eddie." Markey nevertheless has twice run unopposed, which suggests possibilities for a future roster of Ten Stupidest Congressional Districts.

ESTIMATED IQ: 115

DUMBEST UTTERANCE: In 1984 Markey encouraged Democrats to campaign on the nuclear freeze issue. "Don't bother about the complicated details. The issue is hot and it's ours"

FUN FACT: When Markey got married, the *Everett Leader-Herald* headlined the photo OUR ED (TAKE MY PICTURE) MARKEY WEDS CHIEF OF BEHAVIORAL MEDICINE

4. Senator Alfonse D'Amato



It has now become conventional wisdom that while Alfonse D'Amato may not be "book-smart," he more than makes up for it in political savvy. D'Amato has, in *The New York Times's* words, "garnered a new, improved reputation as the state's great and effective champion." The American Enterprise Institute's Norman Ornstein, the embodiment of inside-the-Beltway consensus, has officially anointed D'Amato as acceptable: "He's moved up in the Senate, he's gained stature, he's become a lot sharper." There's now talk that a man who began as an agent of Nassau County political boss and convicted extortionist Joseph Margiotta will run for governor in 1990. And the standards came a-tumblin' down.

Is Al D'Amato dumb? As a Democratic political operative in Washington puts it, he's as "dumb as a fox, an idiot savant [about politics]." Beyond that, he's still the same foulmouthed, inarticulate goomba he always was, the guy who two years ago told a reporter that if the man wrote anything bad about him, "I'd come looking for you with a baseball bat." He's the same mean and

goofy troll-under-the-bridge who refused to help find funding for a low-income housing project in Brooklyn because, he said, "We didn't do too well with the animal vote, did we? Isn't it the animals who live in these projects? They're not our people." Does D'Amato have dignity and a sense of proportion? *In spades*. When he arrived to testify at the trial of Lucchese-family stooge Philip Basile—he would be Basile's only character witness, and would call him "a man of integrity"—D'Amato started pressing the flesh with everyone in the courtroom, stopping only when an aide said, "Come on, Al, cut out the fucking politicking." Does D'Amato understand gratitude? *You bet!* When Basile was released from prison, he enlisted Al's brother, Armand, to help him protect his liquor licenses. Armand obtained a "certificate of relief" from Judge Robert Roberto that enabled Basile to retain his four liquor licenses. Later Alfonse recommended Roberto for a federal judgeship. Does Al seek to uplift himself? *And how*. He once proposed to Senator Moynihan that they host *The Pat and Al Show*, a kind of Siskel-and-Ebert program about politics.

D'Amato survives because, as Ornstein told the *Times*, New Yorkers are "cynical and skeptical enough to have the sense that maybe he does a few things that are not quite so kosher to get his way, but he does it for New York, not to line his own pockets." And yet his chairmanship of a subcommittee with jurisdiction over the SEC enabled him to raise more than \$500,000 from Wall Street prior to his 1986 reelection campaign.

ESTIMATED IQ: 89

MOST SIGNIFICANT PREPARATION FOR CONGRESS: Maintaining his purity and innocence while serving as an upper operative in the Margiotta machine

DUMBEST UTTERANCE: Al once complimented a witness for his "steadforthness"

MOST IMPORTANT LEGISLATIVE ACCOMPLISHMENT: Shamelessly proposed awarding terrorism victim Leon Klinghoffer the Congressional Medal of Honor

FUN FACT: Long-separated D'Amato, who confessed to one friend that he sleeps with a plant named Oscar, has introduced his girlfriend to at least one Senate wife as "my Madonna"

5. Senator Larry Pressler



Rhodes scholar, Harvard Law School graduate, midwestern United States senator, presidential candidate, pretty face—Pressler is a kind of George Bush–Dan Quayle hybrid in which the Quayle intelligence genes were dominant. Indeed, Larry Pressler may well be more Quayle than Quayle himself. Known as Larry Press-Release to his colleagues, the Republican from South Dakota was recently ranked in a University of Nebraska study as one of the five least respected men in the Senate. "He's got no substance whatsoever," says a journalist who covers him.

One of Pressler's most devoted South Dakota supporters was asked to describe Pressler's appeal in the state. "He knows how to get elected," the supporter answered after some thought. "He knows how to create an image as far as South Dakota is concerned, he gets his pictures in the paper, he's a nice-appearing guy—but he'll never win a speaking contest."

What does Larry Pressler stand for? That seems to depend on



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when you ask him. As *The Wall Street Journal* reported, Pressler once wrote to a constituent that while he was personally opposed to abortion, "I am even more opposed to infringing upon the rights of individuals to make their own moral decisions." Four days later he was the cosponsor of an amendment prohibiting abortion. Another time, he supported legislation to retain regulation of large natural-gas companies, helping one proposal pass by four votes. A few minutes later he voted to send the bill back to committee. To be fair, Pressler is a staunch supporter of congressional junketeering. In 1986, as chairman of the Subcommittee on European Affairs, he took a ten-day trip to study that most vexing problem in Euramerican affairs, consulate closings in the minisates. When it became clear that he was doing no such thing, Pressler came up with a new reason for his excursion, namely, to "expand his sensitivity to northern Italy." He did meet with Prince Rainier of Monaco, who, though genuinely displeased by the planned closing of the American consulate in Nice, did arrange for Pressler to play tennis with Prince Albert.

Like many other dumb people, Pressler can be tenacious about holding on to an idea whenever one strays into his consciousness. Last May he took on Secretary of State George Shultz during a hearing on the medium-range nuclear arms treaty. Pressler asked an unusually stupid, farfetched hypothetical question and then, getting no answer, *would not stop asking it*. He wanted to know how the secretary would respond if the Senate attached an amendment to the treaty, making it operative only after the Soviets agreed to parity in conventional forces.

SHULTZ: I think it would be a terrible thing for the Senate to do.

PRESSLER: *But let's say that the Senate passed such an amendment.*

SHULTZ: I can't imagine —

PRESSLER: *Well, let's just imagine that they did.*

SHULTZ: — the Senate, with the good sense that it has, passing such an amendment.

PRESSLER: *Well, let's just imagine that the Senate did.*

SHULTZ: I can't imagine it. I don't have the capacity to imagine it.

PRESSLER: *Well, if you really stretched your imagination . . .*

SHULTZ: No.

PRESSLER: *And — would you still — let's just say that —*

SHULTZ: It could do a lot of dumb things, but nothing that dumb.

ESTIMATED IQ: 107

MOST IMPORTANT LEGISLATIVE ACCOMPLISHMENT: Getting the road to Mount Rushmore widened

FUN FACT: The junketeering Pressler was once detained in Poland, allegedly as a publicity stunt. They gave him back

6. Representative Gus Yatron



Some observers of Congress would argue that a catalog of the Ten Dumbest Legislators could be composed entirely of Pennsylvanians. In addition to the much despised Robert Walker and the dolorous Senator Arlen Specter (see "Popsicles and Nutty Buddies," page 82), Pennsylvania can boast of Representative Joseph Kolter, an outspoken though ill-informed opponent of aid to the contras,

whom he once accused of being communists.

But the real dope from the Keystone State is Democratic congressman Gus Yatron, who has nonetheless managed to hold on to his office for two decades, winning by overwhelming margins even on those occasions when he does not run unopposed. His secret: never taking sides and never speaking unless aides have told him exactly what to say. A reporter recalls visiting Yatron in his office and asking the congressman about his already announced opposition to federally funded abortion. Yatron told the reporter he had written down what he wanted to say. For five minutes the congressman rummaged in and around his desk, vainly searching for the piece of paper. Finally, remembers the reporter, Yatron said, "I can't find it, so I can't comment on it."

Yatron has not been completely successful in disguising his incompetence. In 1981 fellow Democrats took the extraordinary step of dumping him from the chairmanship of the Inter-American Affairs Subcommittee — not, as his partisans claimed, for ideological reasons, but simply because his colleagues considered him too stupid for the job.

ESTIMATED IQ: 90

MOST SIGNIFICANT PREPARATION FOR CONGRESS: As a professional heavyweight prizefighter in his youth, Yatron took many blows to the head

FUN FACT: A former aide to another Pennsylvania congressman recalls trying to recruit Yatron for a radio talk show: "He got all pissed off and wouldn't come on because we wouldn't write his answers to my questions"

7. Representative Joseph Kennedy II



When Joe Kennedy was first running for Congress in 1986, he made a campaign appearance at an ice cream store, where he wore a hat and bib and manned the scoop for a while. A wire photo of the publicity stunt was sent out with the caption SODA JERK. This is not how Uncle Jack got started.

Kennedy once screamed, "Don't you know who I am?" at a baker who would not accept his check. Today he grumbles publicly about how he is not taken seriously because of his pedigree. Of course, only his pedigree allowed Kennedy in 1986 to drop into Massachusetts's Eighth Congressional District and overwhelm a group of vastly more qualified Democratic contenders, and only his pedigree fuels the talk that Kennedy might run for governor if Dukakis leaves that post next year. This is the same Kennedy who, two years before announcing for Congress, swore that he would shun politics. "It's just not in me to do it. It's such a crummy system," he said. "I really wonder if it isn't better to go out and do something than fight this ball of molasses."

You have to wonder who in the family syrup empire helped steer him straight. After all, Joe Kennedy doesn't seem to be qualified for much besides government work. He dropped out of Milton Academy, transferred out of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and then stumbled through the not highly regarded University of Massachusetts at Boston, rarely attending classes and earning graduation by piling up credits in "experimental learning."

After graduation, he founded Citizens Energy Corporation, a not-for-profit company that provided cheap gas and oil for the

needy in the Boston area. Even more significant, it provided an effective promotional vehicle for the Kennedy name and face. As Michael Kinsley put it in 1985, "It's a repackaged legend for a third-generation Kennedy. . . . It's also a vast publicity machine."

He rode that machine to Congress. There the chronically disorganized Kennedy lives on the edge of disaster, surviving on schmooze power and adrenaline. Kennedy unscripted is hopped-up gibberish, an almost dadaist assortment of sentence fragments, expletives and exaggerated bonhomie that make Uncle Teddy's incoherent justification of his 1980 presidential bid to Roger Mudd look positively Periclean. Joe also displays an extreme gee-whizzness about politics. When he was lusting to join the Energy Committee, he said, "Man, you could make a lot of friends real fast on those supercommittees"—as if he thought all those family photos taken at the White House were snapped on a vacation trip. He seems to have some George Bush in him: as *GQ* reported, Kennedy was surprised at the success of his tongue-tied effort to involve Elie Wiesel in the Northern Ireland issue. "Gee," Joe said, "if I were him with that Israeli thing going, I don't know if I'd get involved with some other thing." Of course, say what you will about Bush—lapdog, ninny, bad president—no one has said he is dumb as a doornail, which is how one journalist who covers Kennedy has described his charge.

ESTIMATED IQ: 113

MOST SIGNIFICANT PREPARATION FOR CONGRESS: Living through birth

DUMBEST UTTERANCE: Kennedy once bragged that he'd never read a book from cover to cover in his life and had no interest in doing so

FUN FACT: Joe threatened to boycott the dedication of the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston in 1979 because the ceremonies included a film about his uncle (the president and the person for whom the library was being named) that was half an hour longer than the one about his father (the attorney general turned senator)

8. Representative Marty Martinez



Some of those who comment unkindly about a congressman's intelligence do so subtly, even elliptically. Not those describing Matthew G. "Marty" Martinez, a Democratic congressman from Los Angeles. "He really is among the worst and the stupidest," says an aide to a former opponent. "He's pathetic. I've never encountered anyone less impressive," says a journalist. "He's a big fat lazy slob," says one of Martinez's ex-staffers. "He's a semi-illiterate," says another. "He needed to have words read to him. If there was a multisyllable word, he would need to have it read to him and explained." No wonder his staff nicknamed him Bonehead.

Martinez is a congressman thanks to some convenient gerrymandering and the unlikely support of California representatives Howard Berman and Henry Waxman, two liberal schemers who like having Martinez in their back pocket. "His entire career has been as a puppet," says a journalist who has covered him.

Martinez spends much of his time in a more or less public extramarital liaison with Maxine Anne Grant, whom he paid \$72,210 in 1987 for acting as both his office chief of staff and administrator of the Education and Labor Subcommittee, which

he chairs. Grant, now his press aide, and Martinez, who calls her Maxy Waxy, openly conduct their affair in the office, former staffers say, their squabbles more than once causing him to miss key House votes. "It was gross," says a staffer. "A huge exaggeration of the congressional screw."

ESTIMATED IQ: 91

MOST SIGNIFICANT PREPARATION FOR CONGRESS: Owned an upholstery company from 1957 to 1982

MOST IMPORTANT LEGISLATIVE ACCOMPLISHMENT: Martinez has sponsored or cosponsored official designations of National Job Skills Week, National Dairy Goat Awareness Week, National Digestive Disease Awareness Week and National Family Bread-Baking Month

FUN FACT: Though Martinez has maintained that he is divorced from his wife, Vera, they in fact remain legally married. Vera has campaigned for Marty, but when she calls the office, she uses an assumed name in order to throw off Maxine

9. Virginia's Senate Delegation Past, Present and Future



Two hundred years ago Virginia was the great spawning ground for political leaders—Jefferson, Washington and Madison more or less created the United States. Unfortunately, they died. Virginia politicians have been coasting on their predecessors' achievements and debasing their legacy ever since.

Perhaps the stupidest person ever elected to the Senate was Virginia's William Scott, a Republican legislator so thick that he actually held a press conference to deny that he was, as *New Times* had declared in 1974, the stupidest congressman. Once when interviewing a prospective staff member Scott asked the woman her religion. Jewish, she said. "Oh, I've got too many of those here now to hire you," Scott said. Another time Scott said, "The only reason we need ZIP codes is because niggers can't read." During a special military briefing, Scott was being tutored by Pentagon generals about missile silos. "Wait a minute," he said. "I'm not interested in agriculture. I want the military stuff."

In perhaps his only intelligent move, Scott declined to run for reelection in 1978. But his manifest stupidity in office paved the way for his nearly-as-dumb successor, Republican John Warner. Warner had been Navy secretary under Richard Nixon, which later prompted Nixon to say, "Hell, anybody can do that job. We've had John Warner."

Warner spent his college days parrying with Pat Robertson. Later Warner would get married, first to a Mellon, which brought him money, and then, in a desperate attempt to make himself glamorous, to Elizabeth Taylor. She was Warner's biggest asset in the 1978 campaign for the Republican senatorial nomination, but he still finished second. Then—in an extraordinary example of dumb luck—the nominee died in a plane crash. Warner took his spot on the ticket and eked out a victory.

As senator, Warner has done little but funnel defense budget money to his state and try to downplay his patrician image. And though he has diligently plodded away, he hasn't changed many people's minds about his fundamental lack of smarts. "He's the dumbest man I've ever met," said Jack Kent Cooke, a man who,

as the owner of the Washington Redskins and former owner of the Los Angeles Lakers and Los Angeles Kings, has met dozens of professional athletes from three sports.

At least Warner is sincere. His former counterpart, Republican Paul Trible, the one-term senator who retired last month, is a sniveling sycophant with an unfulfilled lust for power. When Trible was campaigning for the Senate, he ran an ad showing himself decked out in military gear and climbing into a military plane—despite his total lack of military experience. That was good enough for Virginians, who elected him. Once in the Senate, Trible gained renown for introducing a bill limiting manufacturers' liability for certain defective products. He was acting on behalf of A. H. Robins, the Virginia-based manufacturer of the Dalkon shield IUD, which was facing a wave of lawsuits. Trible's pathetic bailout attempt was laughed out of the Senate.

Trible's sleaziest moments came during the Iran-contra hearings. Trible grilled unpopular witnesses such as Richard Secord and John Poindexter but nuzzled Oliver North when the mad colonel proved a hit with the American people. The stupid thing was that Trible as much as admitted to a reporter, in the presence of his colleague Senator James McClure, that when it came to questioning North he took a dive.

Trible didn't run for reelection, claiming that he wanted to spend more time with his family. Many suspect that he was afraid of losing. Maybe, maybe not. As it turned out, his opponent would have been former Democratic governor Chuck Robb, who took over Trible's seat a few weeks ago and is no slouch himself when it comes to thickheadedness. The campaign would have been a race between Tweedledum and Tweedledummer.

Robb, a conservative Democrat best known for marrying Lyndon Johnson's less pretty daughter, is not Virginia-born, but there are signs that he's just as dumb as the state's native politicians. He once accepted an offer to give a speech at the Old Dominion Boat Club in Alexandria. Of course, no one had told him at the time that the club didn't accept blacks, Jews (aside from one token) or women as members. He found out before the event, however, and despite a boycott by local Democrats, Robb spoke anyway.

Robb's smooth glide to the Senate was briefly interrupted when it was revealed that his recreation of choice was hanging out with cokeheads at swanky Virginia Beach parties. Ten of Robb's former acquaintances have been the subjects of a federal drug investigation. But damage control was swift and effective. Robb denied ever seeing coke at the parties in question and then said contritely, "Can you fault me for enjoying what you would call 'the beach scene' and thinking that I could get away with it? Yep. Yep." Besides, his opponent had three strikes against him—he was Republican, black and, most problematic in Virginia, smart.

ESTIMATED IQ (Warner and Robb combined): 194

WARNER'S MOST SIGNIFICANT PREPARATION FOR CONGRESS: Marrying well

WARNER'S MOST IMPORTANT LEGISLATIVE ACCOMPLISHMENT: Introduced a bill to permit his stepson (Elizabeth Taylor's son) to stay in this country despite the son's renunciation of his U.S. citizenship in 1971 and convictions on marijuana charges in England in 1974

FUN FACT: Though Warner claims to be a farmer, he keeps a swimming pool in his barn

10. Senator Chic Hecht



Last November there was one senator whose stupidity went beyond the pale, and the voters of Nevada sent Chic Hecht packing. His defeat ended one of the most unimpressive Senate careers ever. "He's really not playing with a full deck," says one congressional staffer. "You don't expect to meet guys like that in a gas station."

Hecht, a haberdasher who was narrowly elected in 1982 despite his opponent's handicap of being named in a mob indictment, became a nonperson on Capitol Hill virtually as soon as he arrived, when he declared that he would not allow those who wanted to deposit nuclear waste in Nevada to turn the state into a "nuclear suppository." Last spring, when Israeli prime minister Yitzhak Shamir met with Jewish lawmakers, Hecht showed up and sought to speak. His demeanor caused Representative Sidney R. Yates, who was presiding, to mistake Hecht for some unauthorized, crackpot interloper. Last March, speaking before a Senate committee, Hecht demonstrated that he didn't understand the long-standing policy of federally insured savings accounts.

Hecht, a Republican, is not without his virtues. He understands gratitude and patriotism, albeit in a crude, pathetically dopey way. When Hecht was found choking on a bit of apple in a Senate corridor last July, Senator John Kerry, chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, which had targeted Hecht for defeat, quickly performed the Heimlich maneuver on him. Hecht gurgled, "You know, that's the difference between America and another country. He's targeted me as number one, yet he saved my life. That's the story of America."

ESTIMATED IQ: 81

MOST SIGNIFICANT PREPARATION FOR CONGRESS: Sucked up to Paul Laxalt

DUMBEST UTTERANCE: Asked in an interview about his covert operations as an Army intelligence officer behind the Iron Curtain, Hecht replied, "The word is not *covert*, it's *overt*. *Covert* means you're out in the open. *Overt* is what I did. That means you're undercover." Hecht later mentioned that he'd been inducted into the Army Intelligence Hall of Fame

MOST IMPORTANT LEGISLATIVE ACCOMPLISHMENT: Proposing a Congressional Gold Medal for Red Skelton

FUN FACT: President Reagan, sensing a soul mate in trouble, came to Hecht's defense at a fundraiser last spring. "Like Chic," the president said, "I've had a career of being underestimated. I have a hunch that being underestimated will turn out to be Chic's secret weapon."

It didn't, but Hecht's defeat last November is a negligible downward blip in an otherwise unequivocal national trend. First Ronald Reagan, now J. Danforth Quayle, later Young Joe, the Forgettable Kennedy—ladies and gentlemen, welcome the once and future leaders of the United States. As Dan Quayle is no doubt happy to tell anyone who will pay him even the slightest bit of attention, the great thing about America is that anyone can become anything, even a high public official, if he just puts his mind to it. ☸

"I'M NOT AN IDIOT—
BUT I PLAY ONE ON TV"



1984: Pennsylvania voters reject a candidate for Congress, Nancy Kulp, who played the intelligent Miss Hathaway on *The Beverly Hillbillies*.



1988: Georgia voters elect a Democratic candidate for Congress, Ben Jones, who played the cretinous Cooter on *The Dukes of Hazzard*.



Nationalism
Lari Pittman / Rosamund Felsen Gallery



Wedel Jarlesberg and His Friend
Laura Lasworth / Asher/Faure



Fruit & Spotted Floor
David Hockney / Courtesy of David Hockney



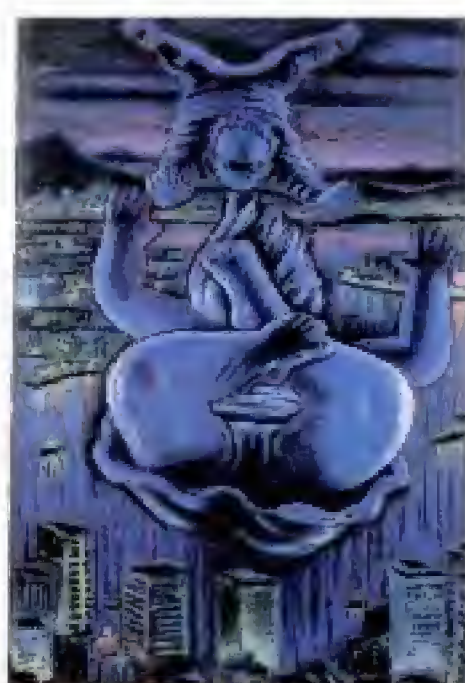
Raftsmen
John Germain / Richard Green Gallery



Doll
Maxwell Hendler / Asher/Faure



Cure Yourself of Racism
Erika Rothenburg / Rosamund Felsen Gallery



Untitled (RY-105)
Robert Yarber / Asher/Faure



Frostbite
Charles Arnoldi / James Corcoran Gallery



Self-Examination
Mike Kelley / Rosamund Felsen Gallery

Now art can prolong life as well as imitate it.

Last year, the New York art world banded together to create Art Against AIDS, a fund raising effort that raised over two million dollars for AIDS research.

This year, Art Against AIDS expands to a national campaign. The artists pictured above are part of Art Against AIDS/LA, a joint venture of AIDS Project Los Angeles and the American Foundation for AIDS Research.

Original logo design by Dan Friedman.



With your help, there's no telling how much money can be raised. So if you can, please support this important sales effort. Or mail your tax-deductible contribution to AmFAR, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Second Floor, East Satellite, Los Angeles, CA 90036-5032.

Research has already found a way to prolong life. With your contributions, further research may find a way to save it.



ONE OR TWO MINOR ADJUSTMENTS TO THE LANDSCAPE WERE OFTEN MADE BY THE ESTATE OFFICERS

They came to Virginia and bought themselves a forbidding estate. They tried to muscle their way into society—and succeeded, after a fashion. But no one knew: What did

John and Patricia Kluge really want? What queer motivation lay behind their grotesque generosity? How much truth was there to the dark stories about his vast fortune,

about her smoky, lurid past? What horrors befell the innocent beasts who wandered through their gates of doom? Why did death and bad publicity haunt them at every

turn? AVERY CHENOWETH uncovered the strange terror-tale of sorts that we call . . .

THE SECRET OF

albemarle farms

OR, WHAT THE BILLIONAIRE'S BUTLER SAW



CHAPTER I

IN WHICH AN AUTOMOTIVE ACCIDENT BODES ILL, EXOTIC STRANGERS BUILD A FABULOUS HOME, UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS CAST A PALL OVER ALBEMARLE COUNTY, AND THE TOPIC OF DEAD PETS IS BRIEFLY ALLUDED TO

One night just a few years ago, the mistress of Albemarle Farms left the birthday party she was throwing for her husband, the second-richest man in America, and nearly got herself killed. An employee saw her stride out to the driveway of her Virginia estate, jump into her 1923 Ford Roadster and hit the gas. She must have thought that the car was in reverse. It wasn't. The automobile lurched forward, jumped a stone retaining wall and balanced on its running boards, its front wheels spinning against nothing but air. Had she given it just a touch more gas, the open convertible would have flipped, fallen nearly ten feet and crushed the 40-year-old former British soft-core-porn star.

A cry escaped her breast as the car hurtled into the abyss. And still the ghostly hands held her foot down fast and hard upon the accelerator—the foot that would never again dance a gay foxtrot well into the night. . . .

Well, these things happen. And they happen with harrowing frequency on Albemarle Farms, an almost inconceivably lavish estate just south of Charlottesville, Virginia, where John and Patricia Kluge enjoy a life fraught with enormous wealth. Big John Kluge, now 74, keeps in shape by hustling business deals, hustling his neighbors and reducing his servants' salaries. Patricia Kluge stays busy collecting horse-drawn carriages and jerry-rigging a film festival for the "unappreciative back-stabbers" (in a friend's words) at the nearby University of Virginia. Their adopted son, five-year-old John Boy Kluge (they live just a short drive from the real Walton's Mountain)—well, heck, he just fishes with Uncle Remus down at the lake, or so the bought-and-paid-for, leaf-fringed fable goes.

Yes, this is it—the apotheosis of the good life. Five years ago, John and Patricia left Palm Beach and moved to the lush Virginia horse country of

Albemarle County, the tradition-bound home to first families of Virginia and Daughters of the Confederacy, as well as to such latter-day aristocrats as Ann Beattie, Muhammad Ali, Martina Navratilova, and Sam Shepard and Jessica Lange. Here, beneath the democratic shadows of Jefferson's Monticello and Monroe's Ash Lawn, John and Patricia felt they could build an estate to rival Windsor, establish a family line to rival the Hapsburgs' (or at least the Gambinos') and, with any luck, live gracefully and quietly.

And so they bought up numerous farms and merged them to amass an estate of almost 10,000 acres (they keep a triplex atop the Metromedia building in Manhattan and spend summers cruising the Mediterranean on their 125-foot yacht, *The Virginian*). They sprinkled the land with barns and stables suitable for the most gentlemanly farming (a cut above the common herd, the swanky Kluge cows chew their cud beneath their barn's brass chandeliers). Their landscapers brought in powerful machinery and dug out *five* man-made lakes. Their builders tore down a modest brick house and built from scratch the fabulous Albemarle House, a 45-room pseudo-Georgian mansion chockablock with ancient Greek vases and silk wall coverings and pictures of the Kluges' royal chums in cozy stand-up table frames (*"Faux opulence,"* says an envious local patrician). Smiling Negro servants stand about in eighteenth-century livery to pose with Patricia for *Town & Country* (the servants "like" to wear livery, says the magazine). And everywhere across the estate there is some touch to satisfy her Anglophiliac sweet tooth: formal English gardens, a croquet course, the carriage collection. Her pet project is the 850-acre game preserve—or, as she calls it when not angling for a wildlife conservationist's tax break, the Shoot. Here she treats imported rich people and local guests to an English-style hunt on rare days of glory around this time of year.

But patrician society in the Old Dominion is a tough nut to crack—especially when you're suspected of being perhaps just a little bit *vulgar*—and since their arrival, the master and mistress of Albemarle Farms have worn their smiles down nearly to the gums in an effort to ingratiate themselves with the entrenched old-money country folk. They've donated \$3 million to the University of Virginia's Children's Rehabilitation Center (now the Kluge Children's Rehabilitation Center and Research Institute), and millions more to the exclusive St. Anne's-Belfield School. Patricia Kluge even cut the ribbon at the opening ceremony for Charlottesville's Giant supermarket (the Giant chain is owned by Big John's pal Israel Cohen). And they have been very careful to include local social climbers at their table whenever they entertain the impoverished European royalty who drop by for the free room and board.

And yet, despite all the good works and newcomer friendliness, many local folks (as we discovered when we spoke to dozens of them) just seem to despise and fear the Kluges.

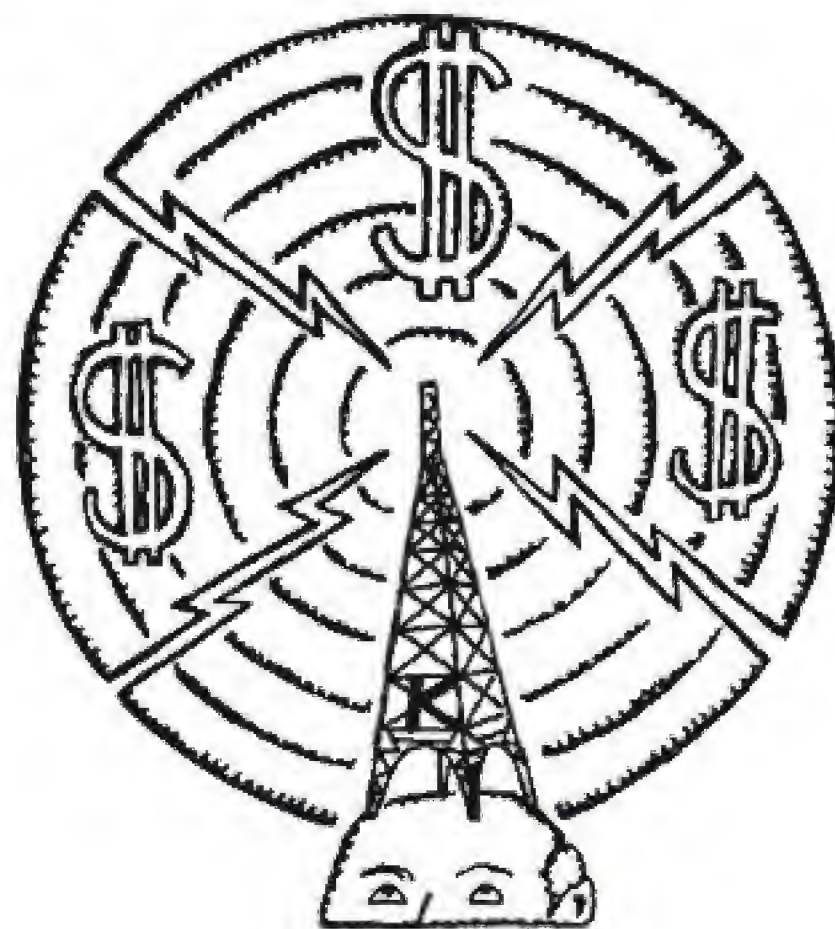
You see, it's not only the billionaire muscle and nouveau riche pretension that repel the good people of Albemarle County, both highborn and low; it's the fact that bad things always seem to happen when the Kluges are around, as if a sort of curse hangs heavy on top of Albemarle Farms' rolling hills, its 18-hole Arnold Palmer-designed golf course, its helicopter pad, its ham-handed instant gentility. Whatever the circumstance, the Kluge rule of thumb seems to be, If it can blow up in their faces, it will. Cars fly over embankments. Charity balls turn into forums for public

humiliation. Neighborly business deals engender nasty lawsuits. Parties disintegrate into Marie Antoinettish displays of excess. Simple kindnesses inflame lust and envy. Vehicles hit trees. And Patricia's gamekeepers are arrested after her preserve turns out to be pitted with mass graves full of neighbors' pets and federally protected species of hawks and owls—hundreds of dead animals in all.

A skeletal, rotting paw thrust its way skyward from beneath the fetid earth. Another followed. . . .

Of course, Albemarle Farms is no Frankenstein's Castle or House of Usher. The locals haven't taken up torches and stormed the gates. Not exactly. And if and when the going gets really rough, John and Patricia can always take comfort in their spanking-new, state-of-the-art dynastic crypt, right on the estate; short of cryogenics, it's the grandest death money can buy.

But that's getting ahead of the story.



CHAPTER II

IN WHICH THE MASTER OF ALBEMARLE FARMS BECOMES A BILLIONAIRE UNDER ALTOGETHER CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES AND A HYPOTHETICAL ORPHAN IS SWINDLED OF HIS INHERITANCE

Forbes estimates John Werner Kluge's wealth at \$3.5 billion, his fortune second in America only to that of the Wal-Mart chain's founder, Sam Walton. Kluge was born in Germany in 1914, and contrary to interesting rumor, he did not get his start by absconding with millions from the moribund Third Reich. A self-made man, he was raised in meager circumstances in America by his mother and a stepfather and went to Columbia on a scholarship, graduating in 1937 (after having nearly been expelled for gambling). With some savings, he became the New England distributor for the company that became Frito-Lay, and in 1946 he purchased a radio station in Silver Spring, Maryland; within 15 years he had agglomerated that station and numerous others, both radio and TV, into the Metromedia Corporation, which eventually fattened itself to the point of including billboard concerns and telephone systems, plus the Harlem Globetrotters and the Ice

Capades. Frito corn chips, Meadowlark Lemon and Peggy Fleming: how could one man ask for anything more?

Easily, it seems. Greed works in ingenious ways, and billionairehood came swiftly for the junk-food and junk-sports conglomerateur. Metromedia was a publicly held company, but in 1983 Kluge put together a buyout deal to take the company private, ostensibly as a way of stabilizing it and better looking after its long-term interests. Stockholders were paid roughly \$720 million, Kluge ended up owning 94 percent of the company, and two years later he had quite lucratively gutted it, selling off the television stations (which formed the basis for Rupert Murdoch's Fox network), the Globetrotters and just about everything else, for a total of more than \$4.5 billion—of which he received 94 percent. (Besides the empty husk of Metromedia, Kluge still owns dozens of properties; nearly 70 percent of Orion Pictures, much of it bought during the last year; the Ponderosa Steakhouse chain—"We've always got a place to eat," he joked to *Forbes*; and a piece of *Cats*.)

Not everyone was impressed by Kluge's immensely profitable sleight of hand. "To put [the Metromedia transactions] in bottom-line terms," declared *Barron's* shortly after the selloffs, "... John W. Kluge paid *his own* stockholders roughly one-sixth or less what their equity ownership in Metromedia turned out to be worth." The magazine went on to note that as an executive of the company—he was both chairman and CEO—Kluge was required by law to put the stockholders' interests ahead of his own in all circumstances. *Barron's* then drew a pointed analogy: "Suppose a trustee for an orphan sold to himself property for which he paid the orphan \$5,000, then resold the property two years later for \$30,000. In what sense would that transaction differ from the Kluge-Metromedia transaction?"

The answer, of course, is that some of the Metromedia shareholders presumably had parents and Big John Kluge made a profit more than 100,000 times as great as the hypothetical orphan-bilker.



CHAPTER III

IN WHICH AN ECDYSIAST OF UNCERTAIN VIRTUE AND FOREIGN ORIGIN IS INTRODUCED

Back when he was still a millionaire, back when he was married to somebody else, Kluge met Patricia Rose Gay in Manhattan. Described by acquaintances as poised and charming, she is the daughter of an English father and a Scottish-Iraqi mum. After spending her Winnie-the-Pooh years in Baghdad (she often moons romantically about her "colonial" childhood), she moved to London as a teenager, and in the late 1960s, having fallen on hard times, the tall, svelte soubrette posed nude as a masturbatory aid

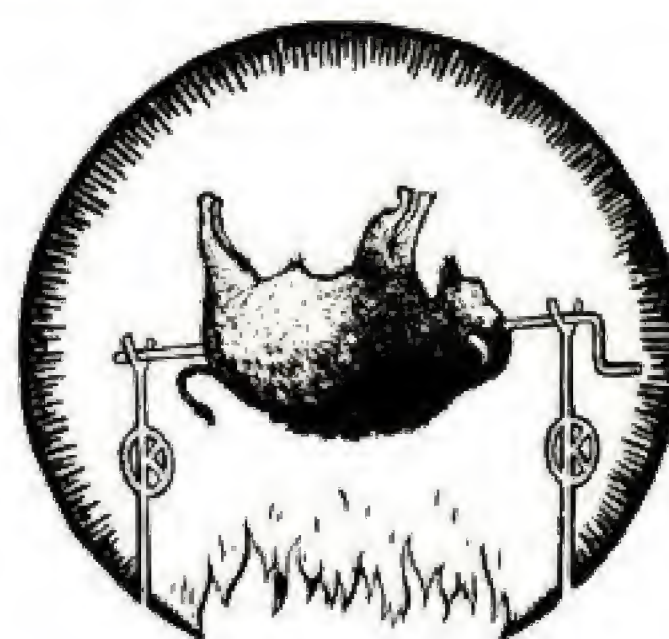
for the readers of *Knave*, an English skin magazine. At the time, she was married to *Knave's* publisher, Russell Gay, who had discovered her in a London belly-dance club. In her heyday as a sort of British Xaviera Hollander, she contributed a dirty advice column to the magazine and simulated sexual intercourse in a movie called *The Nine Ages of Nakedness*. Looking back from her vantage point as Mrs. John Kluge, she reminisced to the *Los Angeles Times* in 1987 about her career-girl past: "I was very young and very much in love and very naive and I'm not ashamed of it. It was very amusing, I have to say." Indeed, given the radical transformation of her social circumstances, it remains very amusing (see "How to Marry a Millionaire," *SPY*, September 1987).

After a divorce from Russell Gay and a halfhearted career on the other side of the lens as a soft-core-porn movie producer, she met John Kluge at a fundraiser in New York in 1976. Although she was engaged (to a nonmillionaire English psychiatrist) and Kluge was married, something must have clicked. After discarding better halves, the two eventually began "dating" and in 1981 were married in St. Patrick's Cathedral. John has two children from one of his two earlier marriages, Patricia none, but in 1983 they adopted an infant of their own, John Jr. (Patricia's friend Barbara Sinatra is the child's godmother).

Patricia moved quickly to achieve social preeminence. Four years ago, when they still lived in Palm Beach, the Kluges were all set to host Prince Charles and his peevish wife for a \$50,000-a-ticket charity ball when the indecorous English tabloids got hold of Patricia's old nudies and splashed them raucously across page 1. *The Star* dubbed her Di's Porn Queen Hostess, Patricia resigned as chairman of the ball and the Kluges diplomatically announced that they would be traveling and therefore unable even to attend it. Shortly thereafter, they moved to rich rural Nowheresville.

"If there's one place in the world where people will leave you alone," Big John once told a guest, "it's Albemarle County."

But he was wrong.



CHAPTER IV

IN WHICH DARK RUMORS CIRCULATE AMONG THE TOWNSFOLK, AN INVITATION INCITES FOUL AND UNNATURAL PASSION, AND A DEAD BISON IS FOUND IMPALED ON A SPIT

In spite of John and Patricia's billions and the loyalty they command through intimidation, a life of happy publicity has not been

theirs. Even before the arrest of their gamekeepers, the quiet life in Virginia had eluded them. In fact, just as soon as they started buying up farms, the first rumors began to fly. Neighbors worried that property values would go up because of the billionaires' presence. They also feared that the estate would be used as a training camp for the fun-loving Harlem Globetrotters (Albemarle is not part of the New South). Then—Virginia governor Gerald Baliles selected Patricia to be one of two Virginians to be made American citizens during the bicentennial celebration at the Statue of Liberty, and once again the papers were full of the Palm Beach debacle and the exciting old photographs.

Inexorably, it seems, the Kluges began to offend and alienate their new neighbors. An athletic woman who lives nearby says that until recently a Kluge security van followed her every time she jogged by the estate. A local who attended a recent party at the estate was shocked upon passing through the gates to see guards equipped with what looked to be automatic weapons. Other townspeople complained of the Kluges' hot-tempered and arrogant gamekeepers, who threw their English accents around. Then neighbors' dogs began to disappear.

Three years ago John came up with a scheme to raise a herd of Simbrah and Simmental cattle and graciously invited 100 locals out to the farm for a presentation and a chance to get in on the deal. Five local businessmen were convinced the investment was virtually without risk—after all, as Patricia explained, the partners would be able to sell the beef to Giant supermarkets; goggled by the apparition of a free lunch, they signed on. But in March 1987 John decided that for some reason the experiment was not worth pursuing (shortly after the tax laws changed and negated the scheme's benefit as a Kluge tax shelter); he abandoned it, the local Cliff Barneses sued Big John asking \$750,000 for their investment as well as \$2.6 million in damages, and the bad publicity continued to flow. (Last fall, the federal magistrate hearing the case declined to rule on it, declaring that it would have to be tried in state court.)

And yet the Kluges try. In order to show that they've adopted the requisite Jeffersonian ideals (Patricia has even adopted the quaintly pretentious local habit of referring to Charlottesville's favorite son as *Mr. Jefferson*), John and Patricia invite Charlottesville's prominent Babbitts, Ozzies and Harriets, and even peasants to mingle at parties with the usual "speckling of kings and countesses," as one luncheon guest puts it. Patricia graciously and omnivorously says, "We regard [the citizens of Charlottesville] as an extended part of us."

But even their profligate invitations seem to have a disquieting effect on the Kluges' staid Virginia neighbors. In discussing the subject, one normally reserved local woman finds herself wallowing in erotic similes. "People *want* to get invited [to Albemarle Farms]," she says, "and that arouses a great deal of greed, of lust. It's like showing a man a naked woman," she says, apparently intending no reference to Patricia's past. "We're all sitting around having very civilized lives—that's the way Charlottesville thinks of itself—and we'd rather see these feelings buried. . . . Lust," she continues, "it's disgusting. People are having things brought out in them they don't want to see."

Well, the Kluges themselves often drag things out that many people—and not just conservative Virginians—would consider better left unseen: an entire buffalo carcass roasting on a spit, say, or Saul Steinberg and Jerry Zipkin squeezing into hoedown cos-

tumes, both sights witnessed at the Kluges' weekend-long, country-and-western estate-warming party in 1985. "We all know what money can buy," enthused New York columnist Suzy at the time of the estate-warming (after filling up half her column, as is her habit, with a simple laundry list of the many celebrities who had pledged attendance). "But it is only when it is combined with taste and imagination that something extraordinary results." Like a dinner dance that weekend held in a barn full of cows, all of which had been fed a special constipation-inducing diet just for the occasion. That's imagination. That's planning. *That's hostessing.*

But that was also a very special occasion. Let's visit Albemarle House during a more typical soiree. "Some sleek-looking European types are usually around," says one occasional guest, and regular visitors include King Juan Carlos of Spain, Katharine Graham, Chuck Robb, Betsy Bloomingdale, Beverly Sills, the Sinatras, Bob Hope, Abe Rosenthal (in fact, Rosenthal's recent wedding reception, celebrating his betrothal to bosomy dirty-book writer and *Vogue* truant Shirley Lord, took place at the Kluges' Manhattan triplex; interestingly enough, *The New York Times* didn't cover the dead-hawk-and-pet affair or the subsequent well-publicized trial, not even with an inch or two of wire service copy). You might also see Sam Shepard and Jessica Lange—they live in the big white house just across the way—and maybe fellow part-time Virginian Sissy Spacek will join them. Patricia, a former actress, more or less, is said by friends to be at her most "down-to-earth" when schmoozing with movie stars—which certainly implies an unorthodox definition of the phrase. But movie stars, even more so than residents of Charlottesville, are notoriously fussy. "I've heard better music in a cow pasture," Sam Shepard muttered at a recent Kluge affair—one at which the Kluges' constipated cattle were not, as it happened, present.

Excess just doesn't play in these precincts. Still, you can find people in Albemarle County who say that for all the unpleasant publicity and hysterical, Gilded Era ostentation, the Kluges are just plain folks and easy enough to get on with—or, at least, John is. Patricia tends to display a commoner's love for playing queen. As on the occasion of her press conference, just after her bloody gamekeepers were arrested. She began by announcing to the reporters, under her chandelier, "The reason I have *summoned* you here today . . ." She quickly realized her mistake, but the local journalists were so grateful to have been invited anywhere, let alone *there*, that it was all they could do to lob soft questions her way and cower with gratitude.

John, however, hasn't let fabulous wealth go to his head. "When he's talking to you personally, he's very, very nice," says a former estate employee. "The first time I met him he was wearing corduroys, a T-shirt and sneakers. . . . He's a regular Joe," says the employee, who goes on to observe (no Third Reich innuendo intended), "And whenever they catch these Nazi guys, they also turn out to be as nice as they can be."

That's precisely the kind of gratuitously unpleasant thing people in Albemarle County tend to say about the Kluges. A local shopkeeper who doesn't sell anything on account refused to open one for Patricia; he said later he just loved the fact that his refusal forced her to borrow cash from her chauffeur. And what had Patricia Kluge ever done to the parsimonious shopkeeper? Nothing. Nothing but move to his county and enjoy being fabulously, quite publicly rich.



CHAPTER V

IN WHICH THE SERVANTS REVOLT, A CLOAK OF SILENCE ENVELOPS ALBEMARLE FARMS, AND THE YOUNG HEIR LEARNS TO BAIT A HOOK

It's not easy owning things—especially things such as 10,000 acres of sequestered landscape. And the difficulties are compounded when, like the Kluges, you run your estate with all the attention to detail that Ronald Reagan brought to the White House. The result at Albemarle Farms, according to a number of past and present employees, has been gross waste, incompetence, stupid accidents, paranoia and boners more suitable to a team of vaudevillian stooges than to putatively upstanding billionaires. Even one of Kluge's supercilious English butlers conceded that the place is a managerial sinkhole.

Rumors swirl among Charlottesville's tradespeople that vast stores of caviar and meat, having been ordered for parties that were summarily canceled or never even scheduled, have gone to waste in the Kluge larders. One night, according to the estimates of a former Kluge employee, \$40,000 worth of Kluge plants died when no one remembered to turn on the heat in the greenhouse. An inner circle of employees covered up the error by quietly purchasing all new plants; Big John never seemed to notice (or to care about) the added expense. Of course, one gets the servants one pays for: two years ago, for example, the Kluges were paying their gamekeepers only \$150 for a seven-day week (supplemented by free room and board in one of the estate's chandelier-free farmhouses). At one of the parties they regularly give for their roughly 120 house and field workers, the hosts, who were so lavishly praised by Suzy, served up, as one in attendance says, "a smorgasbord of leftovers—half-empty bottles from other parties, cold cuts, brown potato salad, the worst I've ever had."

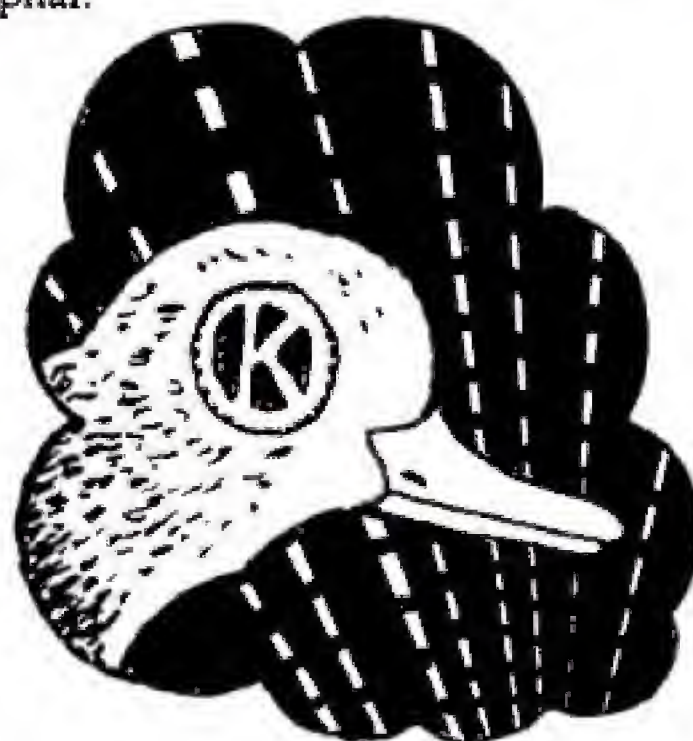
Perhaps to show their gratitude at such pinched largess, some employees have made a habit of drinking and driving on the estate, resulting in damaged property, as well as serious injuries. "They're always wrecking machinery," admits one Kluge employee of his fellow hirelings. "They'll say, 'I hit the tree 'cause the grass was wet,' but they won't tell you they were going 45 miles per hour."

As with royal retainers, those who work for the Kluges must sign a form that forbids them from talking about just these sorts of embarrassing episodes—and a small cadre of particularly loyal employees keep a suspicious eye on all the rest. "You didn't know whom you could trust up there," says one ex-employee of his days at Albemarle Farms. "People were always getting stabbed in the back. They're really schizoid out there." Another former employee

offers a different diagnosis: "They're really paranoid out there," he says. Even people who haven't worked for the Kluges in years refuse to speak about them, usually more out of fear, it seems, than out of loyalty; one man who knew John 40 years ago wouldn't relay even an innocent anecdote without a written note of permission from Big John himself.

Fortunately, we were able to find one Kluge acquaintance stout-hearted enough to divulge a tale of Kluge kindness. "They have a lake with black swans and white swans, wood duck, Chinese duck," says this friend. "An old black taxi driver used to fish in the lake. Well, the nanny would often take their boy for a walk around the grounds, and one day he saw the old black man fishing. The boy ran down to the shore, and the man taught him how to bait a hook and fish. After that the boy went down there every day. And it is said that because of this relationship, the Kluges gave him a \$200-a-month free-food chit at the Giant and put him on a stipend for the rest of his life."

The friend, however, goes on to note that she believes the story to be "apocryphal."



CHAPTER VI

IN WHICH THE HOUNDS OF ALBEMARLE COUNTY ARE ENDANGERED, A JOLLY NOBLEMAN IS DISCOVERED TO HARBOR UNPLEASANT HUMORS, AND OUR HERO AND HEROINE SUFFER THE QUEEN'S DISPLEASURE

Last March, 40 federal and state wildlife agents raided the grounds of Patricia's Shoot and set off a plume of rotten publicity that had the Kluges frantically fanning the air for months. The agents sifted through two pits filled with household trash and discovered the skeletons of 125 hawks, owls and other protected birds, as well as the bodies of a dozen dogs (the tags on one identified it as having belonged to a local policeman). There were other pits the agents didn't bother digging through, according to testimony at the ensuing trial—pits that contained a dead horse and a piano, in addition to more dead fowl. All told, authorities believe more than 400 protected birds were killed over a two-year period, sometimes at a rate of 20 a day. The agents arrested the Kluges' three English gamekeepers and charged them with systematically killing any predator—hawks, dogs, owls, foxes—that threatened the estimated 10,000 pheasants, 3,000 ducks and

thousands of other game birds that were being raised on the Kluges' 850-acre "preserve."

"[W]e came to the country to devote our lives to the accumulation of historic farms, to preserve and protect . . . nature . . . and its species," Patricia said at the time. She was shocked—*shocked*—to learn that hawks and dogs were being butchered on her property: "It is so totally foreign to our nature as preservationists." After all, she had given—and still does—to New York's Animal Medical Center and The Nature Conservancy.

What isn't totally foreign to her nature as a preservationist, however, is shotgunning hundreds of birds to death in a single afternoon, for which purpose two years ago she opened the preserve. At the gamekeepers' trial, testimony was heard that early one morning Patricia and six or seven guests had sneaked down to a duck pond with their rifles; after 30 minutes of steady fire, the preservationists had bagged 350 ducks—a kill rate of one every five seconds. But that was nothing: on a good day the animal lover and her chums would kill as many as 600 pheasants, 300 ducks and several hundred other birds.

The Shoot works this way: Patricia's guests—or "guns," as they're called—are dressed up in tweeds supplied especially by her for the occasion and then driven in open carriages out to preselected sites in the field. Beaters thrash through the grass and flush the virtually tame birds into flight so they can be decimated. Patricia supplies scorecards with quaint sketches of the various birds she stocks for slaughter, as well as an open space marked VARIOUS—which covers the occasional deer, fox, rabbit or bobcat unfortunate enough to wander into the open.

The Albemarle Farms scorecard doesn't include an engraving of a suburban Lassie, but it should. Even before the burial pits were uncovered and the gamekeepers arrested, there had been reports of a strange relationship between the estate and the local canine population. Neighbors were becoming increasingly upset: many had lost dogs inside the estate—some 35 in two years, the locals figure (in Albemarle County, hunters were traditionally allowed access to one another's property, and their dogs had the run of the countryside). One man had tried to organize a group to confront the Kluges. He says he failed—too many of the others did business with the Kluges and didn't want to risk their displeasure, despite evidence of grotesque doings. One man testified at the trial that he had found his dog hanging by the neck in a Kluge trap—alive, but with its vocal cords cut; somehow it had managed to stand on its hind legs for two days. One Sunday morning, neighbor Courtney Peck's Doberman came limping home with a snare trap on its hind leg and a bullet between its eyes "big enough you could stick a pencil in it." He confronted the Kluges' head gamekeeper, Sir Richard Musgrave, who admitted that the violence was the work of his boys. The argument became heated. When Peck implied that \$100,000 might suffice as restitution, he was told to "watch my step, [because] Mr. Kluge had enough money he could do anything." (A year later Peck settled for having his veterinary bills paid; amazingly, the dog lived.)

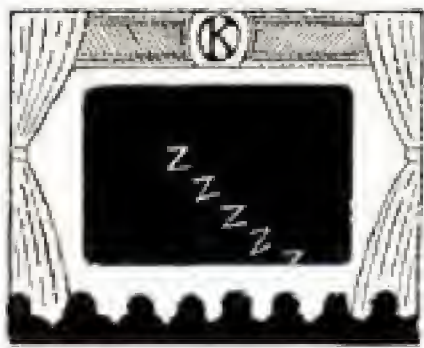
Another time, when another neighbor's dog turned up dead in another Kluge trap, Patricia dispatched the farcical Sir Richard to make amends. An uneducated but tweedy old charmer who sputtered his apologies in orotund Oxbridge vowels, Sir Richard was just one of several titled Europeans the Kluges like to employ and show off (a self-confessed plain old failed farmer in Ireland, Sir Richard had parlayed his Ye Olde English style and baronet's title

into a successful career in America). He appeared like St. Nick at the door of Cenie Re and Everett Sturm's house, bearing a pure white golden-Lab puppy for their bereaved daughter. While the child toyed with the replacement dog's ears, Sir Richard explained that it had been a gift to Patricia from European friends of hers. Unfortunately, it had proved to be a lovable but untrainable idiot and, said Sir Richard, Patricia wanted the Sturms to have it. Incredibly, the couple accepted the offering—feeling, they explained later, as if they'd been bought off.

After the dead hawks and dogs were discovered and the gamekeepers arrested, John and Patricia must have hoped the ensuing bad publicity could be dealt with as easily as the Sturms, and they brought a publicist down from New York to smear a little salve over the situation. The first thing the publicist did was arrange the press conference that Patricia began with the "summoned" remark. Nevertheless, she wore democratic blue jeans, a simple white shirt and no makeup, and said, "To use the word *horror* [to describe the killings] is not even a big enough word. But I'm so exhausted thinking about it that my vocabulary is just stopped with that." She then made an effort to put the incident in philosophic terms: "You just throw your hands up in the air and just say . . . 'How could this possibly be?' It just goes to show what can happen." In an interview afterward, the publicist said that the Kluges were cooperating fully with the authorities; when pressed for an explanation, he said they'd spoken to two detectives. But when the same two detectives were asked whether they had questioned the Kluges, they said, *Nope, we can't get in to see them*. Confronted with this, the Kluge publicist began to writhe. "To the best of my knowledge, I don't know who they talked to," he confessed. Then how had the Kluges "cooperated"? "On the day of the raid they had sandwiches and coffee sent down to the police"—which at least sounds characteristic, if not precisely cooperative. But on the day of the raid neither John nor Pat was on the estate. She arrived that night, along with the flack; he arrived the next morning.

In the end, the gamekeepers fell on their swords, admitting the slaughter during the course of their trial—but insisting very, very strenuously and wholly believably that neither their mistress nor their master knew what they were up to. Convicted, the gamekeepers were forced out of the country by immigration officials (the Kluges generously paid their fines—more than \$10,000—in cash). Prosecutors were not convinced by their denials, however, and continued investigating the Kluges, with an eye toward closing the Shoot permanently. They turned up nothing else, and in October, after what some local observers considered a strikingly long process, the Kluges regained their permit to operate a hunt.

A coda: during the hullabaloo, in return for a \$25,000 donation they made to the American branch of The Nature Conservancy, the Kluges were given the Silver Partridge, a conservation award, by Prince Philip. The six-inch statue was presented at the Royal Windsor Horse Show, where, coincidentally, one of the Kluge carriage teams won first place in a competition. John and Patricia humbly accepted the Silver Partridge from the queen's consort, and Patricia apparently said nothing about her habit of ritually blasting thousands of real partridges out of the sky. When it came time to accept the first-place carriage award from Queen Elizabeth, the queen reportedly handed the award to the Kluges' driver, spoke to him affably, then went back inside Buckingham Palace and left John and Patricia bowing and scraping and bewildered in the face of a royal snub.



CHAPTER VII

IN WHICH A TYPICAL EVENING OF OLD MOVIES ON LATE-NIGHT TELEVISION IMPROVES ITSELF TO THE POINT OF BECOMING A FILM FESTIVAL

If a person can improve herself by transcending her scandalous past to become a pillar of society, then there's just no reason Charlottesville has to remain a stuffy backwater. "Charlottesville should be a place of renaissance and expression," Patricia told *Town & Country*, adding quickly that this was "just as Mr. Jefferson wanted it to be." And what better way to realize Jefferson's vision than by screening old flop movies such as *Cross Creek* and *The Cotton Club* and calling it the Virginia Festival of American Film?

"A film festival, specifically of American film, seemed like a jolly good idea," Patricia recently told a local paper. "Because film is a very American art, and American films are rarely explored as works of art, academically and intellectually, the way the Europeans do it." Blithely ignoring three decades of relentlessly serious American film criticism, Patricia last year brought her plan for a festival to Jefferson's University of Virginia.

At first the university's powers that be misread Patricia's intentions and, not especially interested in sponsoring a festival, thought they could instead shake her down for faculty housing—but no, *she wanted a film festival*. The school agreed, a bit hesitantly, and a committee was formed to get the festival off the ground; a year of infighting and backbiting followed. It seems that the academics were beginning to feel the usual admixture of awe, jealousy and contempt when steeped in the Kluge way of doing things. Committee members were flown to Los Angeles to meet Warren Beatty and Teri Garr, among others, and Patricia got the university to hire a publicist, who then, according to insiders, spent most of her time selling the Kluges to the university. Because the festival planning and promotion was happening at the same time as the gamekeepers' trial, some U.Va. academics began to suspect that the whole thing was a bid to provide the Kluges with some flattering publicity at university expense—especially after the couple made no contribution to the festival's budget. "I don't have to put up money," said Patricia in a recent interview. "You can't put a money value on bringing people together."

Indeed. But eventually her ungrateful friends on campus tried to cut Patricia out of festival planning altogether—which, considering her husband's and her own show business connections, was probably not a very practical idea. Last October, however, the Virginia Festival of American Film became a reality, with the full Kluge imprimatur. Locals were treated to a long weekend's worth of mostly old, mostly mainstream, often mediocre movies (*Bustin' Loose* and *Giant*, among others); *The Good Mother* and *Mystic Pizza* were given their Virginia premieres; panels were held—including

one on the making of a 1974 episode of *The Waltons*; and the cause of serious American film appreciation was, no doubt, immeasurably advanced.



CHAPTER VIII

IN WHICH THE MASTER AND MISTRESS SHARE A TENDER MOMENT, SPIRITUAL MATTERS INTRUDE, AND DEATH IS CONFOUNDED, AFTER A FASHION

Through all the ups and downs, bloopers and bleepers, dead pets and auto accidents, John and Patricia have maintained their perspective. As Patricia told the *Los Angeles Times*, she finds her position as a frequently reviled billionaire's wife "really rather curious. You can't imagine how hard everybody else makes it for you, because everybody expects so much. Sometimes someone asks, 'What does it feel like to be married to the second-richest man in America?' And I say, 'I haven't the faintest idea. I'll have to rush back and tell John, "By the way, you're the second-richest man in America." ' And we'll both laugh."

The Kluges have learned that beyond staggering wealth there is a spiritual side to life. Witness their private chapel at Albemarle Farms. "It is all very elegant and of the best," recounts a local Christian who has worshiped in the bright, oddly gingerbread chapel. In the center of the ceiling is a fresco of the Virgin Mary and the baby Jesus; strolling over from one corner to join the Holy Family are, yes, John and Patricia. So that the Kluges' clergymen don't clash with the interior decor, they wear specially designed Kluge vestments. It's all so painstakingly gorgeous and devotional that maybe God will be persuaded to forget His sour comparison between rich men entering the kingdom of heaven and camels passing through eyes of needles.

Certainly the Kluges have given death some thought. "They've got a tomb down under the chapel there," says a visitor fortunate enough to have seen it, "with rows and rows of drawers. . . . They really mean to establish a line here." Keeping watch over all these generations of Kluges yet unborn are two large sarcophagi, to be crowned with the stone likenesses of their future occupants.

Everybody knows you can't take it with you. But if you're lucky, you can at least waste a lot and maybe even leave something overstated behind. And after all the puny turmoil and buffoonery of this generation have passed away, after all the rancid gossip has dissipated, after all the irate Metromedia stockholders and suspicious neighbors and prudish charity-ball organizers have returned to the earth whence they came, the cold, graven images of John and Patricia Kluge will survive, sleeping on into ages of dust. **D**

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

EATING

THE FIRMS

THE INDUSTRY

HOW TO BE A GROWN-UP



FAIRY

Tales

BY IGNATZ RATZIWZKWIKZI

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE was a *Times* culture reporter and sometime critic named Mervyn Rothstein. He tried and he tried with all of his might, but he couldn't think of a way to begin his essay on Maxwell Anderson, the so-so long-dead playwright. The clock was ticking. Rothstein's deadline was fast approaching. At the very last moment his fairy godmother tapped him on the shoulder with her magic wand, and a lead popped into his head.

"Once upon a time," wrote *Times* culture reporter and sometime reviewer

Mervyn Rothstein, "there was a playwright named Maxwell Anderson."

This beginning worked so well and was so easy to type that another *Times* culture reporter and sometime critic, Myra Forsberg, decided to see if it would solve her deadline problem as well.

"Once upon a time in Chicago," she wrote 18 days later, in an Arts & Leisure piece on Don Ameche in David Mamet's new movie *Things Change*, "there lived an Italian shoeshine man named Gino who dreamed of owning a fishing boat."

You simply don't find this sort of artistry in lesser newspapers. Even more impressive, Forsberg maintains her richly textured fairy-tale motif for a full three paragraphs. Mamet's movie, she observes, is not "a genial bedtime story." Furthermore, "there are no magic wands or pumpkin coaches in sight." Additionally, "nary a fairy godmother appears."

Rothstein isn't quite in this league (although he does have a flair for arresting beginnings, as in his recent grabber, "So why is Peter Allen making the leap from cabaret to Broadway?"). Half a dozen paragraphs into his own magical Maxwell Anderson tale, he resorts to that time-

honored last resort of idea-starved newspaper writers, namely a quick trip to the reference stacks. "In 'The Reader's Encyclopedia of World Drama,' " he strains, "there is page after page about [Eugene] O'Neill, and only a handful of paragraphs about Anderson." From there, it's on to the expert quotes.

Rothstein isn't the only person who's been running out of gas lately. "My orgasms seem to have lost their power," writes the kind of man who reads *Playboy*, in a recent letter to that magazine's erections-and-hi-fi column, The Playboy Advisor. "I used to be able to hit the bedpost when I came. Now all I get is a dribble. Is this an indication of a problem?"

The letter is signed "R.E., Chicago, Illinois." This, surely, is a typographical error. The letter's true author, I'm betting, is "R.G., New York, New York"—that is, Richard Goldstein, the *Voice's* seemingly erstwhile reviewer of ejaculations. Goldstein's column, called Sex: The Column, got off to a gushing start last spring; there wasn't a dry bedpost in the house. But then, in his second column, Goldstein "barely cracked a hard-on." In his fourth, he wrote limply of having "enter[ed]" his ex-wife. His pen began to dribble. Finally, toward the end of summer, the column temporarily disappeared. Is this an indication of a problem?

Perhaps Goldstein has had some sort of shattering personal experience. I nearly had one myself, while reading Terrence Rafferty's *New Yorker* review of the David Cronenberg film *Dead Ringers*. "We come out clammy, shaken, a little numb, as if from a particularly upsetting visit to the doctor," Rafferty writes. "Cronenberg palpates us all over, probes us with latex gloves, and then won't tell us what we've got." This—in a review of a movie about gynecologists—is surely the most *personal* use of the Reviewer's *We* that we've encountered in a long time. Terrence Rafferty, *you keep your hands to yourself!*

New York's David Denby, meanwhile, is settling ever more comfortably into his adopted role as Troubled Old Man and New Man Moralizer. In his review of *Dead Ringers*, he offers a formulation that, with any luck, will be known from now on as Denby's Doctrine: "I think I can state as a general aesthetic rule that a man menacing a woman's genitals with steel prongs is not amusing." If Denby's review prevents even one person from laughing while a man

menaces a woman's genitals with steel prongs, then Denby's entire career will have been worth it.

In the same review, incidentally, Denby takes an oddly wicked swipe at office mate misogynist John Simon. After saying that *Dead Ringers* contains "weird gyno-witticisms about how women's insides should be as beautiful as their outsides," Denby adds parenthetically that "not even John Simon has gone that far." How did Simon—who once flew into a rage when a copy editor changed the words *on stage* in one of his reviews to *onstage*—let this get into the magazine? They're probably still picking up pieces of broken furniture over at *New York*.

There's also some well-aimed chair throwing in Pauline Kael's first post-summer-vacation movie review in *The New Yorker*. Writing about Clint Eastwood's *Bird*, she clobbers the numerous jazz and movie reviewers who have written nice things about it ("Bird lives"—*Esquire*; "Bird flies"—*People*; "Bird soar[s]"—*Playboy*). Kael writes, "Jazz critics like to see jazz solemnized—that confers dignity on them. . . . And—maybe the capper—when a man who isn't an artist makes an art film it's just what they expect art to be: earnest and lifeless."

At least now we know who's an artist and who's not. Actually, reading this did get me to thinking a few artistic thoughts myself. Not about pseudo-artists, like reviewers, but about real, honest-to-God artists, like the late Joseph Beuys. (You remember Beuys—the German who put those big globs of animal fat in those big cardboard boxes and named them *Fettecke* (*Process*), I. Beuys's circa 1968 fat-in-boxes sculpture is advertised on the back cover of the October issue of *Arts Magazine*. If you don't already have something just like that in your living room, you just might want to check it out.)

Actually, *Arts* is probably a little brainy for most people. The critics who write for it all seem to be geniuses or something: "This expressive vocabulary of improvisation [*sic*] the Twins called 'deconstruction' when construction, not to say constructivism, is the transcending impulse. Perhaps reconstruction might supplant the term 'deconstruction' " (Robert Pincus-Witten on Doug and Mike Starn). "Art is something people look at in their spare time, a production designed for moments of non-production. This is the sense in which the

work of art is always a deconstruction of the conditions of production when viewed historically, *i.e.*, in terms of a science or poetics of production" (Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe on Mary Boochever and Moira Dryer). "She refuses to give the viewer either the linear coherence of traditional narrative, or a totalizing gestalt-painting composition. . . . Influenced by the controversies in the heart of recent feminist theory, Spero delights in leaping over the deconstructive dance" (Maureen "No Hyphenated Surname" Sherlock on Nancy Spero). "Look, I don't want to sound like Andy Rooney on *60 Minutes*, but why can't they leave well enough alone?" (Jerry Saltz on Florida's license plates).

Even the *Times* has geniuses hanging around its art-review desk. There's John "Friend of the Getty" Russell, of course. But the brilliantest of all the *Times's* art critics is Roberta Smith.

Smith's most inspired work appeared several months ago, in a review of three shows of works by painter Donald Sultan. She wrote, "Walking through these shows, the popular Wendy's commercials of yesteryear come to mind, the question being not so much 'where's the beef?' as 'where's the juice?'"

This is a compelling image—meatless hamburgers, lacking juice—but a difficult one. Fearing, perhaps, that her meaning is not entirely clear, Smith quickly added a gloss: "Where's the passion, the risk—not to mention the occasional loose end?"

The meatless, dry, passionless, risk-free, tightly wrapped hamburger—but wait: she *found* the meat at the beginning of the very next paragraph. "The beef, as it were, is widely in evidence," she declared. Not so the mysterious hamburger juice: "The juice, however, is another issue altogether." The votes are still being tallied, but the Overextended Bad Metaphor Award for the 1988–89 review season may have just been clinched.

More recently, in a review of sculptures by Joseph Kosuth, Smith wrote that the viewer of one of Kosuth's constructions "watches his own understanding rise, literally, to the surface of the glass" and that this act of watching and literal rising "mimics the process of Freud's talking cure." A tangle of neon tubes and electrical cords, furthermore, is "not unlike the thorn bushes that surrounded Sleeping Beauty."

Oh, yeah, everybody lives happily ever after. ☺

Let Them Eat FLOWERS

BY ANN HODGMAN

BUT I DON'T WANT TO EAT FLOWERS! *Why do you keep trying to make me?*

It's a question I ask with some frequency these days—most recently as I stared at a pile of ruby lettuce sprinkled with lemon gem marigolds that tasted quite a lot like

EATING

bug repellent. Flowers have become the culinary SMILE buttons of the eighties. I'm not talking about that box of crystallized violets someone brought you from Paris 15 years ago, the ones you keep thinking you might get around to putting on a cake sometime. I'm talking about fresh flowers—*pretty* flowers.

Any food trend that uses the word *edible* so often is unconvincing right from the start. We don't say *edible pork*. And this isn't even an original trend. "There is a chichi revival of the age-old custom of eating flowers," growled *Joy of Cooking* way back in its 1975 edition. Now here we are again, trapped in a chichi revival of a revival. Two cookbooks entirely about edible flowers have already sneaked into the bookstore of my stamp-size town. They complement each other nicely. One's stolidly British, with recipes for Chicken/Day Lily Commotion and Nasturtium Cottage-Cheese Delight; the other's feyly British, with recipes for Perfumed Petal Salad and Pepper Pasta with Pansies.

I've been having a nice time watching the stolid author of *The Forgotten Art of Flower Cookery* lumber around trying to make flowers sound good to eat. The taste of nasturtium, she says, is "similar to that of watercress—with a drop of honey added." The flavor of daylilies is "similar to that of chestnuts or beans—with a drop of honey added." Did she put in the quotes to show us she knew she was copying herself? It's not the only time. She tells us borage flowers have "a honeyed cucumber-

like taste" (is that why she recommends sprinkling them on *corned beef*?) and that clover has a "unique honeylike flavor." ("Perhaps a bee could best describe the taste of this flower," she adds mysteriously.)

At least she doesn't use the they-all-taste-like-chicken evasion. But of course, a decent description could make almost anything sound edible. Grass, for instance: *It has a sweet, green taste, like lettuce with a hint of lemon.* Or paper: *Satisfyingly chewy, its pleasantly neutral quality makes it an excellent foil for the bitterness of ballpoint ink.* Or julienned leather: *Its taste is deep and burnished, with the tang we associate with long curing.* This kind of thing can keep you fooled right up to that first bite.

Wisely, perhaps, the fey author of *Cooking With Flowers* concentrates more on the beauty and the fun of eating flowers than on their flavor. "Think how beautiful a dish of spicy chicken sprinkled with rose water would taste! And how even more perfect it would be decorated with rose petals and served on a large, flat platter so that the scent is spread over a wide area!" Whatever happened to the dictum that scented flowers shouldn't be used even as a *centerpiece* because they'd clash with the



food? "Think how amusing it would be to open your window one sunny day and take a nibble at the flowers growing in your window box!" the author twitters on. "A mouthful of nasturtiums for breakfast, perhaps? The neighbours would probably think you were mad! But how convenient!" *Oooh!* I think I spy a little elf in that window box!

"You can eat a *lot* of plants," a flower farmer told me recently, almost anything that grows. You mean those old, rust-colored chrysanthemums in a pot out by the garage? So it seems. *Joy of Cooking*

warns against pesticides, but a food writer must be intrepid. I yanked off a few chrysanthemum petals and chowed down.

I guess you could say chrysanthemums have a sort of aromatic flavor, but it certainly isn't the flavor of *food*. They taste exactly the way they smell—like chrysanthemums. And from the experiments I've done on other flowers, I'd say that this is generally the case. With the exception of marigolds—which, come to think of it, also smell terrible—most of them don't taste particularly bad. But is not-tasting-particularly-bad a real criterion for appearing on a plate? Of course not. Like paper and leather, flowers are edible only in the sense that they can be ingested without killing us.

So what's the point of eating them? I should say there is none, but that's not true. To berate flowers for not being food would be disingenuous. They aren't supposed to feed our stomachs—just our one-upability.

"Look! I'm eating FLOWERS!" I keep wanting to shout when they're on my plate in a restaurant. The exquisite cruelty, the smiling barbarism of it all! In my mind I've become an Aubrey Beardsley illustration. *She stabbed an orchid with a silver fork and brought it to her lips*—that kind of thing.

Eating flowers is the very opposite of carnivorousness, and yet how infinitely more savage it seems! See these fragile, delicate works of nature? I'm so jaded that I eat them. Compared with flower eating's overrefined, beyond-carnal aura, vegetarianism is a grubby, earnest, adolescent concept. *None of those legume messes on my plate; I'll just have a few blossoms, thank you.*

Besides, flowers on a plate are a great way to intimidate dinner guests. So is nasturtium butter. This flower recipe is my favorite, since you don't actually have to eat any flowers. You position three or four nasturtium flowers against the sides of a glass crock and then put in the butter. The flowers—smashed and drowned-looking—will stare helplessly out at your startled guests, and the butter won't taste any different. You'll have to peel confettilike petal flecks out of the crock for the next several days, but it's worth it.

Let's stop pretending flowers actually taste good and start admiring their real merits: they're pretty, and they scare people. We don't need to ask more of any food than that. **D**

Defending DREXEL



BY THOMAS MARA

THE REAL ACTION THESE DAYS IS taking place downtown at Foley Square in the federal courthouse, where the U.S. government is facing off against the investment banking firm of Drexel Burnham

THE
FIRMS

Lambert. That venerable firm is legendary for happily crushing the opposition in its investment banking and stock-trading

endeavors, so it seems only natural that it would grab for the same gusto in its legal maneuverings. To that end, Drexel has spared no expense in retaining scores of high-priced lawyers to help it fight off the Securities and Exchange Commission; at last count, there were some 115 Drexel lawyers taking on an almost pathetic 15 SEC attorneys.

The absurdity of this configuration was particularly apparent in a court hearing before Judge Milton Pollack on the subject of his disqualification from the case brought by the SEC against Drexel last fall. Undone at the thought of having the case tried before an irascible 82-year-old judge known for both his pro-government sympathies and his disdain for overpaid Wall Street lawyers, the Drexel lawyers had moved quickly to get Pollack thrown off the case by suggesting a possible conflict of interest involving the judge's wife and a leveraged buyout of her family's business, in which Drexel is involved.

For weeks, amid insinuations by SEC lawyers that the investment bank had engineered the conflict, Drexel's lawyers righteously argued in briefs submitted to Pollack that he had an obligation to excuse himself from the case—this from an investment banking firm that gave new meaning to the phrase *conflict of interest* when it represented more than one (and sometimes all) sides in investment banking deals.

Such blustering litigation tactics are haz-

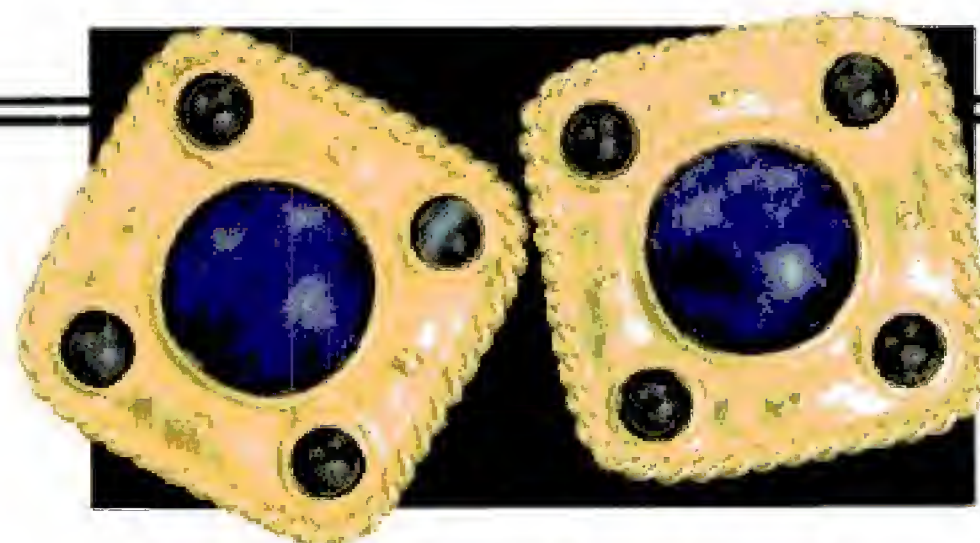
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ardous, of course, because the lawyers run the risk of antagonizing a judge only to find that in the end he is—*oops*—allowed to remain on the case. But on the day hearings about that issue were to be brought before the judge, the Drexel troops swaggered into the courtroom with a show of confidence and self-congratulation.

Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison senior partner Arthur "Irangate" Liman, representing Drexel junk bond chief Michael Milken, sat regally in the front of the room while his partner, round little Dennis Levine shill Martin Flumenbaum, ran self-importantly around the courtroom questioning lawyers as to the whereabouts of various documents and affidavits. Michael Armstrong, attorney for Mike's brother, Lowell Milken, pushed his way onto a crowded bench to sit next to Cahill Gordon & Reindel senior corporate lawyer Irv Schneiderman, who was there just for fun and had entered the room wearing an amused—even contemptuous—smile. (Pushing, by the way, seems to come naturally to Armstrong, who in one classy moment reportedly shoved SEC litigation attorney Thomas Newkirk—a man probably half his size—as Newkirk tried to file the SEC's complaint against Drexel with the court clerk earlier in the fall.)

But clearly the most dramatic entrance of the morning belonged to chief Drexel lawyer Peter Fleming of Curtis, Mallet-Prevost, Colt & Mosle, who waited until one minute before the hearing began to make his appearance. Flinging open the doors of Pollack's courtroom, the florid Fleming strode into the room, trailing a jaunty scarf around his neck and followed at the heels by his aide-de-camp, Curtis, Mallet partner Eliot Lauer, and several lowlier kowtowers. He then seemed to confuse himself momentarily with the president of the United States: Fleming stopped and clasped hands with anyone in the crowded courtroom who made eye contact with him, at one point even doubling back in his processional for a special hello to a fellow swaggerer, *American Lawyer* editor in chief and president Steven Brill.

Not surprisingly, Judge Pollack's subsequent appearance in the courtroom was somewhat anticlimactic. The judge looked sourly over the sea of expectant lawyer faces before announcing his decision to transfer to another judge the item on that morning's agenda. Although that item was a minor one, only distantly related to the

larger issue of Pollack's general disqualification, the Drexel mouthpieces, having worked themselves up for a good fight before the judge, were deflated by this news.

Lesser legal talent might have been thrown by the judge's hostility, but not Drexel's men. After lunch they reconvened for Round 2, their mood buoyant, and this time the walls of the jammed courtroom were lined with young associates from the various firms, looking on adoringly at the legal quasi-celebrities. (These baby lawyers also performed the crucial \$100-an-hour task of carrying the briefcases of the partners who stood up to argue motions. Thus, when Davis Polk & Wardwell's managing partner, Henry King, walked to the front of the courtroom to say his piece, an associate scuttled up behind him, carrying his briefcase. When King finished, the associate picked up the case and crept to the back of the room. The briefcase, of course, was never actually opened.)

Fleming, who has got so carried away with the Drexel case that he now refers to Drexel's Mike Milken as a "national treasure" and delivers pep talks to Drexel's 10,000 employees over the firm's public address system, gave an impassioned



speech that caused one non-Drexel lawyer and apparent Fleming fan in the courtroom to turn to the stranger next to him and whisper admiringly, "He's the guy who got [Nixon's attorney general] John Mitchell off!" (Mitchell was acquitted of non-Watergate conspiracy and obstruction-of-justice charges.)

Fleming's oratorical skills were, however, wasted on Pollack, who decided that he would remain on the case. When Pollack was upheld on appeal just before Thanksgiving, our regiment of Drexel defenders no longer looked so daunting. ☚

Who's on FIRST?



BY CELIA BRADY

REELIN' IN THE YEAR: LAST MARCH this column launched itself with a brisk overview of the career trajectories of the studio warlords. Eleven months, a crippling writers' strike and around 500 mov-

THE
INDUSTRY

ies later, Hollywood is nominally the same place but also entirely different.

Three of the major studios (Lorimar, MGM, UA) are barely functioning, and two others are operating but their future leadership is in question (Columbia and Tri-Star). And the myth of the small independent movie studio as the new wellspring of quality films and redeemer of the industry has all but evaporated. Hemdale, which produced *Platoon*, has such distribution problems that it has half a dozen completed movies it hasn't been able to release. Faced with reported cash shortages, New World, the Weintraub Entertainment Group, Alive (formerly Island Alive) and the Atlantic Releasing Corporation have all been forced to scale back their operations. Cannon is floundering and the DiLaurentiis Entertainment Group has turned to Chapter 11. Part of the problem, according to *Variety*, is that there are just too many companies making movies. Almost half the independent films made last year could not find theaters in which to be exhibited.

But, of course, everything in Hollywood is cyclical. Two years ago, on-screen sentimentality was dead and action was hot; and with lemminglike predictability, Hollywood's less talented lights proceeded to produce a crop of action-adventure copes that headed straight for the video store, while *Moonstruck* and *Crossing Delancey* became hits. Rounds of firings followed, and just about now, the first of a flood of *faux-Moonstruck* pictures are nearing completion (*A Brooklyn State of Mind*, starring Danny Aiello is one), which will, no doubt, result

in another round of failures and job changes. (In a strange, Darwinian-cum-Sisyphian way, this explains how *Star Wars* begat *The Big Chill* begat *Rambo* begat *Moonstruck*.) Thus the Celia Brady theory of violence in film: the amount of blood on screen (bludgeonings, decapitations, exploding chests, severed limbs and the like) always rises in exponential proportion (two years later) to the amount of blood on the executive-suite floor (firings, dismissals, decapitations, severed contracts and the like). In other words, in 1991, *Rocky V* should be arriving just in time to save us all.

Here, our projected body count for 1989.

FOX: As prophesied here last March, senior president of feature films Scott Rudin left Fox to become an independent producer at Columbia. The studio, meanwhile, has had a surprising string of hits (*Die Hard*, *Broadcast News*, *Big*), which has kept Greg Louganis's best friend and (according to plugged-in gossip columnist Suzy) Diane von Furstenberg's beau, Barry Diller, in his candy-apple-red 1961 Corvette for at least another year. (Such a discreet means of traveling down Santa Monica Boulevard at night.)

UNITED ARTISTS: Part of Kirk Kerkorian's shell game. No shell. No studio. All but out of business, save for the *Rocky* series and the James Bond annuity.

MGM: Rumors persist that preternaturally well groomed Alan Ladd Jr. will either return to MGM or take over Universal. At the moment, the studio is being run by three Merrill Lynch investment bankers, who have appointed Laddy's great friend John Goldwyn—Sam's pretty-boy grandson—as executive vice president of worldwide production. Let it never be said that we don't take care of our own, regardless of any deficiencies of talent.

LORIMAR: Out of action. (Also out of comedy, drama, ideas, talent and money.) The best thing that can be said about Lorimar's merging with Warners is that the coupling gives the ex-head of Lorimar, Bernie Brillstein, more time to make his own movies—thereby demonstrating to his arch-nemesis, CAA's Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz, that Ovitz alone does not control film production in America.

TRI-STAR: See Columbia.

COLUMBIA: After being dumped as head of production by Ned Tanen at Paramount, Dawn Steel had taken to the telephone, moaning to friends, "I'm nothing. I'm nobody." (Curious, considering that's



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precisely what she thinks of other people beset by career setbacks.) In any case, the ferocious-looking Steel was soon appointed president of Columbia (after which she did *not*, incidentally, call those same people to say, *I'm something, I'm somebody*). Last March in this space it was presupposed that Steel would enjoy a long honeymoon at the studio. But due to recent machinations by Columbia Pictures Entertainment CEO Victor "the Briefcase" Kaufman, that period may be over. When Kaufman announced his latest Byzantine scheme to buy not only Columbia but also Tri-Star back from Coca-Cola and run it with a consortium that would include Ray Stark and Frank Price, the former head of Columbia and Universal, Steel called Kaufman and demanded to know if her job was safe. Yes, she was told by Kaufman, at which point she resumed her habit of taking credit for major star contracts (such as Michael Douglas, Glenn Close, Sally Field and Cher) that Kaufman had been instrumental in negotiating. In order to prove to the Hollywood community that her job still existed, Steel left her car permanently parked in her space at the Columbia lot. (That'll show 'em.)

The studio is still a mess (the sexist joke around town is that Dawn is giving production deals to anybody she ever went shopping with), and Steel has a tendency to "go nuclear"—for instance, shrieking to those who oppose her, *I'm the president of this fucking studio, asshole!*, when a simple *Let's go shopping* phone call might do. It is a charming Hollywood tactic she learned from her friend Joel Silver. Back in New York, Kaufman has apparently begun to weary of her tirades. Next stop for Steel: an independent production deal within 12 to 15 months.

MCA/UNIVERSAL: Rumors, rumors and still more rumors. Almost immediately after powerful entertainment lawyer Tom Pollock became head of the studio more than two years ago, word started circulating that he would be replaced. When by late 1988 he had produced no gigantic hits for the year (don't forget, *Midnight Run* lost money), virtually everyone from Laddy to Flip Wilson was being talked about as his replacement. Pollock's young regent, former wunderkind Sean "the Man Who Would Be Thalberg" Daniel, seems to have gone into some kind of black hole, never having duplicated the aura of success he was blessed with when *Animal House*

became such a big hit in the 1970s. The main source of Universal's talent pool seems to be the clients of Pollock's former law firm, Bloom and Dekom. Universal's *cash flow*, however, comes from Steven Spielberg. (The videocassette release of *E.T.* should be a major source of profit for MCA in 1989.) A wild prediction: MCA president Sid Sheinberg will make a leveraged buyout of the studio with the help of Sony.

PARAMOUNT: With Ned "I'm Quitting"/"I'm Retiring"/"Someday I'm Going to Chuck All This" Tanen now Ned "I've Quit" Tanen, the Studio is in the hands of marketers rather than moviemakers—Sidney Ganis and Barry London. Tanen's exit was bad news for Gulf + Western stockholders, since he was arguably the best and most consistently profitable studio president in town. (Credit was also due Frank Mancuso, Paramount's chairman and CEO.) Ned's major outstanding problem: the well-over-budget, \$50 million Indiana Jones film, due out this summer.

WARNER BROS.: Big changes. Teeny president of production Mark Canton has not had a major hit this year. (Losers include *Clara's Heart*, *Feds*, *Hot to Trot*.) Canton's hopes for 1989 all rest on *Batman*, a \$50 million picture that is already over budget. Before Thanksgiving he started rumors of his exit when he left for London to spend an unheard of three weeks on the *Batman* set—despite the fact that résumé-Xeroxing costs more there.

DISNEY: Another year, another zillion dollars (*Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, *Three Men and a Baby*, *Cocktail*, *Big Business*). If there's one thing that can be said for Disney's hyperaggressive chairman, Jeff Katzenberg, it is that he has a chameleon-like ability to anticipate the market. (There is also Disney's uncanny ability to cut its losses on bad pictures and bury them before anybody notices—most notably Leonard Nimoy's *The Good Mother* and the recent films by former Spielberg prodigy Chris Columbus, *Adventures in Babysitting* and *Heartbreak Hotel*.) Bonus Disney news for 1989: with Mickey Mouse's 60th anniversary over, there will be fewer magazine covers of Mickey and Michael Eisner.

One last thing: how many reasons would it take for Steven Spielberg and Amy Irving to split up? How about 80 million of them?

See you Monday night at Tribeca. **D**

UPSCALE

Downscale

BY ELLIS WEINER

THE TREE GUYS CAME LAST fall. Great strapping he-men, T-shirts bulging with pecs and lats and other monosyllabic muscles, they unloaded their mammoth axes and crosscut saws, threw their curly heads back in hearty, booming laughter, then clambered like pirates up our two huge Norway maples, there to trim and slice and hack and prune and generally give those trees a decent haircut whether they liked it or not.

Actually, only one of the tree guys was a great strapping he-man, bulging, hearty,



booming—he was the owner of the service, a young fellow built like Christopher Reeve. The others weren't so much a crew of buccaneers as a gang of wiry local lads—stringy blond rock-band-roadie hair on one, trim black *Hercules Unchained* beard on another, laconic seen-it-all manner and wary squint on a third. The latter proceeded to ruin my day by indicating the boss and noting, for my information, "You know I'm five years his senior?"

I, TO BOSS: "How old are you?"

BOSS: "Thirty."

Whereupon I turned to the first man

and laughed in a way intended to be pitiless but not actually mean. "I'm two years *your* senior," I said. "Three on Halloween."

No one replied. I had had my moment of self-assertion. I then resumed the behavior I had displayed toward all of them from the start: boyish, deferential, apologetic, eager to please.

As I had all along, I asked bright, attentive questions. I made jokes, implicitly expressing sympathy not for myself, as the dupe who must shell out hundreds of dollars so two trees don't devour my house, but for these strangers and the tedious, pain-in-the-ass job they were compelled to do. In brief, I abandoned my own point of view in a compulsive effort to take theirs.

I'm not this way with everyone, mind you. Send me up against a clerk in a bookstore, or one of those checkout gals in the ShopRite, and I comport myself in that friendly but firm manner that announces to all that I am, thank you, not to be taken lightly. Even with editors, agents, doctors and men's clothing salesmen, I am well able to hold my own.

But ask me to deal with a telephone installer, a furnace man or even a friendly tree guy, and the gears of my manliness transmission tend to pop their torque. Or do I mean clutch their planetary? Excuse me while I bandy automotive terms with abandon; I have recently descended into the hell of major car repairs (the "trans" broke, was fixed, and broke again, taking other vital car organs with it) and have had to learn terms I never knew existed. Naturally I expect, in the end, to obtain complete satisfaction. Look in this space next month for bitter invective spiced with redeeming hilarity, together with the shop's name and address, when I don't, after all, obtain complete satisfaction.

How can I? *The garage is crawling with car mechanics*, in whose presence I am a puttylike thing. The same holds for *all* men who in their daily work use tools that don't require sterilization. At first, of course, I try to ward off this incipient wimposity by going into my act: I steel myself and look ironic, then I iron myself and look steely. If called upon to speak a sentence of more than three words, I affect the knowing, cynical tone of the man of the world, the man who may read books and can pronounce, if not spell, *Die Fledermaus*, and also knows the difference between a center punch and a planter's punch, and who fully expects all mechanical, social and interpersonal things to malfunction pretty much all

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ANSWERS

Everything's moving all the time, right? I don't mean moving in the sense of, like, poignant; I mean in motion. Even this very magazine that you hold so securely, you think, in your hands is composed of spinning atoms—and so are your hands, which is why you drop things. So why zoom off to Aruba? Why not just stay home and hover around your own many millions, or I'll say billions, even, of nuclei? I'll tell you why. Because then you'd have to face up to who you are: a person who is looking up the answers to a crossword puzzle without having made a real wholehearted American effort to hang in there and work them out for yourself. I do not condemn you. I lay it all at the doorstep of Ronald Wilson Reagan, who throughout the eighties has been so at home in his own skin, wattles and all, that who among the rest of us has not felt, deep down inside, just a little bit jittery in comparison? It seems to me only fair, at the close of the Reagan years, that every American be provided a nice underpriced Bel Air estate to retire to. —R.B.

ACROSS

10. B.R. is an abbreviation for *bedroom* and *an* is an article. Bran is roughage, something our entrails can get a grip on. A nicely written definition of *peristalsis* is in my old edition of *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*: "... the peculiar wormlike wave motion of the intestines and other hollow muscular structures, produced by the successive contraction of the muscular fibers of their walls, forcing their contents onward." Many's the night in college I drifted off to sleep with those words thrumming in my ears. If peristalsis were done away with, we'd all die with enormous horrible lumps in our throats. Because you know we would still *eat*. But isn't it interesting to reflect that deep within us, our sweating, sinewy viscera—freeing our hands for other work—sustain this vermicular wave, squoatching our lunch through us in much the same way that a frog is processed through a python or the baby boom through the annals of demography or the reader's mind through this magazine. If a python will eat a frog. A French python would. But you know, I was in France for two weeks recently, and I didn't see a single portion of frog on any menu. (Granted, my

main interest here is to let people know I spent two weeks in France, on an expense account. *Mangez votre coeur* out.)

11. Why do pilots when they are talking to us passengers—in that self-consciously down-to-earth tone—always refer to the plane as "the aircraft"? Why do they talk to us at *all*? How many of us want to be reminded that someone has our lives in his hands? Do the intestines break into our listening pleasure from time to time to give us little laconic readings on the progress of our peristalsis? "Uhh, we're gonna be moving about 22 ounces of pizza around the third duodenal bend here in a few moments; you may notice just a little bit of turbulence. . . ." If a pilot were genuinely confidential about the condition of hurtling along thousands of feet above the Earth in a man-made device, he would giggle nervously and exclaim, "Hang on to your hats, folks! We're way out of touch with reality!" Recently I made the mistake of eavesdropping on two Eastern Airlines employees as they were checking out the flight-readiness of the plane I was about to take off in. "Now, this *a.c.*," said one of them, who was looking at some kind of checklist. "Is that for aircraft or air-conditioning?"

14. Eva Braun and sounds like "(Eliot) Ness." I don't believe they have ever been linked before, and I do not mean anything by it, personally.

16. Recently I taped a TV show with Pearl Bailey. I won't go into whys and wherefores. All I will say is that in off-camera conversation she introduced me to a new term for instant coffee: "L.A. coffee. I call it that because, if you don't mind if I use a *word* . . . that's lazy-ass coffee." Also on this program was Craig Claiborne. P.B. had just been entertaining troops in the Persian Gulf and she said, "Everybody forgets those boys, except Bob Hope. Talk about them shooting down a plane—it's *lonely* out there. Where were you in the service?" she asked C.C.

"Korea," he said. "The Navy."

"So *you* know—it's *lonely* out there."



"No," C.C. said, "I *liked* the Navy."

"But what I'm saying," said P.B., "it's a long way from your mama, you know."

"Thank God," said C.C.

22. French is, of course, a tongue as well as a kind of kiss. Have you ever seen stop-action pictures of how long a frog's tongue is? Something to think about when we speak of frogs, the French, kissing and peristalsis.

23. Dasher and Dancer and Donder and Blitzen, Comet and Cupid and Something and Something and Rudolph, the red-nosed one. I used to know all those.

27. "Some" (the first eight letters) of *pets too fast* backward ("sent back") equals a definition of *a pace*. See? This puzzle is Not Too Hard. I know, you're eighties people, you want a puzzle that cuts taxes, increases spending, defers the reckoning-up to future generations and achieves major military victories over wee tiny islands. Well, let me tell you something: this is a real-world puzzle.

DOWN

3. *Panama* without the end letter, *shuttlecock* without the last syllable.

4. Muhammad Ali and Talia Shire. She was Rocky's girlfriend/wife in the movies.

6. *Siberia* without *S*, for sulfur. Has anyone asked who is going to man the salt mines now that the Russians have gone all liberal on us?

8. *Tam* going up atop *tress*. I haven't been in a motel bed equipped with the Magic Fingers option in a long time. *Magic* was always too strong a word, but they were nice. I don't suppose anything would go over with the name Nice Fingers.

12. From a poem by A. E. Housman. *French street* gives you *rue* and then: *it rhymes* with *A*, rearranged ("crazily").

15. *Ow no rain* rearranged ("moving around").

17. *Fr* is short for *French*. *Es* is Spanish for *is*. *C.O.* is short for *commanding officer*.

19. I have never seen *A Different World*—too busy reading A. E. Housman—but I understand that it's a spinoff from *The Cosby Show*. I have seen the young woman who was its star last year—Lisa Bonet, one of the daughters on *The Cosby Show*—making feverish love with Mickey Rourke while blood dripped on them from the ceiling in that movie she made about the Devil, and I would like to know how Cosby would deal with that if it happened on his show. (Or in one of his pudding commercials.) The old Richard Pryor would have known what to say to her. It was Pryor who told us how a black family would deal with the possessed girl in *The Exorcist*: "Girl! Get that cross outcha pussy!"

24. *Ee* is a short scream. And with that, we say goodbye. D

the time. In fact, it had become my newest theory: The white-collar man expects things to work, and is affronted when they do not. The blue-collar man expects things to break, and is bemused when they do not. Clever, eh?

This theory, so persuasive and insightful, was proved to be not worth the pixels it was displayed in, the more I actually conversed with these tree, car, phone and furnace men. They all spoke admiringly of the various devices and tools of their trades. And they all conveyed a sense that malfunctions are either avoidable aberrations that can certainly be remedied or lamentably inevitable consequences of old age and the natural shocks to which transmissions and oil burners are heir.

In other words, when it comes to men who work with inanimate objects instead of with words and abstractions, I simply don't know what the hell I'm talking about. Naturally, then, my act falters, and I lapse into behaving as described above. Why? Is it a disguised form of class condescension? (You mean you actually use all these screwdrivers? Isn't that fascinating. . . .) Or a labored way of being polite?

Neither. Nor is it a form of being a grown-up, since no grown-up should have to infantilize himself just to get his trees pruned. I think it comes down to a basic, unsettling, atavistic but tenacious man-thing. Civilization is all well and good, and provides us with valuable free gifts, but underneath every interaction between two males is the issue of who, if it really comes down to it, could beat up whom. Of course, there are many ways to beat, and be beaten, up: with fists, with a bank-book, with a glamorous girlfriend or wife, with domestic happiness, with words, with renown. Now, I can pretty much beat up these mechanics and carpenters and electricians with my ability to pronounce *Die Fledermaus*, and they can beat me up with their fists and with their ability to manipulate the physical world.

Fair trade? Alas, no. For the tragic truth is that they don't give a damn about *Die Fledermaus*, while I . . . I need my trees pruned lest the Norway maples devour my house. I'm at these men's mercy, and so defer to them. You should, too: let the workman be the workman, and you be the customer, neither obnoxiously high-handed nor accommodatingly servile. If you can do it—why, you'll not only get your transmission fixed, you'll be a grown-up, my son. **D**

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PERSONALS

Kate: Valentine-wise, perhaps you'd consider, uh, being one? Mine, maybe? My number-one all-time favorite, perhaps?

Happy b-day Michael—B. Benson, B. Blanchard & Sis.

Pat & Frank: A lot can happen in a yr. Mike

Happy Valentine's Day Beezer—No more tuna fish, no more tuna fish . . . We love you very much. Ree-Whirey & Larry

V.P. Tom, You be Mine, I'll be yours, for the fourth time! Love & kisses, Monica

Friznick Bunny Rabbit—Wishing you A Totally Merrisomious Valentine's Day and With All My Love, Your ____ EMS! xxx

Footie & Didi: Happy B-days to my favorite sibs. As grownups, remember: you've got to be busy to do things. Love, The Eldest.

JKD: Happy Six!

MAG: I LOATHE NEW YORK BUT I LOVE YOU —JAD



FOSSILS Sir Rudolf and Lady Bing, looking both sane and regal, leave the Metropolitan Opera.

The new superhip, kidney-shaped smile: riding the crest of the 1970s revival, Tiny Tim at a party for *Patty Hearst*; and Nan Kempner, riding the trough of the waning 1980s, at Saks Fifth Avenue's Salute to American Designers



Bernard and Patty and Jay and Marla at the Golden Deli: two victims, two bodyguards



GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! Gap-toothed, cross-eyed model-actress-Coaster Lauren Hutton eagerly gives some modeling-acting-coasting pointers to beetle-browed, ever-fleshier model-actress-Coaster Brooke Shields (*above, right*) and dances the Texas two-step with writer-actress Carrie Fisher (*above, left*), at her father Eddie Fisher's 60th-birthday party at Stringfellow's, which culminated in the arrival of a cake spelling out **HAPPY SIXTIETH!**



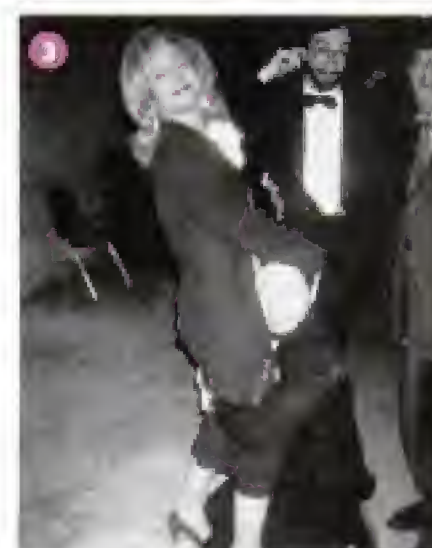
CLEAVAGE COMPETITION Prefab low-rent concoction Elvira poses with a seminude young man who is certain that this is his big chance.



BIG BABIES (1) At The Diamond Horseshoe, tiny, feral, perpetually stylish ex-con Steve Rubell simulates hanging in a Snugli appended to his niece's chest. (2) Suddenly bashful, preternaturally boyish *Rolling Stone* editor Jann Wenner forgets his lines in front of cosmetics-mad sex-book writer Joan Collins at her book party at Mortimer's. (3) And with the help of Nan Kempner impersonator and demimonde fixture Anita Sarko, 1989 Ironman Nightlife Decathlon comeback contender Anthony Haden-Guest apparently re-creates the painful memory of losing his mother in Marks & Spencer at age three, before conking out, cribside, after a long day's night (4).



PILLARS OF SOCIETY Wee entertainer Sammy Davis Jr. and wee etymological curiosity and agent Swifty Lazar look hopelessly out of scale, even on tippy-toes, nestled beneath the towering hulks of, respectively, Carol Alt and Nancy Kissinger.





◀At the party celebrating Joan Collins's novel at Mortimer's, one resourceful paparazzo demonstrates a new energy-saving lighting technique, utilizing the shiny reflective surfaces atop Joan's publicist and Swifty Lazar.



PERFORMANCE ART At the Gourmet Gala, Liz Smith prepares a delicious dish, Rosa Klebb-style, with a hammer.

►**FORCE-FEEDING TIME** At the March of Dimes Gourmet Gala, (1) impeccably well mannered Sylvester Stallone prepares to spit out a mouthful of former Burt Reynolds plaything Dinah Shore's special pizza into the chef's hand. (2) Next in line is Donald "Stinky" Trump, who is urged to obediently open wide as his ultraglamorous, ultra-authoritarian, ultra-yellow-haired wife, Ivana, pilots a hunk of the famous pizza toward his face as fellow wife-dominated crony Hugh Carey looks on understandingly. (3) As soon as chef Dinah's back is turned, though, practical joker Stinky one-ups Stallone with his hilarious burn-the-roof-of-his-mouth-and-spit-out-the-anchovies routine.



◀Distinguished attorneys-at-law Barry Slotnick, Esq., and Raoul Felder, Esq., demonstrate with paparazzo and professional grazer Hy Simon what can go wrong when unlicensed amateurs attempt to perform a live "Separated at Birth?" triplet as a party trick.

PARTY **POOP**



All the fuss over Geraldo Rivera's recent white-supremacist-induced rhinoplasty has overshadowed the two very important topics Geraldo was researching just before his tussle with neo-Nazis: (1) Women Who Think They Are Bananas and (2, sharing an ultratouching moment with fellow mustache-wearer David Brown) Husbands of Publicly Embarrassing, Slatternly Wives.



MULTIPLE-CHOICE CAPTION Choose one: either (a) Gloria Steinem, Dr. Mathilde Krim and Marlo Thomas at an AIDS research benefit, or (b) Steinem, Krim and Thomas dressed as Cinderella's evil stepmother and stepsisters on Halloween.

THE UN-BRITISH Crossword Puzzle

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

ACROSS

-
1. Melody level followed Jefferson musically. (8)
9. State supporters separate Northeast from Kansas. (8)
10. Bedroom article facilitates peristalsis. (4)
11. Descriptive of ack-ack or train buffs. (12)
13. Hardened life of shortstop wrapped in shiny paper. (6)
14. Ms. Braun and Eliot (we hear) go poof. (8)
15. Retro type of gas is

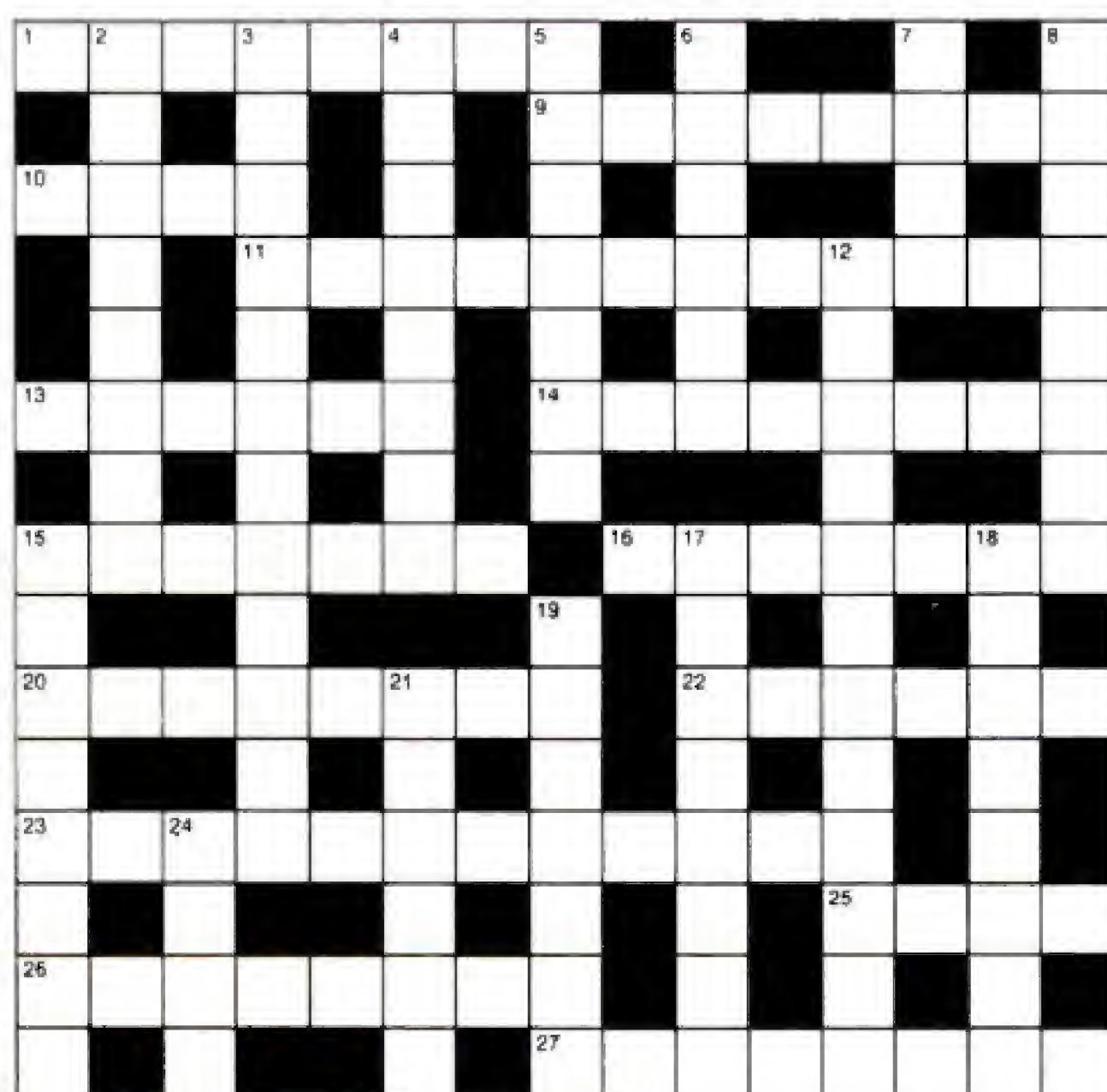
what 10 helps keep you. (7)

16. Shiftless burro is altogether trifling. (4,3)
20. What tops off nurse or wave. (8)
22. Tongue kiss. (6)
23. They get the fat man where he needs to go (red nose included). (4,8)
25. Aurally bind new Siamese. (4)
26. Where you turn, in preference to bit of lettuce. (8)
27. Some pets too fast, sent back a pace. (8)



WEISBECKER

Hitler and Yon



DOWN

-
2. Resting with regard to attitude. (2,6)
3. After endless canal, emasculated birdie flies to D.C., Boston. (3,2,7)
4. Muhammad and Shire will take you to Rome. (8)
5. Occupied with nuptial plans. (7)
6. Ancient region takes sulfur from where, pre-perestroika, Russians were salted away. (6)
7. A southern Iowa China setting. (4)
8. Hat up on piece of hair may feature magic fingers. (8)

12. "With _____ laden," in French street (it rhymes with A, crazily). (3,2,5,2)
15. Ow! No rain! Moving around makes you smell. (3,5)
17. In the open Al French is Spanish commanding officer. (8)
18. Fire! Hurry! Hopping in potato containers! (4,4)
19. What tops do, in *A Different World*. (7)
21. Cold device for moving things is smart. (6)
24. Require short scream in North Dakota. (4)

The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 106.

LOOK!

IT'S A BOOK!

IT'S

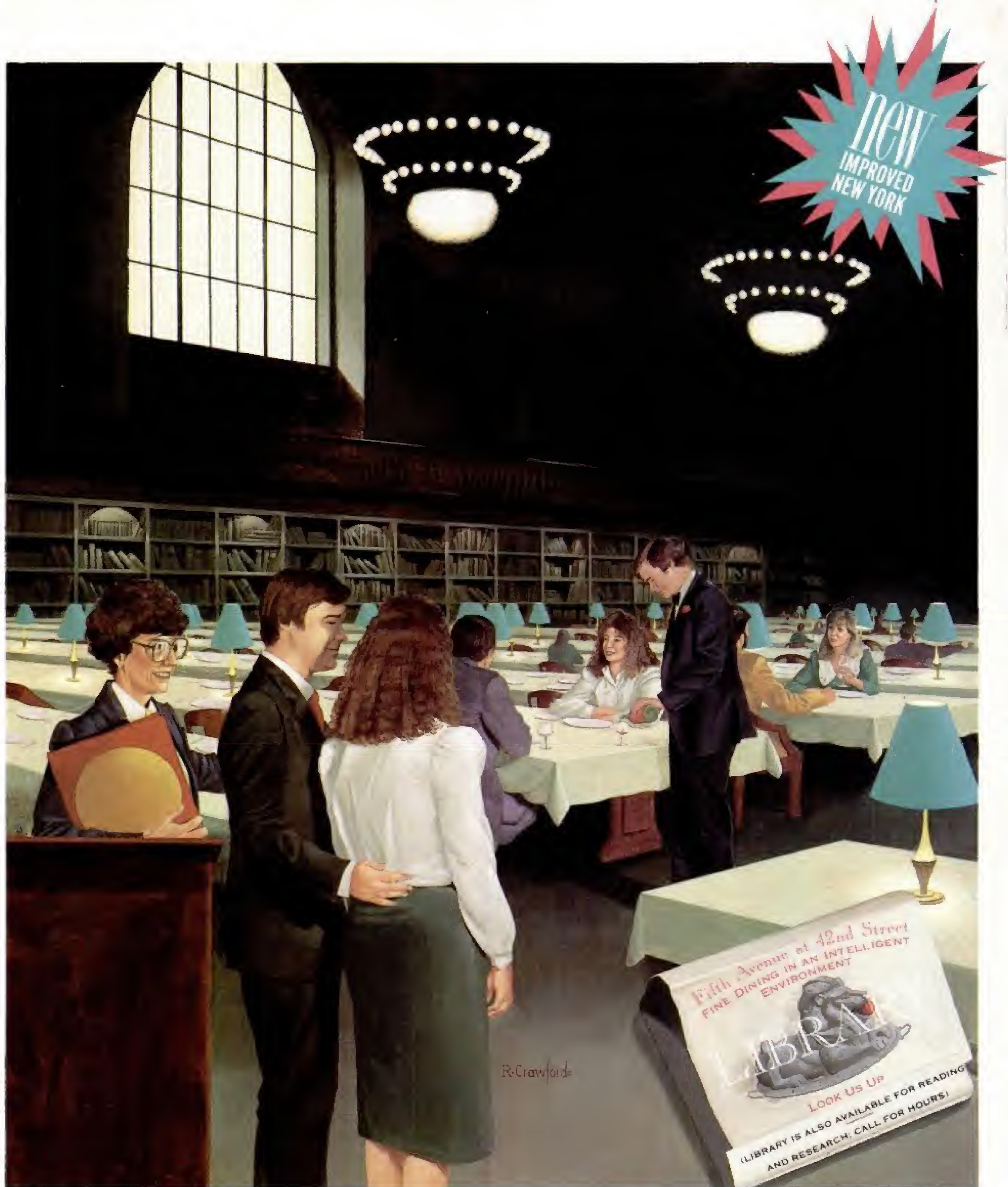


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